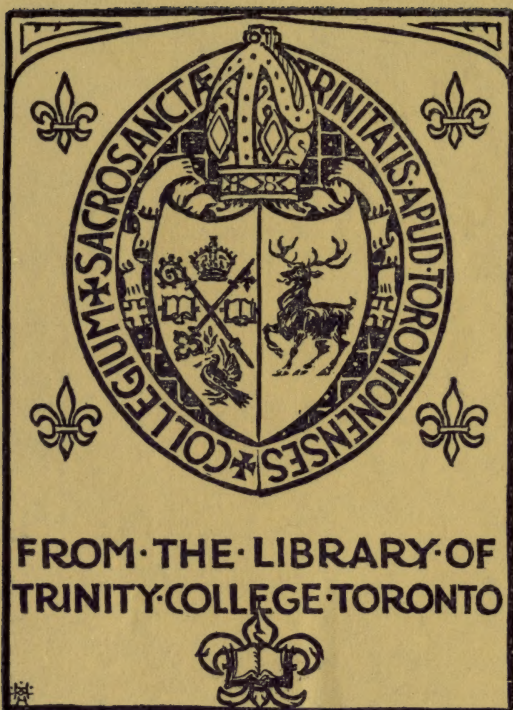


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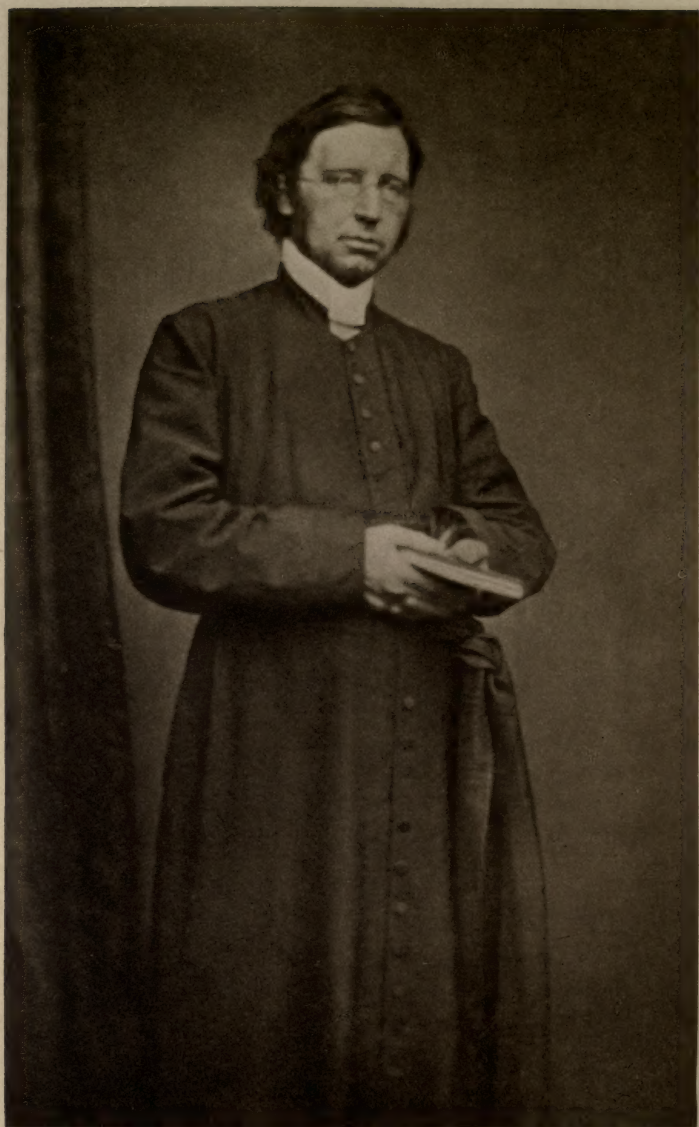
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SELECTED AND EDITED BY HIS DAUGHTER

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PREFACE

IT was hoped that many of the letters in this volume would have had a place in Mrs. Charles Towle's "Memoir of John Mason Neale," published three years ago ; but the author found that the limitations of one volume forbade their inclusion, and it was then suggested that, if the book met with a favourable reception, it might be followed by a supplementary volume of letters. This idea has met with the warm approval of many of Dr. Neale's old friends and admirers, who, whilst charmed with the "Memoir," have regretted that the subject of it should not oftener speak for himself. Encouraged by this approval, his daughters, whilst conscious of their lack of literary skill, and of the difficulty of selection from so large a number of letters written upon such a variety of subjects, are emboldened to try and complete in some measure the portrait of their father's character, the outline of which has been drawn by the graceful pen of Mrs. Towle.

It will be seen that the majority of the letters are written to the same correspondent, Benjamin Webb, who was at Trinity with John Mason Neale, and was co-founder with him and Edward Jacob Boyce and others, of the Cambridge Camden (afterwards Ecclesiological) Society. This correspondence, begun in Cambridge days, continued almost daily for a great many years—years which include the memorable 1845, when Newman's secession had shaken severely, and, as many thought, fatally, the Catholic revival in the Church of England. The letters shewing the sad tale of daily secession, and consequent loss of friends, are intensely interesting, and though it may be said that more than enough has already been published on the ancient history

1791

of the Oxford Movement, yet these letters, telling of Cambridge losses and Cambridge steadfastness of faith, may perhaps strike with fresh interest those who are accustomed to associate the Catholic revival with Oxford, and Oxford only.

Some of Mr. Webb's letters are, by the permission of his family, included. The correspondence shews how strong was J. M. Neale's faith in the Church of his baptism, how invincible his hope in her restoration—a faith and hope daily increased by his study of Church history, and perhaps by his growing experience of the Roman Church of the day. It is probable that, accustomed as he was to attend her services regularly and devoutly during the three winters he spent in Madeira, he knew, better than many of his friends in England, both her strength and her weakness. He seems to have felt all through his life that to the Church of England, attacked as she was not only from all sides but also from within, had been entrusted the most difficult, and therefore the most honourable, post in the battlefield of the Catholic Church Militant. Seceders, therefore, he speaks of severely as deserters; secession as sin; and many a weak and wavering combatant was strengthened and kept steadfast by his faith and his firm antagonism to Rome.¹

"We may be sure of this: if England ever becomes a Catholic country, it will be by the Church of England, not by that of Rome." So he writes in a sermon on Secession; and again, "England's Church is Catholic, though England's self be not."

It is well to insist upon this, because his hatred of Protestantism may be misleading to the superficial reader of his books. In his letters the word "catholic" is used for all that is beautiful and venerable; "protestant," for all that is mean and unworthy. Thus he stigmatizes, somewhat quaintly, the undignified behaviour of some Portuguese nuns as "protestant," whilst a beautiful oak wood is described as "catholic."

Yet this dislike of Protestantism was compatible with a

¹ See also "Secession" in "Sermons preached in a Religious House," vol. i.

very friendly intercourse with Nonconformists. Thus some of the principal members of his Carol choir were undoubtedly Nonconformists, one of whom, in speaking of the Low Church vicar of the parish, said, "If I were a Churchman at all, I would rather be Mr. Neale's sort than his:" strong praise in a place and at a time when prejudice was strong, and "No Popery" a very frequent cry. And, as has been very truly said, "His charity knew no distinction of creeds." Amongst the earliest recipients of his aid at East Grinstead was an Independent minister, whom he frequently visited and cheered during a lingering illness. Another, a Presbyterian, used frequently to resort to him for the loan of books, and for conversation on topics of interest. This minister had the courage to stand forth as his defender in a Dissenting paper in 1857, the time of his greatest unpopularity. Nor in his conversation with Nonconformists is it likely that controversial subjects were uppermost, for in his directions to the Sisters of S. Margaret's he says, "You who have to do with the poor, this I would always advise you: talk as little of doctrinal points as you can." And, after mentioning one of his exceptions to this rule, he adds, "Not even that in the last stage of disease; then speak only of our dear LORD, and leave the rest to Him, who is so infinitely more merciful to us than we are to each other."

In reading his letters it must ever be borne in mind that they were written to a very intimate friend, are expressed strongly, sometimes impulsively, and without any view to publication. John Mason Neale was not a "polite" letter writer, and his apology for Froude's letters (see p. 20) gives the aspect in which his own should be regarded, and the way in which his judgments are to be interpreted. The outspoken nature of some of these can hurt no one's feelings now, for sixty years and more have passed away; and to alter, omit, or soften down, anything that may seem harsh, would be spoiling the truth of the portrait. And as regards style, it will be noticed that the orthography of certain words, such as "pue," "catholick," "heretick," etc., is not consistent throughout, sometimes the older, sometimes the

more modern, form being given. The variation seems to mark a transitional period.

Keeping in mind the versatility of Dr. Neale's gifts, and the multiplicity of his interests, I have thought it well to include in this volume letters bearing upon subjects very widely removed from each other, but on each of which he writes with as much earnestness and acumen as if it were the one object of his work. It may be that too much space has been devoted to some of these subjects, too little to others. Where there are so many to choose from it is difficult to keep a right balance. In making a selection the fact was kept in mind, that, whilst the study of architecture and ecclesiology has made immense strides since the early Cambridge Camden days, yet the efforts of the Society should never be forgotten. The good seed sown by its members has borne such vigorous and manifold fruit, that nearly every English county, either singly or combined with others, has now its local Archaeological and Antiquarian Society, whose "Transactions" witness to the energy of the many workers who are pressing into the fields to which Dr. Neale shewed the way. And though countless beautiful and valuable volumes have been issued since his time, dealing with the architecture of the cathedrals and churches, both at home and abroad, yet nothing has superseded, for the practical student, the usefulness of the carefully prepared and exhaustive scheme for "taking" churches, set forth by the C.C.S., and reprinted in Appendix III. of Mrs. Towle's "Memoir."

Similarly in Liturgiology, his sound and valuable pioneer work will ever be held in honour by all who care for this fascinating study. His soul would rejoice to witness the outcome of those endeavours, as evidenced by the existence and prosperity of the many ecclesiological societies of the present day. The arrangements adopted by him for the worship in Sackville College Chapel, which seemed to people of his day fanciful and excessive, are now generally considered the minimum equipments required by decency in every ordinary village church in the land. In these, as well as in his two greatest literary works, the "History of

the Holy Eastern Church" and the "Commentary on the Psalms," both unfinished at the time of his death, his labours may be regarded as pioneer work; these studies having indeed progressed during the last forty-three years.

But,—setting aside for the moment that abiding and visible monument of him, the Sisterhood of S. Margaret's,—there remain two provinces in which his influence is pre-eminent amongst that exerted by any of the leaders of the Catholic Revival—two branches of literary church work in which he is not yet superseded; these are, Hymnology, and the teaching of Church History and Doctrine to Children by means of "truth embodied in a tale." Hence, as regards the first, a great many letters are given on hymns, and especially on the method pursued in the production of the "Hymnal Noted."

Dr. Boyd (better known as A.K.H.B.), in his essay on the Hymnology of the Scottish Kirk, describes meeting on a steamer on a Highland river a friend, who, in the "pauses of conversation," was turning over the leaves of a book in a "supercilious skipping fashion," and "jauntily scribbling" here and there with a pencil. "On being asked what he was doing, he stated that he was a member of the Hymn Committee of that day; and that here was a proof of a proposed Hymnal which was sent to each member to receive his emendations. He was beguiling his time, sailing down the river, by improving the hymns. In this easy manner did he scribble whatever alterations might casually suggest themselves, upon the best compositions of the best hymn writers."

Not in this fashion did the "Hymnal Noted" Committee set to work, as many of the letters in this volume shew; and in the preface to the second edition of his "Mediaeval Hymns" Dr. Neale wrote, "Some of the happiest and most instructive hours of my life were spent in the sub-committee of the Ecclesiological Society, appointed for the purpose of bringing out the second part of the 'Hymnal Noted.' It was my business to lay before it the translations I had prepared, and theirs to correct. The study which this required drew out the beauties of the original in

a way which nothing else could have done, and the friendly collision of various minds elicited ideas which a single translator would, in all probability, have missed."

Judging, however, from the quality of the "improvements" which many of these hymns have suffered, A.K.H.B.'s jaunty steamer friend seems to have still some followers.

And as regards the second point—Dr. Neale's power as a teacher of children. Even before his death his stories were popular in America, and had been translated into French, Flemish, German, and Russ. Lately the S.P.C.K. has republished them "to meet a continuous demand," the editor's notice in each volume testifying that "nothing has as yet taken their place."

It seems well, therefore, to include in the present collection of letters several dealing with his home life, and with the homely Wardenship of Sackville College. It was there that for twenty years he exercised this special gift. Simplicity of language, clearness of explanation, local touches, and frequent familiar illustrations are necessary for the "teacher of babes," whether those babes be in their first or second childhood. All these qualities abound both in his "Readings for the Aged" and in his sermons and stories for children, and by means of them he aroused and stimulated their interest. And in addition to this, the picturesque setting, which gives so much charm to his stories, must have often inspired in other children, as it did in us, a love and appreciation of natural scenery: whether he wrote of our own Sussex, with its deep-hewn shady lanes, its *ellenge* cottages, its wind-swept forest, where, from the College terrace, we loved to see the shadows of the clouds chasing each other; and its bare South Downs, where at evening the shadows lie smooth and purple like the folds of a mantle; or whether of the wild rocky coast and weird "blow-holes" of Wales; or of the desolate menhir-strewn Land's-end of Brittany. His letters, especially those written to his own home circle, shew how true to life was the local colour of his stories; his were no superficial impressions gained by rapid travel, for on his church tours he was an indefatigable pedestrian,

and thus gained an intimate knowledge of the byways and highways of his own country, and of many parts of the continent. These domestic letters, therefore, of an author who wrote with so much skill for children, may prove interesting to many who found his stories their favourite Sunday reading in their childhood, and who now, perhaps, read them to their own children with equal pleasure, and with increased appreciation of their style and learning.

The editor had hoped and intended to avoid all mention of the troubles which disturbed his life at Sackville College ; her relationship seemed to make this the more desirable, lest in any measure she should tarnish what was so conspicuously bright in her father's life—his forgiveness of injuries. But it was found impossible to avoid the record of them, nor upon reflection would it be right and true. A chronicler must not be like the sun-dial with its motto, *Horas non numero nisi serenas* ; rather must he resemble the camera, which gives due effect to shade as well as light ; nor can the light be shewn without the shadow. And, as will appear in many of the letters in this volume, John Mason Neale's work was so incessantly and perseveringly carried on in the midst of turmoil and persecution, that the one cannot be related without the other. Unceasing energy in work, and cheerful fortitude in trial, were strands of equal strength, intimately bound together in the thread of his life, and doubtless the one strengthened the other.

I wish to record my hearty thanks to those who have come to my aid in editing this volume of letters, and more especially to the Bishop of Edinburgh, and Canon Christopher Wordsworth, for revising those which touch upon ecclesiastical and liturgical subjects. The extreme difficulty of my father's handwriting, and my own ignorance of those studies, must have otherwise resulted in many flagrant errors. My thanks are also due to my cousin, Canon John Neale Dalton, for his invaluable help in correcting proofs, and in solving many problems set by the frequent abbreviations, initials, and references in the letters, and for many of the notes referring to articles in Church periodicals ; to the Rev.

R. E. Hutton, Chaplain of S. Margaret's, East Grinstead, and Sir Robertson Nicoll, for advice, encouragement, and suggestions; and with these names must also be recorded that of my father's old friend, Canon Cooper, who has recently passed to his rest. It was at his request that the hymn on p. 364 has been inserted.

Those who have read Sister Miriam's Memoir in the *S. Margaret's Magazine* will see that I am indebted to her, both for letters and for other material. And it is pleasing to feel that all my father's children, (and some of his grandchildren), have had a share in the work, although my only brother, Vincent Neale, is now separated from us by thousands of miles, and my sister, the Mother Superior of S. Margaret's, has countless cares to occupy her in her responsible post. And the dear sister who has been called home since the first sentences of this preface were written, was from the very beginning of the preparation, not only for this volume, but also for the "Memoir" by Mrs. Towle, an equal worker with myself. It is several years now since we determined, she and I, that, whatever the difficulties and hindrances might be, our father's Life must be written before our generation passed away. Many a stack of letters, copied in her handwriting, testifies to her patient toil; and though for the last year she has been unable for this, her sympathy and interest were keen to the end. And beyond?

"Yea, the dead in Christ have still
Part in all our joy and ill,
Keeping all our steps in view,
Guiding them it may be, too."

The lines at the heading of the chapters, whether verses or translations, are in every case my father's, selected either from "Hymns for the Sick," "Hierologus," "Seatonian Poems," "Rhythm of Bernard de Morlaix," "Hymns and Sequences," or from MSS. poems not hitherto published. The sermons on the "Comes" in the Revelation, referred to on p. 368, may be found in "Sermons preached in a Religious House," vol. i.

The two appreciations of my father and his work in the Appendix (pp. 371, 372) were written by his co-temporaries and fellow-workers in the *Ecclesiologist* and *Christian Remembrancer*—the magazines in which so many of his best articles appeared. Notes referring to these will be found throughout this volume.

MARY SACKVILLE LAWSON.

Allhallowtide, 1909.

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CHAPTER I

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE DAYS—PHRENOLOGICAL FORECAST

JOHN MASON NEALE was only five years old when he lost his father, the Rev. Cornelius Neale (1823). His mother then went to live at Shepperton, and placed her son under the tuition of the rector of the parish, the Rev. William Russell, an Evangelical of the best type, for whom J. M. Neale had a lifelong affection and reverence. Many of his childish letters to his tutor have been preserved, some of them in round-hand, copy-book writing, and sentences to match, others showing a freedom and affection unusual at that age and in that relationship. One of these, written probably at eight years old, follows.

Thursday night.

MY VERY, VERY DEAR PET,

I was afraid you would be doleful when we leave you to-morrow, so I thought I would just write you a little note. Don't be angry it's written so badly. I am writing in a great hurry, you are now drawing the ruins of Saltwood. Dear Pet, I hope he will love me as much as he did at Shepperton. I hope you will have a pleasant journey. Pray write soon. I hope Pet won't be so doleful as I shall be. Give my love to Mrs. Russell and Fenn.

Your very affectionate and grateful pupil,

J. M. NEALE.

[8]

We part to meet again.

At the age of eleven J. M. Neale was sent to school at Blackheath, later he went to Sherborne, and from the age

of fifteen to seventeen he was at Farnham. One letter written at that time is given.

TO A YOUNGER SISTER.

Farnham (Feb. 7th), 1835.

MY DEAR CORNELIA,

Susanna has given you her motto--I will give you mine—

“The game is got with little joy
That's got with little seeking ;
And if in parting were no grief,
Where were the joy of meeting?”

Well, since I wrote I have been very much pleased with Waverley. “What, has he got no book better than that to read? Well, I wonder Mr. Sankey allows it!” No, Waverley is a beautiful hill between here and Elsted, and I will now tell you of my walk there to-day. I set off (by myself this time) and walked along the Guildford road for about two miles and a half, and then turned off to the right, and after mistaking my way once, I got to Seale, a little village, the curacy of which Mr. Russell had, together with Elsted. It is an odd and very little Church, on the side of a hill, and put me a little in mind of Swainswick. I wanted to have seen the clerk and asked him if he remembered Mr. Russell (twenty years ago now), but he lived a mile over the hills. Well, I asked how far it was to Elsted? Three and a half miles. How far from there to Farnham? Three miles. That will do, I thought; it wants ten minutes to three. So I set off, and a beautiful walk it was, but almost without a path; very hilly, the sand over my shoes, and a way I knew nothing of, so it was not to be wondered at that I got wrong. I got to Hampton Lodge, where Mr. Long lives (the Radical candidate for Surrey), which is in the parish of Puttenham, joining on to Godalming. I cut across the path and got into the road again, which now, if possible, got worse than before. However, about a quarter past three I got to the bridge, which is beautiful indeed. The side next me was

A walk in
Surrey.

covered with mistletoe, and the Wey here being very shallow, becomes as broad nearly as the Thames at Sheperton—not quite—and falls over some ledges of rock. Passing over there I came to the village, which consists of two streets. I took the one which led away from the Church, where I wanted to go. However, I got there at ten minutes to four; it is like Seale Church, only larger. Then, coming down the hill, I got to the village about four. How far to Farnham? Five miles. Five miles? Yes. I asked another man if it was. Yes, it was. Well, I thought, I will be back in time to-day, so, setting off to run, I came to a place where the road was nothing but a watercourse; but fortunately there was a path, which, however, soon ended in two lanes, half water and half mud, and there was a farmhouse opposite. So I went up to the door, but found it had the key on the outside. So I called at the gate of the farmyard, but there was no one to hear except a cow, who left off eating to stare. I never felt so completely lost. It was getting dark, it was raining a little, I was five miles from home, and knew not a step of the way, and no one to tell me. Just as I was in despair the door of the house opened, and two girls made their appearance, who shewed me a way through the garden past the watercourse. So I set off to run again, but was soon stopped by such a sandy hill that I could hardly tell whether I should ever be able to get up at all, and then a long road by a wood of firs, above which I saw Crooksbury Hill between me and Farnham. One more sandy hill and one steep descent, and I got to the foot of it. It was duskish, and the red grey light among so many stems, and the roaring of the wind in the branches, and the great number of stems, yet all so immovable, and no other sound, except a water-mill in the valley and now and then a robin chirping, were very fine. Passing through Waverley I tried to run, but my feet were so sore, and it so bewilders the eyes constantly looking down to pick your path, that when I got to Farnham I could hardly distinguish anything, and missed my way in the churchyard. However, I got back to

Mr. Sankey's ten minutes after five ; but as, fortunately, dinner was not ready, I was in capital time.

I have been talking of nothing but myself all this time ; however, I hope you will not think my adventures uninteresting. I should like to show you how beautiful this place is, and that you should go out with me sometimes. I have begun a thing which is called the "Contest of the Months," and which will be a description of how these places look in the different months, with their palaces, etc. Here follow two speeches out of it (for it is a dialogue between the fairies). Pray tell me how dear Mama likes them. If she does not, I shall leave them off, though I have rather an affection for them.

Oberon.—"How calm, how rev'rend rise these forest stems,
 Whose dark red twilight scarce admits a ray,
 Save where, on some green blade or mossy stump,
 An eye of gold is strewn. They stand around us,
 Motionless armies, fixed multitudes ;
 Fix'd, but not silent, for the branchy ocean
 In one deep, low monotony of sound,
 Ne'er changing, never wearying, as the rush
 Of distant host is heard ; while the great Sun,
 Perch'd in the intricate branches, seems a crest
 Of glory on the summit ; hills and vales,
 Or blue in distance, or with red heath cloth'd,
 Through which the green paths wind their tortuous way,
 All float in the thin vest of silver haze !
 This forest, rising up the mountain side,
 Skirting its awful head, where in green strength
 Abrupt it fails, seems as the wave that rolls
 Rising upon the shingly steep, and laves
 Its very summit, but no further goes !
 These solid walls of green, as they run down
 By rocks and caverns to the green vale's jaws,
 Are fittest for our court."

Titania.—" 'Tis pleasant now,
 When hoary Winter throws one arm, bespangled
 With gems of frost, around young Spring, who half
 Shrinks from his touch, and half with pleasure viewing
 His form, now milder, from her flowery store
 Hangs her pale snowdrop on his icy neck."

. . . Mama wants to know about my class. On

Sunday I had it, or rather not it, but one belonging to James, the Bishop's butler. I could not tell what they could do, nor did I know when I went that I should have any, so I had not the "Bible Teacher." First, to see how they read and understood, I gave them the second and third of S. Matthew, and, finding they did not know much about John the Baptist, I made them read the account of his death. Well, then I began to comprehend matters a little, so I gave them Daniel and the lions, which they did not know about, to read, and asked them a great many questions about it. It did very well, except that the "Medes and Persians" came so many times over, which they always would read Pharisees. In the afternoon there were so few that I sat by Hamilton and heard him. "Now, boys, I shall be so happy to answer any questions. What, have none got any to ask? None at all?" "Please, sir, would you take some of our potatoes, for mother says she has got some nice ones?" Mayow reads Mrs. Sherwood's stories on the Church Catechism, but I really think that till they know some of the Bible stories well, they should not hear any others, which it stands to reason cannot be so interesting. As to being on the Commandments, so are all the histories in the Bible. Joseph's would do for some. I shall have some of those texts printed in red ink, which they are all very anxious to get, and as many of them as they like to learn in the week out of their own Bibles (for I shall mark them), so many red ones they shall have on Sunday. I know it would be better for them to learn something straight through, but one must begin gently. If I get them to learn at all, for I have no power to command it (no class but Harrison's does it), it will be something. And I shall make them read the stories out of Genesis in the morning, with the questions out of the Bible Teacher, and in the afternoon out of the New Testament, and I must write some questions for that. You have no idea how difficult it is to ask questions extempore which shall not be too difficult or else leading. There is a book to the New Testament, but I don't like it much. For instance, there are questions like these:—S. Mark xvi. 1. "Now

Sunday
school
teaching.

when it began to dawn towards day." Now the question is, "To what did it begin to dawn?" Now, besides that being a leading question, to what else could it begin to dawn?

I am afraid, as Susanna says, I have written very much like a sermon; so I will not put any more about it, except that I felt very foolish when I was left with my class alone at first.

To the same.

Letter
writing.

Bevan has just finished a letter, and has been complaining of the difficulty and disagreeableness of letter writing, adding, "I make my letters do for a long time." How people can be so I cannot imagine; for most certainly, next to writing verses, it is my most pleasant time.

In the beginning of 1836 J. M. Neale studied under Professor Challis at Papworth S. Everard. He continued to live with him after the Professor moved to the Observatory, Cambridge. It was at this time that the first great interest of his life, his attachment to Mary R——, had entered into it. The following are extracts from a diary-letter written for her, and continued during the first part of his time at Cambridge. He went into residence in October, 1836, at Trinity, having obtained a scholarship there, in his eighteenth year.

April 15th.—I went to Shilleto's this morning, but did nothing in the way of reading with him. He only asked me as to what I had been doing, and settled with me to come at seven on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays; so that obliges me to be up early.

April 18th.—I could sit with Shilleto from morning to night. It is impossible to conceive anything of the sort more delightful. He liked the Greek verses very much. The advantage is the being able to compare them with his, as he never sets his men any piece from Shakespeare that he has not turned himself.

Oct. 20th.—Poor Mr. Simeon, I am afraid, is dying.

Mr. Carus watches over him as if he were really, as he is fond of calling himself, his son.

Nov. 6th.—I think you would like to hear what Mr. Carus has been telling us, in his rooms, about Mr. Simeon. I do think at this moment Mr. Simeon must be the happiest man in the world! I will give you Mr. Carus's own words:—

“I went in to him after chapel this morning, and he was then lying with his eyes closed. I thought he was asleep, but after standing there a little while he put out his hand to me. I said, ‘The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your heart and mind.’ He said nothing. I said again, ‘They washed their robes, dear sir, and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb; *therefore* they are before the throne of God.’ ‘I have, I have!’ he said. ‘I have washed my robes in the Blood of the Lamb; they are clean, quite clean—I know it.’ He shut his eyes for a few minutes, and when he again opened them I said, ‘Well, dear sir, you will soon comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye may——’ He tried to raise himself, and said, after his quick manner, ‘Stop! stop! you don’t understand a bit about that text; don’t go on with it—I won’t hear it—I shall understand it soon!’ After a little while he said, ‘Forty years ago I blessed God because I met one man in the street who spoke to me, and oh, what a change there is now!’ I mentioned some other text to him; he was then so faint that he could hardly speak, but he whispered, ‘I think—death—silence.’ He had often spoken to me on this subject before, and I knew what he meant—he always expressed a wish to be alone when he died, not praying, but meditating, and not even to be interrupted with texts of the Bible. ‘Well, then, sir,’ I said, ‘we will not pray for you, we will only praise God.’ At that he seemed to be very much pleased. Then he employed himself in giving away sundry little presents, such as his gold-headed cane, and so forth; and then he said, ‘There’s one bottle of wine, a very precious wine, the Lachryma Christi, in my bin;

Death
of Mr.
Simeon.

bring that to me and raise me up. Now may God's mercy continue to me the same firm trust as I now have in the tears Christ shed for me (referring to the *Lachryma Christi*), I want nothing more. I can only use the language of my namesake, 'Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart according to Thy word.'" He has not said anything since, but lies meditating. I could tell you nothing that you would listen to after this, so good-night.

Recogni-
tion of
friends
after death.

Nov. 13th.—When I came in I heard that Mr. Simeon was gone. He died at ten minutes past two, and I, as you may easily conceive, have thought of little else all day since. I have not yet heard any particulars. So the day he has been preparing for fifty-six years has come at last. Oh, what a meeting he and Henry Martyn must have had! All the pleasure of thinking of that would be taken away by that horrible thought that friends will not know each other in another world. I cannot think how any one can believe it. Poor Mr. Simeon; I cannot tell you how much I am grieved for his loss. I should think there was a great deal of sorrow to-night in Cambridge. I was going to say, "What a glorious night for him!" but there is no night there.

Nov. 20th.—To-day Trinity Church was a most striking sight: the deepest mourning everywhere, not silk, but crape, and the crowded state of every part, the altar and the ante part being overflowing. Though I was a quarter of an hour before time, I did not get a foot into the real Church, and had to stand all the time, as three or four hundred more had. Numbers had to go away. A beautiful sermon by Dr. Dealtry, from "Them that honour Me I will honour."

At all the Churches in Cambridge a funeral sermon was preached, excepting All Saints'.

Dec. 4th.—Harvey Goodwin really makes me quite ashamed of myself. Every Sunday, for four hours, does he teach in that Barnwell school, amidst the noise and confusion of a hundred and fifty boys, in a room not thirty feet square, and the natural consequence is that he is knocked up almost every Sunday evening.

Jan. 16th.—At length I have completed a task which,

at its commencement, seemed to me somewhat gigantic. To make you understand, I should tell you that Plautus consists of twenty plays. I began to read them Nov. 14th, but had only accomplished four by my coming here (home for Christmas). The remaining sixteen, consisting of 17,425 lines, I accomplished to-day, to my no small joy. But I am sorry to see that the number of lines I have each week read has suffered a continual decrease since I came back. The numbers were, 9,986—9,530—8,512—5,870—5,277. This may partly be accounted for by increased difficulties, but, I fear, not altogether.

March 4th, 5th.—I never miss a whole day (in writing the journal) without thinking what a very stirring sermon one thereby preaches to oneself on the insignificance of one's own history. We pass over unnoticed those poor twenty-four hours, and yet they had their little joys and sorrows, their hopes and fears, and contained in themselves a little epitome of life. And just so it will pass; granting that our warmest wishes are fulfilled, we know well enough that when some journalizer, taken up with his own cares and joys, shall have entered an account of March 5th, 1939, there will long enough have been erected—I hope in some quiet village church—a tablet “To the memory of the Rev. J. M. Neale, ——— years rector? of this parish, and of ———, his wife,” and so on. You will say I am seized with a fit of melancholy. Oh no, and these thoughts do not make me so; but they do make me long, and sometimes more ardently than I can express, that before that time comes I may have done something which may exempt that tablet from being carelessly passed by. If it be wrong to have this “Panting after Immortality,” I must confess myself very, very guilty.

April 1st.—It has struck me that, in the different styles of architecture, we may perhaps find an analogy with the different stages of popular feeling in England. The Norman, heavy, dark, and gloomy, corresponds well enough to the absence of liberty which characterizes the reigns of our kings, till John. Then the Early English has certainly a resemblance to the far more cheerful and free

“Panting
after Im-
mortality.”

Symbolism
of archi-
tecture.

views introduced by Magna Charta. Still, though there is great beauty in the parts, there is a want of amalgamation and unity in the whole, which, however, we find in the Decorated, the most perfect style, which answers to what was perhaps the happiest age of England, Edward the Third's. Gradually the Commons asserted their own rights, and broke through the symmetry of the government, and behold, at the same time, the Perpendicular mullions cut the beautiful tracery, before unbroken, to pieces. I am disposed to think there is something more than fancy in that.

Visit to
phreno-
logist.

After a visit to a phrenologist he writes :—

Shall I tell you Mr. Bunny's character of me? I think I will.

"This individual," he says, "has the intellectual and moral faculties preponderating over the animal. Of the latter the affections are stronger than the passions; but when under excitement he would be very violent, and lose his better judgment. He is too apt to concentrate his thoughts within himself, to think without acting. It is an unfortunate construction that Locality and Inhabitiveness are both very large; that is, that while exceedingly attached to home, he is also very fond of travelling. Of exercises, rowing would be his favourite, but he would in this have to practise keeping time. In the second division Imagination takes the lead, and Language, which should be cultivated; it is intellectual rather than verbal; that is, he can acquire a language with ease, but would be at a loss for words to express his own ideas. He would be exceedingly nervous at the beginning of any examination, and when it was really begun would be as cool as any man. He is very apt to draw hasty conclusions, and, though soon convinced in his own mind, is very slow to own his conviction. He is exceedingly reserved to strangers, and is very slow in making friends. The organ most deficient is Analogy; this he must cultivate, or he will find that his hasty conclusions, and saying without any caution what he thinks, will cause him much trouble.

He is very fond of music, more especially as connected with poetry, but does not understand it, though his touch would be good. On the whole, those faculties which act upon ideas are much stronger than those which act upon things, which last, especially Individuality, which is very deficient, should be well exercised. He would be able to imitate and distinguish style, but would fail in verbal imitation. Order needs very much exercise, though less, as before, in ideas than in things.

"To conclude. This head is one which has more good and more bad points than most: with this consolation—that the bad consist more in the disuse of what is good, and not in any very strong propensity to what is bad. So that by correcting these deficiencies, one of the chief of which is carelessness, there is every promise of great excellency."¹

¹ Cp. "Phrenology," *Christian Remembrancer*, vi. 661-676.

CHAPTER II

1836-39

FOUNDING OF C.C.S.

There runs
Such harmony of beauty through God's works,
As that the loveliness of virtue needs
Must find a correspondent loveliness
In outward forms : for Truth is everlasting,
And, being everlasting, must be One.

THE Cambridge Camden Society, founded during J. M. Neale's third year at Trinity, was such an absorbing interest at this time of his life, as will be seen in many of his letters, that it may be well here to insert an account of the beginning of the C.C.S.—afterwards developed into the Ecclesiological Society. The account is from the pen of the late Rev. Edward Jacob Boyce, himself a co-founder of the society. He was afterwards connected by marriage with J. M. Neale, the two friends marrying two daughters of the Rev. Thomas Webster, Vicar of Oakington, and Rector of St. Botolph's, Cambridge. Mr. Boyce wrote the following for the S. Margaret's magazine.

DEAR SISTER,

You ask me to tell you about the beginning and early history of the C.C.S., and Dr. Neale's connection with it. I cannot do this without some special reference to myself, which I hope will not be thought out of place. My narrative will be chiefly occupied with facts which immediately concern the foundation and progress of the C.C.S. It will, I think, shew the truth of what Dr. Newman

says in Sermon xxii., vol. i., viz.: that "every great change is effected by the few, not by the many; by the resolute, undaunted, zealous few—one or two men with small outward pretensions, but with their hearts in the work—these do great things."

Neale and myself entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in October, 1836, becoming from the first fast friends, though previously unacquainted with each other. The times when we were together at college were very stirring ones, and full of excitement caused by the most varied and opposite circumstances. It may cause a smile when I illustrate this by saying that the Oxford Tracts on the one hand, and *Pickwick* on the other, produced a ferment which few can understand, except those who had to mix with the religious controversies of the hour, and to witness the actual furor with which men struggled to secure a copy of each new number of Dickens's serial. Added to this, there was the attempt of certain Trinity men to shame the Fellows and Dons of Colleges into something like a respectable attendance at the College Chapels, attendance being rigidly enforced upon the undergraduates. This was attempted by publishing lists of attendance upon the part of the Dons, and actually by offering the prize of a handsome Bible to the one who attended the most regularly. The prize was secured by a Fellow who afterwards became a Colonial Bishop; but it would have been given to a well-known Dean, had it not been part of his everyday duty, as Dean, to be present at Chapel. Some profanely called this effort a "Society for promoting Christianity amongst the Dons." History of
C.C.S.

I have every reason to be grateful to Neale for his help to relieve many a long hour of tedium during my college course—caused by such weakness of sight as precluded studying at any time after dusk—for he read aloud to me after Hall, with the best intelligence, though not with a musical voice, every varied thing that could interest one—Oxford Tracts, Dickens, the whole of the Dramatic Poets, and the most of every other poet of note, and, in fact, anything that became of special interest

We spent the Long Vacation together at S. Leonard's, and from that centre made visits to all the Churches in the neighbourhood, Neale registering results, and myself copying the fonts. In the Long Vacation of 1838 we went together through Lincolnshire, Yorkshire, Durham, on to Newcastle, Carlisle, and Glasgow, taking notes of Cathedrals and other Churches. During shorter vacations in these years, various gig tours were undertaken through Hertfordshire, Buckinghamshire, Bedfordshire, Sussex, etc.

In October, 1837, James Gavin Young (now Vicar of Hursley) entered Trinity College, and in 1838, Benjamin Webb (late Vicar of S. Andrew's, Wells Street) did the same, and Edmund Venables (now Precentor of Lincoln) entered Pembroke Hall; W. N. Griffin, of S. John's College, took his degree in 1837; F. A. Paley in 1838; C. Colson and E. T. Todd in 1839. Harvey Goodwin was an undergraduate of Caius College in October, 1836.

It was upon the coming up to the University of such men as Young, Webb, Venables, and others, that a small society of men interested as much as Neale and myself were in Church Architecture began to be formed: Neale, Webb, Goodwin, and myself, having taken the lead in forming it; and while the first members of this small Society were all undergraduates, such graduates as Griffin, Colson, Codd, Paley, Eddis, and others, quickly joined it. The Rules of our Association were framed for one of mutual friends resident in the University, as will be seen from the fact that one of them imposed "a fine on all members who did not visit some specified Church within four miles of S. Mary's Church *weekly*." Certainly the originators never dreamt of anything beyond this. This small Association took the name of the Camden Society (the additional title of Cambridge was not then prefixed, I believe).

It was under the excitement caused by the opposition of some, who—because they could not rule—wished to destroy the original little coterie of lovers of Church Architecture, that the following step was taken by Neale, Webb, and myself. We were all in-college men. We determined to try and secure a Head and an influential Leader to the

First
members
of C.C.S.

movement on behalf of founding a Society which should embrace the same objects as the smaller one, but open its arms wider and extend its operations beyond the narrow sphere to which the smaller Society had limited itself. To this end, after ten o'clock at night, we three waited on our tutor, Archdeacon Thorp, and laid the state of the case before him. We entreated him to come to the rescue, and did not leave him until he promised to call forthwith a Public Meeting to be held in one of the Lecture Rooms of Trinity College. The Meeting was called, and well attended by undergraduates, graduates, and even so-called Dons from various Colleges. *At this Meeting in May, 1839, the Cambridge Camden Society was instituted*, and the Ven. Thomas Thorp, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Archdeacon and Chancellor of Bristol, became the President of the Society.

I may state here that in the year 1843 (*i.e.* in the fourth year of its Institution) such was the progress of the C.C.S., that there were connected with it either as Patrons, etc., 2 Archbishops, 16 Bishops, 31 Peers and M.P.'s, 7 Deans or Chancellors of Dioceses, 21 Archdeacons and Rural Deans, 16 Architects, and as ordinary members just 700. The first Committee was constituted as follows:—J. M. Neale (Chairman), E. J. Boyce (Treasurer), B. Webb and E. T. Codd (Secretaries), B. Smith and H. Goodwin (Auditors), C. Colson, A. S. Eddis, W. N. Griffin, J. S. Howson, M. Thomas, and J. F. Stokes (Ordinary Members).

Up to nearly the end of 1841, the C.C.S. had, as it were, no special means of spreading information upon the various objects it undertook to promote amongst its Members absent from the University, except those furnished by printed Annual Reports and the Addresses of the President delivered at the Anniversary Meetings. It was in October, 1841, that Neale paid me a visit at Southampton, where I was Curate of Holyrood. Naturally the C.C.S. became a chief subject of conversation, and upon my complaining that Members of the Society who had removed from the University, were left without any information of its doings, and suggesting that the C.C.S. ought to have its periodical,

Neale (one of whose characteristics was "a blow and a word") wrote off at once to the President and the Secretaries (Webb, Young, and Paley), mentioning the suggestion, giving a sketch of the design for a monthly publication, and proposing that the name should be *The Ecclesiologist*.

The first number was published in November, 1841. In the Report of 1842 it is stated that eight numbers had appeared, and that the sale was rapidly and steadily increasing. This periodical obtained, in fact, such a circulation and influence, that it became scarcely so much a mere Report of the doings of the C.C.S., as a general Organ of Ecclesiology, for, indeed, this Magazine gave first its *being* and its name to that peculiar branch of science.

If any contributors to it deserve pre-eminent credit for its success from first to last, few will dispute that John Mason Neale and Benjamin Webb are two of these. I find from a copy of volume one, belonging to Neale, which has initials in ink to each article, that out of 158 contributions to that volume, Neale made 47, Webb 46, and Paley 36. Under Neale's name, in volume three, I find written, "Et quorum pars magna fui."

Details of the work, progress, and difficulties of the Society follow, and finally of its change of name. On May 8th, 1845, after canvassing the members it was resolved that a—

Committee be formed with instructions to revise the laws. The following Committee were elected: Messrs. Witts, Webb, Stokes¹ (who resigned), Paley,¹ Hope, Hodson, Freeman, Goodwin. The Committee added to their number Neale, Forbes, Bevan, Sir S. Glynne, Bart., F. H. Dickinson. The upshot was—the laws were revised, the local habitation of the Society was changed from Cambridge to London, and its name henceforth became the "Ecclesiological (late Cambridge Camden) Society." The Seventh Anniversary was held May 12th, 1846, in London, at the schoolrooms of the All Souls and Trinity Districts, S. Marylebone. . . .

¹ Stokes and Paley seceded to Rome.

No wonder that he was proud of his connection with the C.C.S. He often said, "Well, whatever else has failed, the work of that will last as long as time exists ;" and he has often cheered me by simply saying, "Don't forget what you had to do with the C.C.S."

I am asked to give an idea of the number of Churches improved under the auspices of the C.C.S. It would be as difficult almost as to count the stars on a clear frosty night. It is sufficient to notice that in the year 1843 alone, no less than ninety-eight applications were made to the Committee for advice respecting the reparation of old Churches, the designs for new ones, the details in connection with the internal arrangement of existing Churches, and the designs for Church plate and ornaments. Two of these were from Dr. Selwyn, Bishop of New Zealand, and the Chaplain at Alexandria. In fact, it may be said without exaggeration that not only from every part of the British Isles, but from almost every colony of the British Empire, applications for designs and for advice were received almost every month without intermission.

Neale read many papers at the ordinary meetings of the C.C.S. In the *Transactions*, Vol. III., I find one on the Ecclesiology of Madeira, read April 30th, 1844, after his sojourn there for his health.

In the fourth part of the "Monumental Brasses,"¹ the third plate represents Dr. Thomas Nelond, 26th Prior of S. Pancras, Lewes, and Rector of Cowfold, Sussex. Little being known respecting this ecclesiastic, Neale has thrown his remarks into the form of a contemporary letter, giving an account of the funeral of Dr. Nelond. This was so cleverly done in English of the 15th century that he had several enquiries from philologists as to the genuineness of the document.

Neale wrote the introductory remarks to the whole volume of "Brasses," and a Latin Epilogue to the series, consisting of eleven stanzas of four lines in mediaeval verse, every line of each quatrain ending with one and the same double rhyme.

¹ See *Christian Remembrancer*, i. 321-331.

To show the versatility of his powers, it is sufficient to enumerate the subjects of papers read by him, besides those in the *Transactions*, between 1839 and 1844—

“On Epitaphs.”

“On the Remains of Scottish Cathedrals.”

“On certain Churches in Hertfordshire.”

“On Ecclesiastical Brasses.”

“On the Ecclesiastical Edifices in Cambridgeshire, which are connected with the Legend of S. Etheldreda.”

*“On the Restoration of S. Nicolas’ Church, Old Shoreham.” (November 7th, 1840.) Printed in Vol. I. of the *Transactions*.

*“On certain Churches in Northamptonshire.” (March 20th, 1841.)

*“On Symbolical representations of certain Saints.” (May 24th, 1841.)

*“On the History of Puses.” (November 22nd, 1841.) Printed.

*“On the Ecclesiology of the Deanery of Penrith in Cornwall.” (November, 1842.)

“On Private Devotion in Churches.” (1844.) Printed.

He was Chaplain at Downing when he wrote those papers marked with an asterisk.

I do not know that I can add anything more to show Neale’s connection with the C.C.S. It has been impossible to do this within a very limited space.

EDW. J. BOYCE,

Rector of Houghton.

April 24th, 1888.

CHAPTER III

1839-42

BRIGHTON—WELLS

Lord, we will not seek to know
What shall be our lot below :
This we feel, and here we rest,
What Thou sendest, that is best :
Take our thoughts, and wills, and powers,
And dispose of us and ours !

THE next few letters were probably written from his mother's house at Brighton.

To Rev. E. BOYCE.

Jan. 11th, 1839.

Your letter this evening—a very pleasant glass of the wine of life—I have been exceedingly delighted with, and, as you see, have taken a large sheet for my answer. And first, as you seem to think that I am rather apt to “take up with the *ipse dixits* of a Newman or a Pusey,” I will endeavour to shew you that I have at least read the article on the Oxford Tracts which you mention with some care ; so, if I am rather tedious in my accounts of it, you must, as you have brought it on yourself, forgive me. I will say what I have to say with the book before me. And first, I think to call it an Article on the O.T. is a misnomer. The book from which the most objectionable passages are taken is “Froude’s Remains.” And who was Froude? A man, ardent in the cause, very careless in his words, writing to his most intimate friends without the most remote idea of publication. And is it wonderful

“Froude’s
Remains.”
Rivington.

that such an one should now and then make use of expressions which cannot be justified, partly, I verily believe, in joke? Supposing, for instance, that I in writing to you were to express my opinion that Luther was a rascal, you would know perfectly well what I meant, namely, that his character, bright though it might be, was not without its dark spots. But imagine that letter published, and what would be the impression which it would convey of the writer? Now look at "Froude's Remains" in the same light, and then say honestly, whether you think that his writings deserve to be brought forward as a specimen of the real tenets of the so-called Oxford Party? Confine yourself to the O.T. and—so far as I have read them, and that is very nearly all—heart and soul, entirely and completely, do I join with them; but for every loose expression of their partisans, it is too hard to be made to bear the blame.

But one or two remarks on this Review. Page 210. (He begins) "If such distinguished men," etc. The argument, as I understand it, runs thus—

S. Clement approved of an epistle of S. Barnabas. Granted. But we have an epistle of S. Barnabas now extant. Granted. Therefore he approved of that which we now have. Here the writer must plead guilty to either ignorance or knavery. Ignorance, if he did not know,—knavery, if he concealed, that S. Clement quotes a passage from that epistle which is not in that we now have. The fair argument is, that ours is either totally different, or greatly corrupted.

George
Herbert.

P. 224. They find fault with N. for calling the Virgin Mary "the mother of God." Herbert says—

"I would address
My vows to thee most gladly, blessed Maid
And *mother of my God* in my distress."

240. I. 3 "tapers." Are they not directed to be used in the very first leaf of our Common Prayer-book? But more than enough on the subject. I think that Review the merest nonentity of an argument I have ever read.

You have quoted a text for me. Let me quote one for you. "But, beloved, remember ye the words which were spoken before of the Apostles of our Lord Jesus Christ—how that they told you there should be *mockers* in the last time, who should walk after their own ungodly lusts: these be they who separate themselves, sensual, having not the Spirit." How admirably does that apply to Baptist Noelism!

I have bagged 11 churches, making me in all 212.

Poor L. E. L.! You have seen her death. It is sad, but not, as a public loss, to be compared to that of Mrs. Hemans. L. E. L. had certainly put forth her utmost powers: Mrs. H. was but beginning to feel them.

Bannockburn¹ has reached 160 lines. I long to read it to you. The Greek Ode is all but finished.

Russell comes here, all well, on Monday. He, by-the-bye, is a convert, on general points at least, to the Oxford Tracts.

Here follows an interpretation of the connection of 2 Cor. ii. 11, 12, 13, 14, of which I wish to know whether you approve. At first sight it is anything but plain. "We are not ignorant of Satan's devices: I have experienced them many times, and one of the most remarkable I will tell you of. When I came into Troas, and had every prospect of being of the greatest use, he stirred up my discontent, because Titus was not there, so that I took leave of them, neglected that opening, and returned. But thanks be to God, however much I may in times past have yielded to them, I am now able to triumph over them. . . ."

Interpreta-
tion of
2 Cor. ii.
11, 12, etc.

In 1840 J. M. Neale was offered the assistant tutorship and chaplaincy of Downing, which he was glad to accept as keeping him in touch with the C.C.S., and also giving him a title to Holy Orders. He was ordained deacon at S. Margaret's, Westminster, on Trinity Sunday, 1841, by the Bishop (J. H. Monk) of Gloucester and Bristol. Finding the position of chaplain to the college uncongenial, and having a strong desire for parish work, he resigned his office at Downing in November, and began parochial work at Guildford as *locum tenens* to Mr. Pearson in the following January.

¹ College prize poem.

To E. J. BOYCE.

S. Matthew's Day (Sept. 21st), 1840.

Criticism
on sermon.

Thank you for your sermons, which I have read over very attentively ; and will proceed (as you wished me to do so) to tell you how they struck me, claiming no other value for my opinions than that "in the multitude of counsellors there is safety."

I much like your very simple way of dividing your texts. I know that it is a mere matter of opinion, but to me a sermon seems always clearer if the preacher, at the beginning, tells his hearers what his divisions are going to be, and then recapitulates each as he comes to it.

Bible
quotations.

I also admire your very apposite quotations from the Bible. But, if you do not take care, I think you will run into an excess in that line. I am not sure that I could have listened to "twice have I heard this" without smiling. Baxter may be a forcible example of the evils arising from a too indiscriminate use of Scripture language : "Fight, my brethren, against all your sins ; fight prayerfully, fight earnestly, and the victory shall be yours, and you shall pursue them *even unto the hill of Hachilah, that goeth down by Feshimon.*"

Again, I think you use "my brethren" too often. Look at the addresses of our Church, the Exhortation—the two before the Holy Eucharist, and that before the Communion—look at the Homilies again—and you will see how very sparing she is of a personal address of that kind.

Dislike of
hymns.

You know my general dislike to hymns and therefore may say that I am not an unprejudiced judge : but I do not at all like their quotation in the pulpit unless there be any very great advantage to be gained by them—which I do not see that there is in yours.

One more thing, and I have done. I think your sentences beginning with "yes" or with an interjection are far too frequent. If you allow them to be so, you will of course have no force in them when you really want them.

So much, perhaps you will say too much, for the style : all which, however, does not prevent my telling you, with

truth, that I much like it, and that principally for this reason that I am sure it must have been intelligible to all. And as to the most important part, that I also like much, though I might be disposed here and there to say, "Friend, come up higher." One thing in particular I admire: the manner in which you speak to your congregation, when mentioning their religious state. You are far more like S. Paul in that matter than you are like Owen. Owen said in one of his discourses, "My brethren, I am well aware that a great many more of you that hear me now will be damned than will be saved." S. Paul said, "But, beloved, we are persuaded better things of you, and things that accompany salvation though we thus speak."

Owen's
expressions
compared
with S.
Paul's.

Now, pray write soon and tell me that you are not angry at my very hypercritical remarks.

To Rev. E. J. BOYCE.

Nov. 12th, 1840.

To-day I was hearing about your three sermons a week. Sermon writing.

Now, what I want to impress on you is the absolute necessity, I may say, duty, of your not writing more than one of these. I do not mean on account of your over-exerting yourself, and so hurting your health, though that is something. . . . You will hurt the powers of your mind, and so unfit yourself for much of the usefulness which otherwise you might hope for. It is absolutely out of the nature of things that any one can, even under the happiest circumstances, go on writing three sermons a week without exhausting themselves. You cannot possibly read, proportionately to the immense quantity of matter you have to bring forth. Of course, we all know that there is such a thing as easy writing, but who would not rather sink under, than thus avoid the difficulty? And once get into the habit, and you can never get out of it. *Facilis descensus Averni*. No one can more hate the idea of a clergyman with full strength and little parochial duty giving his people other men's compositions instead of his own, but this is quite a different case. I hardly suspect you of the

guilt of writing three sermons a week, but how far you may not attempt two, I doubt ; and if you do, it is one too much. So much for that.

To B. WEBB.

Annunciation B.V.M., 1841. Brighton.

Tract 90.

No. 90 of course has excited as much attention here as elsewhere. No end of abuses are heaped on J. H. N. for not "leaving the Church," as they call it, and upon us for still intending to take Orders. I found the obnoxious book in a high state of perusedness ; homilies and articles collated with it, and every mouth crying shame on the horrible Jesuitry of the author. If you wish a farce after this tragedy, get a threepenny pamphlet called "No Peace with Rome," a lecture in monosyllables by Edward Dalton, Esq., Secretary to the Protestant Association. It is the richest thing I ever saw—almost beating McNeil.

To B. W.

Wednesday in Passion Week, 1841.

. . . As to the piano, I wish you would see whether it wants tuning, because if it does, get it done as soon as may be. I hope to return on S. Mark's Eve ; and on S. Mark's we will, all well, open our Sacred Concerts with Jackson's *Te Deum*, which I have been diligently studying. . . . Now may S. Ambrose assist me ! I have two hard battles to fight to-morrow. You remember Kingstone Church which Hare praises as "singularly calm and holy." Well, you may recollect that the North Aisle is blocked off. I always imagined it to have been destroyed ; but no—that part of this singularly holy Church is used as a potato cellar ! This I cannot stand—I only learnt it to-day—and to-morrow I am going at 1 to blow up furiously. If with no success, then I shall, all well, apply to Hare. That is battle one. Battle two will be *de pevis* at Old Shoreham. I much fear we shall there be finally beaten. Hare doesn't seem disposed to act. I intend to take the C.C.S. money, etc., and tell them that they are only to have it on condition these nuisances or the majority are

Fight
against
pews.

removed. When we voted the money, "we did it in glad hope and expectation" that such was to be the case, and therefore I conceive I may say this with the utmost truth. If we should be unsuccessful, nothing can be easier than for me to get the Committee's leave to say, that though we think their retention a shocking piece of taste, still, on consideration of the good done, we will give the money.

To B. W.

Aug. 17th, 1841.

... Have you had enough Protestantisms? Ready for some more? Well, then, I will copy out a part of a letter of Burton to Addison (mark, by-the-bye, what he says of Boyce)—

"I was ordained priest by his holiness of Winchester on July 11th, at Farnham Palace. There were about thirty men ordained. The palace is a fine old place; many of the men were lodged there during the examination, and all dined there every day. The dinners were sumptuous: all served upon silver. Oh, if some of the old bishops could have looked in!

An Ordination.

"I arrived at Farnham on the Saturday; after dinner we were ushered into the private Chapel—a queer place, comfortably carpeted and cushioned.

"The Bishop gave an *exposition*; and then his chaplain offered up an extemporary prayer—such a prayer! The Prayer-book was altogether discarded. The Ordination was conducted in the most comfortable manner. Great praise is due to the head valet for the orderly arrangements; he was most indefatigable in his exertions to secure the ladies and gentlemen good seats: and indeed I may say the same of the livery servants; they were all motion—sliding about the Chapel in pumps—noiseless as cats. Nor should I forget the Bishop's Chaplain, who was especially polite to the elect few who honoured the ceremony with their presence.

"Arrayed in full canonicals, the flowing sleeves of his surplice floating on the breeze which his flight from the drawing-room to the Chapel occasioned, he smilingly

handed a galaxy of beauty and fashion to their cushioned seats. When all men were seated in breathless expectation, the sleeves were heard in the distance, and presently appeared the Chaplain, leading in the Bishopess, the first of a long procession of children and maidservants ; all the candidates, except myself and one or two others, arose, and testified their respect. Lastly the Bishop entered (all men on the tip-toe of expectation), wearing the Order of the Garter. He smiled blandly—the men-servants rushed to the Altar gates—they flew open, the Bishop entered—they closed—the men-servants retired. A hymn was given out—the Bishopess arose and led the singing, leaning gracefully over the pew door. Even at the very moment when silence is kept awhile, the Bishop's wife commenced singing the *Veni Creator Spiritus*. Oh, Addison, is it not grievous ? It was Ordination domesticated. Boyce of Trinity preached a good sermon in the evening. In all the Charges I heard there was nothing about the Sacraments !” Thus far Burton. Truly it is grievous. On Sunday morning I had the full service at Hove. There, as I take it, a Protestant clergyman in the Church. My text was “And we shall be changed.” I happened to say that the Bible knew—and I was sure the Church knew—of no other regeneration but Baptism. And he grunted and snorted to that degree as to be troublesome. I am sure, that spite of the three hundred years’ be-calvinization of England, there is yet a chord in most people’s hearts that vibrates to Catholic truth. I cannot hide it from myself—and it would be affectation if I did—that, since I have preached at Hove, the congregation is nearly doubled. Much of this is the novelty of what they hear, but I hope not quite all.

To B. W. Dec. 18th, 1841. The Vicarage, Godalming.

... Dr. Hook says gloriously, with respect to the propagation of the truth, that the great law annexed to it is—the preachers suffer and the cause prevails ; and so the latter takes place, one surely ought not to mind about the former. One thing I see more and more plainly, that

we are making out for ourselves lives of anything but happiness in the ordinary sense of the word. I do not say this despairingly ; so be it, if we can only gain our end.

No easy
life fore-
seen.

Mrs. Neale, senior, was at this time resident at Clifton, whence he visited Wells.

To B. W. Jan. 11th, 1842. The Bishop's Palace, Wells.

Oh, that you could have spent this evening with me ! I never could have imagined that episcopal hospitality was practised to such an extent, or that so perfect a baronial mansion existed as this. But listen—and you shall hear all. I had finished writing to you and had just ordered tea, when Law (the Bishop's son) made his appearance, a most gentlemanly man about forty. He pressed me to come to the Palace, and seemed to have made every arrangement expressly for my convenience. Ainger, the organist, wanted to know what chant, service, and anthem I would have to-morrow ; the verger, what time I would go through the Triforia, etc. Well, I soon promised to come ; he went before to get ready, and I was to follow. It was about 7. The Palace is in the shape of a quadrangle, about the size of the great court of Trinity, only the sides right and left are only walls. Crossing a drawbridge, over a moat which encircles the whole, and is filled with flowing water, I knocked at the great gate with its fine tower. A portly and very civil porter appeared, who conducted me through the court to the door of the Palace, ringing first a most antique and sonorous bell. Here I was received by the butler ; and up a glorious old staircase was ushered into the drawing-room. It is sixty feet in length ; all the windows are on one side, Early Decorated, of two lights with Purbeck shafts ; old paintings of Bishops look down from the walls—Wolsey, Laud, Pearce, Lake, and many others—all originals. A screen divides the room in half, and under its shelter—the Bishop having just gone to bed—did Law and I sit and talk *de omnibus rebus*, etc. Then we had supper. He is beyond measure polite : forced me to take one of his horses to Glastonbury to-morrow ; hoped that

Bishop's
Palace.

I should make myself perfectly at home in looking over any rooms I liked ; ordered breakfast for me in his Sanctum (as he calls it) at 8, and then shewed me to my room. It is in the oldest part of the building—one of the angular turrets—ascended by a corkscrew, and called the Virgin's Tower. And here, with a bright warm fire, a comfortable bed, a good library around me, I am writing to you. Truly, this is the place for a Catholick. The room where Laud and Ken have slept, how can one but feel inspired. What a lame and sorry account have I given ! But one cannot describe by particulars. It is the baroniality of the whole which is so wonderful. The Cathedral clock is now chiming eleven. My window is a fine Perpendicular one. Imagine that !

To B. W. Jan. 12th, 1842. 27, Caledonia Place, Clifton.

. . . If I was pleased with the Palace last night, how transcendently beautiful did it seem this morning ! After breakfast, which was served up very comfortably, I went to S. Cuthbert's, a large Perpendicular Church with fine tower, and then all over the Cathedral, which improves in acquaintance. After service (which was poor, the minor canon not chanting) I went through the Triforia, and to the top, whence is a most grand view. Then I went over the Palace—over its Early English hall, crypt, and chapel, all splendid. The drawing-rooms (which are Early English) are very fine, and are adorned with many old pictures. One particularly struck me, the portrait of a lady, temp. Car. Mart. You would never take it for a Saint, it might be such a person as any one might meet, but there was a Catholic expression in its beauty which perfectly haunts me. The hair was that auburn which we never see now, merely parted in front and let to fall carelessly on each side of the face, and kept off the forehead by a white satin band. Then I went over, or rather round, the garden, and on the walls which are perfect—and such loveliness on the one side, where the hills slope down to the very moat, and grandeur in the Cathedral and other buildings with

S. Andrew's Well, etc., on the other, is what I never could have imagined. Law pressed me much to stay; that, of course, was impossible. Then I went to Glastonbury—Glastonbury Abbey. saw S. Benedicts, S. Nicholas, etc., and S. James. Then I went to the Abbey. The Church must have surpassed anything in the world. From the extremity of the Lady Chapel at the East end to that of S. Joseph at the West, it is 720 feet long! And the North Aisle (Early English) is about 100 feet high! The rise to the East is really sublime. The late proprietor, having a taste for the useful, sold a great deal to mend the roads. I saw also S. Joseph's Well, and the thorn, *in blossom*.

To Rev. E. J. BOYCE.

March 11th, 1842. Stogumber.

. . . I left Bristol on Wednesday at twelve, proceeded.Church tour in Somerset. by train to Bridgewater, and then came on by the Minehead Mail, through a most lovely country—the Mendip Hills on the left, and the sea, with the well-wooded Somersetshire combes running down to it, on the right. It poured all the way, but by good fortune, I was inside. At Williton, 20 miles from Bridgewater, I found a horse and man, the former to carry me, the latter to perform the same office for my carpet bag. It was very stormy, and in the intricate lanes I got quite puzzled, and finally lost my way, as I could only trust to my horse, who was not accustomed to the road. At last, about six, I arrived here, and as wet as ever I was in my life. Mr. Trevelyan is a very pleasant man about thirty, not married, but an elder sister keeps his house. It is a good old-fashioned rambling parsonage, with huge chimneys, and lattice windows for the most part. That night came on a most tremendous storm; the wind was higher than I ever knew it before. Many of the neighbouring families sat up till five, and though we did not, to sleep till quite morning was completely out of the question: huge trees were torn up by the roots in a lane just above the village. Yesterday morning I spent with Trevelyan in his Church—a fine building—and from which he is going to eject all the pews, in number seventeen. Afterwards we

Church
restoration.

went out to one or two of the neighbouring villages. I never knew such an odd state of things. The clergy have hereabouts very small incomes, but the spirit of Church Restoration has gone abroad, and up to and beyond their power they are willing to give. But the ignorance in Church matters is so beyond all measure grievous, that I could hardly have believed it. As to the C.C.S., the wonderful ideas of our power—they are not far wrong there—but of our wealth also, are very amusing. But as to what they are disposed to do, take one instance. In a lovely little Church called Monksilver (it may interest you to know that the pasture land there is said to be the richest in England), the clergyman said he was willing to do anything, if I would only tell him what. I made out a list of things which cannot cost less than £50, and, to speak in the miserable language of the day, are not *necessary*; these—knowing the expense—he intends setting about directly. In the afternoon, Trevelyan had a large party, who were, or professed to be interested in the matter. How you would have laughed could you have seen the intense importance which they attached to everything I said in the matter! I had some difficulty to preserve a grave countenance. One story I must tell you. A clergyman near here grew tired of his Font, so he cut a hole in the wall, put it in there, and bricked it up. Then he built up a post in the Chancel, made an excavation in the upper part, and put in a little basin. “How do you like my new Font?” he asked my informant. “Why,” says the other, “I really can’t say much in favour of it.” “Can’t you?” said the clergyman. “Well, I think it excellent. I have some fear though that people when they see it for the first time will think me a Puseyite.” I had invitations last night more than enough to last me a month: of which, as you may easily imagine, I accepted none. If I have been guilty of silence in company before, you would have had your full revenge last night, for I was not allowed a moment’s peace. However, I hope I did some good, and that is a comfort. The “Churchwardens”¹ are well known

¹ “Hints to Churchwardens.” See review in *Christian Remembrancer*, 1841, ii. 11–18.

here, and like the Athenians, every one said to me, "Thou bringest certain strange things to our ears : we would therefore know of thee what these things mean !" We are just going to Church ; after that, we are going to see a certain Sir John Trevelyan, uncle of my excellent host. Their family have lived in the same place since Hen. VI., and then they obtained it by marriage into one which had held it since Hen. II. I fear there are few country gentlemen who could say as much.

I need not tell you when I saw yesterday, one after another, several quiet parsonages, each in its own wooded valley, and with its little Church standing by it (seeming almost to ask for Daily Service), what anticipations—I should rather say, hopes—they brought to my mind. They have a fine peal of bells here, which are now ringing in, so I must end.

Friday night, March 11th.

. . . You cannot think (to go on where I left off this morning) what a pretty sight the service was. There is not a pew in the Nave of this Church, and all the oak benches have most elaborate carving. There was a very fair congregation, and the men are arranged on one side, the women on the other. In this part of the country the habit of bowing toward the Altar is retained in the Church, as also of bowing at the *Gloria*, which last custom I never before saw observed. It was a very wet day: however, about three, Trevelyan and I started on horseback to go to Nettlecombe, the seat of the Trevelyans. It is a magnificent property of about 10,000 acres; the house and Church stand in a valley, sheltered on the north by a wood¹ of oak trees, of about forty acres, and planted in the time of Hen. VI. or VII. The house is Elizabethan. The hall is very fine, panelled everywhere with the Trevelyan arms, and motto "Time tryeth trothe." The dining-room is some sixty feet long, and contains the family portraits.

Bowing to
the Altar
an old
custom.

¹ Described in a letter to Mr. Webb as a "grand Catholic oak-wood."

We sat some time with Sir John T., a very old man, but in full possession of his faculties, and possessing (in all things but Church building) an excellent taste. After this, we proceeded through pouring rain to S. Decuman's, a noble Church standing close to the sea, on a very bold hill. The clergyman is a sporting parson, and there is hardly a respectable person in the parish (which is very large, and includes the market town of Watchet) who is not a Dissenter. The Altar cloth was spotted over with ink and grease, and a pen and ink bottle stood on it. The incumbent himself showed us over the Church, and went to the Altar flourishing his huge riding-whip. After that, it having a little cleared up, we went on to Cleeve Abbey, a Cistercian foundation, now a farm house. The hall, which is far superior to Trinity College hall, is very nearly perfect—the windows unglazed, but wreathed with ivy most beautifully—and the roof uninjured. At one end of it were hung up the dried skin and bones of a sheep—lately slaughtered by some thief on the premises—by way of charm against the recurrence of a like misfortune. The Chapel is almost entirely ruined. By this time it was dusk, and while our horses were resting, we sat with the rest in a glorious old chimney corner of the (formerly) abbot's house. The old fire-dogs held something like half a cart load of wood, and really it was needed in so large and lofty a room, panelled too with dark oak. It would have made a very pretty group; on one side of the fire two healthy, stout boys just come in from their day's work were drying themselves at the fire; on the other, the old grandfather, a venerable-looking man, was telling us such traditions about the place as he could call to mind. By his side were two of his granddaughters, very pretty girls, nursing and playing with a younger sister; and at some distance, in the deep oak window sill, enjoying themselves, I presume, most of the party—sat a young farmer of the name of Bond, and one of the young ladies of the farm, who is shortly to become Mrs. Bond. And the light and shade thrown over all by the wood fire, as the flames rose and fell, was very beautiful.

Cleeve
Abbey.

A pretty
group.

I said this morning that the clergymen round here were very ignorant. A clergyman who knows Trevelyan well, was lately asked to take the duty in a little parish about six miles from here. When it was over, there was a christening, and so he went to the Font and proceeded with the service as usual. When he took the child in his arms, he found there was no water ; he thought it of course an accidental omission, and asked for some. The clerk was in astonishment ; however, he sent for a glass of water, thinking the clergyman wanted it to drink. And, in conclusion, it came out that they never used it there ! Is not this almost incredible ? But I can assure you it is true. Clerical ignorance.

Saturday Evening.

We have to-day had a most delightful ride through a country — lovely beyond description — skirting the base of the Quantock hills, which, with the Mendips, divide the country into two portions. The woodwork in the Churches is very splendid. I have been talking and lecturing—and I hope with good success—till I am almost tired. One view from a place called West Quantoxhead, embracing Bridgewater bay from Devonshire to Gloucestershire, and the distant Welsh coast, was one of the grandest things I ever saw. The clergymen seem disposed to do all they can, and the strong feeling everywhere arising against pews, it is delightful to behold. There is now staying here an old friend of Trevelyan of the name of Francklin, he is “going into the Church” as people say, and I am trying to get hold of him on the right side. The Quantocks.

I must tell you of a thing practised in Tong Church. The Squire has built a pew in the Chancel ; when the Commandments are begun, a servant regularly enters at the Chancel door with the luncheon tray ! . . .

March 17th.

. . . On Monday morning we started for Milverton, a country town eight miles from here, and the living of Trevelyan’s elder brother. It was not a very pleasant ride,

for it rained the greater part of the way, and I had a beast little better than a cart horse. However, we saw several good Churches, and reached Milverton in time for dinner, about six: spending a sufficiently dull evening, for the whole family express in pretty strong terms their dislike of music. On Tuesday, I had a long talk with Churchwardens, Rector, and "all other who bear office in that body," on the proposed plan for the enlargement of Milverton Church, which I have no doubt will be put into our hands. I also got three members for the C.C.S. Then we started on our Church expedition, and that day accomplished nine, of which two were in Devonshire. The scenery is very fine, more resembling our own South Downs than anything I have elsewhere seen. Wednesday, Trevelyan was knocked up: so Francklin, whom I mentioned before to you, and I, rode out by ourselves, taking a round by Wellington and Taunton, and managed seven Churches.

I shall not be sorry to find myself at home again, which I hope to be before you receive this; but I have liked my visit very well, and learnt a great deal, and I hope taught something.

CHAPTER IV

1842

AT CRAWLEY

Lord ! by Thee my trust is bounded,
Let me never be confounded.
Thou my Praise, my Good, my Guard,
My exceeding great Reward :
Thou in labour my Fruition,
Thou in sickness my Physician.

J. M. NEALE was ordained Priest on Trinity Sunday, and the next day accepted the small living of Crawley, in Sussex. The following letters to Miss Webster, to whom he had been engaged some few weeks, relate the beginning of his short experience as a parish priest.

Saturday, May 28th.

MY DEAREST SARAH,

I can well imagine that you will look with some interest for the account of our adventures. We reached Three Bridges at a quarter to six, and then S. and I walked over. We were received very nicely by the parties in authority. I called, of course, on the Churchwarden, and had a good deal of talk with him. He reckons Dissenters and Churchmen nearly half and half ; and that, although the former have to go five miles to the nearest meeting-house. Then I sent for the clerk. They begin the service by *singing*, "When the wicked," etc. Now all this melody may surely be turned to good account. Till lately the Commandments have been read from the reading-pew ! I have prepared them for the Prayer for the Church

Experiences at
Crawley.

Militant to-morrow. The Communicants average fifteen. The average congregation is three hundred.

I must be looking at my sermon. I know I shall have your prayers. My hoarseness is not very well.

May 29th. 1st Sunday after Trinity.

Sunday
School.

I have got through to-day with very tolerable ease and comfort. After breakfast a visit from the clerk, who gave us some account of his sayings and doings. Down to the school, a nice, airy, commodious building. It is founded (as a writing on the wall tells) for the instruction of children "in the principles of the Protestant Religion, as established." Query, whether such principles may not soon be at a discount? I never saw cleaner rooms or more airy: or cleaner children. They have but two teachers for the boys—poor men, and not knowing very much, but very civil—and one for the girls. There are thirty-five of the latter, and seventy of the former. I heard them read and so on, and cannot much approve of their system. They were reading the 2nd Epistle to the Corinthians, but as to who S. Paul might be they had no idea. However, those who can read (and that is nearly all) are able to read very well. At eleven we went to Church—the first time of my officiating as Priest. There were about two hundred and fifty; the Church was decently full. They began by singing the Old Hundredth—there may be twenty voices—and certainly I must say that they sing much better than one could expect.

The
Bidding
Prayer.

They were very attentive during the sermon, especially in those parts which more particularly interested them. They seemed to take the Bidding Prayer very naturally, and were not surprised at the Prayer Militant, as Bernard Leslie's clerk called it. My voice held out wonderfully well; for the Church, though not large, is, as we were told before, remarkably difficult to speak in. After dinner we went to the schools again. I made a large class and catechized, and was quite delighted to hear the Sussex dialect again. They got very much interested, and rose

very much in my opinion. But they sadly want some superintendent—there is no list of children, and no one seems to know who ought to come. I made them go to Church in the evening, but must alter the plan of their coming somehow—for seven hours, with only one hour's break, is too much of a good thing. There was a Baptism in the afternoon. I had it in the middle of service. The Church was *crammed*. People were jammed into the square pews, so that I wondered how they would ever get out. Mr. Sweeting, and our squire, Mr. Broadwood, who lives four miles from here, towards Horsham, were there. They sang Greene's anthem—"Lord, how are they increased that trouble me"—and really very fairly. Already in my mind's eye, I behold an incipient choir. They sing after the Second Lesson, but that is easily transposed. But, in the middle of the service, judge of my horror, when the Churchwarden, wanting to open the east window, got up on the Altar! Really the Protestantism of the people with respect to that is dreadful: it all arises from having a short Chancel. People are forced, from want of room, to put down their hats within the rails. The Churchwarden's deed certainly somewhat disheartened me—however, "the battle is the Lord's: and He will give them into our hands"; that must be our comfort in these matters as in everything else. I am so very thankful that I have been able to get through these services. I was very nervous in the morning lest I should break down. A good many of the people turn to the East—of course I set them the example. The clerk bowed as regularly at the Saviour's Name as if he had been used to it all his life, *in the evening*: it shews the force of example. I returned the woman's fee for churching. Do you think I was right? To-morrow there is a Club Sermon. Mr. Sweeting asked if I would "lend him my pulpit," to which of course I assented, but intend to read prayers myself. I think, the more I see of it, that we may well say of this place, "The lines are fallen to us in pleasant places."

(This was a preliminary visit of two or three days. He took up his abode at Crawley, June 11th.)

June 11th.

This village looked really quite beautiful as we came into it this evening. The people begin to recognize me a little, I think.

June 12th. 3rd Sunday after Trinity.

Baptisms
during
service.

. . . The clerk came to me and said that there was a Baptism, but the parents hoped it might not be in the service—and it was the feeling of the congregation generally—because the other was the old custom. “Well,” quoth I, “that is a good reason, where there is none stronger; tell them to come in the service, and I will say something about it in my sermon.” Then dinner with much speed; I wrote something on the subject, then down to the girls’ school. They are much less forward than the boys. Down to Church: very full it was. I baptized in the middle, and preached from “He that hath the Son,” etc. Then I delivered an oration to the singers and had a talk with the Churchwardens. . . . I have taken possession of the Church key: you can guess why.

June 13th.

Parochial
visiting.

I have been the greater part of the day paying visits and taking down names, and have met at present with nothing but civility. There are not so many Dissenters as I had expected to find, and I have hitherto met none who had any objection against coming to Church. Indeed, they seem to think one will be rather pleased to find they go occasionally to meeting; and as to the sin of it, *that* there will be some difficulty in teaching them.

I have got a promise for six or seven more children for the Sunday School; it and the National School are completely different. The masters of the one seem to pique themselves on knowing nothing at all respecting the other. I have changed my pew with the one next to me, and shall probably pluck it away to-morrow. Oh, my pew-less Sarah! how will you get on? the only person with

any pretensions to gentility in the parish who has no pew ! Now I am going down to the Church to see what arrangements can be made for enabling the men who sit in the Chancel to kneel. I informed the clerk yesterday about ^{Daily} daily service ; he did not look much frightened. One's ^{Service.} love for the parochial system is rather severely tested here. A child is lying dead within thirty yards of my Church, and yet I cannot visit the parents because it is in Ifield.

Sunday, June 19th.

. . . In the afternoon I went to the School, fully bent on putting my threat into execution of keeping back the tickets of anyone who was late. But lo, the greater part of the children had no tickets—only those who say their Collects, which is only four classes. These tickets are afterwards bought for a penny a dozen by the master, so there was the rattling of money and a kind of bargaining going on. Well ! that shall not be done much longer. In the afternoon service there was a Baptism, and behold ! when I got to the font the child was not to be found. So I found that this was a plan to avoid the baptisms in the middle of the service, and determined not to give way. The clerk went and fetched up the people, who, when they found the whole congregation waiting for them, looked beyond measure ashamed ; and I made their discomfiture complete by giving notice, after the prayers, that I should only baptize when the sponsors were in Church the whole time.

S. John the Baptist's Day (June 24th).

You would have been much pleased could you have seen ^{Saint's day} my congregation this morning. I do not mean that the ^{Service.} Church was crammed, but there were really a very respectable number of people, considering : the wetness of the day did not seem to keep any away. I felt no inconvenience at all from reading, and have had no pain in my chest nor anything else to-day. . . . Pleased as I was with the attendance at Church this morning, I could not but feel sorrowful when

I compared it with that in some of the village churches which I saw this day last year, not to mention the magnificent ones in Dieppe, crammed with worshippers. However, by God's grace, we—or at least some of us—may live to see the like here in England, and those who do not may perhaps be better and more happily off. The schoolmaster turned somewhat rampagious this evening, but I soon quieted him. My texts on Sunday, all well, will be—in the morning, "Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward"—in the evening, "Prayer shall be made unto Him continually, and DAILY shall He be praised."

Saturday Morning, June 25th.

Ill health.

. . . My dear love, you will be sorry to hear that the service yesterday gave me so much pain and fever at night that I more than fear I must give it up for a few weeks. I shall go to town however, all well, and see Dr. Blundell again—and, I think, make some arrangements about getting a supply for the next few weeks. . . . And you must tell me what you think I ought to do. . . . How I shall get through the service to-morrow I cannot exactly say; and what steps to take about getting a supply, for how long to engage one, or to whom to apply, are considerations which rather puzzle me.

June 26th. 5th Sunday after Trinity.

After breakfast to the School; 48 out of 59 boys, 20 out of 25 girls; called over the names; read the first lesson with the boys, 1st and 2nd class, and then back. The clerk brought me a basket of cherries—his first. A fair congregation in Church; gave notice of the Holy Communion and of service on St. Peter's Day and Friday. Preached on the character of Jeroboam; somewhat above them. Spoke to them of kneeling and responding. After dinner to the School; heard the boys. . . . Preached from "Let me die the death of the righteous."

Addle Hill. June 27th.

I went with Webb to Dr. Blundell. I was determined to hear the worst of the matter, so after I had seen him I sent Webb up to receive his verdict. Doctor's verdict.

Well, he says there is no danger, but that it is necessary to take a good deal of care, etc. He says I must not take any duty at present, that he thinks the visiting, etc., would be a very good thing, that I ought not to be left alone—both because this might become worse suddenly, and also on other general accounts. He is very glad that I am thinking of being married, and thinks that it will be, in all points of view, a most excellent thing. The first thing evidently to be done is to get a supply till one may venture on the thing one's self, and that is not easy. . . . Dr. Blundell says that a little exercise for my voice is a good thing ; so I shall hope to administer the Holy Communion next Sunday, when one need not speak louder than in an ordinary room. . . .

Addle Hill. The Feast of St. Peter.

. . . I had a long argument with Wackerbarth, the Romanist, and never felt before, so much, how invincible we Anglicans are, if we will only abjure all common cause with Protestants. I do not think that I shall have Webb with me next Sunday, so I must do as well as I can by myself. . . . I had, you know, intended to stay till to-morrow, thinking that Webb would have returned with me then ; as it is, there are so many who, I hope, will receive the Communion for the first time next Sunday, that I do not like to be away from them, and must try to see them all first. Indeed I could not feel comfortable away from Crawley, unless there were a regular Curate. Argument with Romanists.

Crawley. June 30th.

I have just had a visit from Mr. Bethune. I perceive, if we settle here, we shall be able to do anything with this neighbourhood. This man has a great idea of my knowledge in the Church line, and I lectured him about pews. I

do hope to have some hand, yet, in doing something for our Churches—but if it should please God that I should not, why, the comfort is, the work will go on just as well without me. . . .

I have just come in from a long walk to that part of Crawley which lies in the forest, and a wild and beautiful country it is. Once get over the ridge of the hill, and there are the South Downs in all their beauty. It came on to rain just as I got to Shelley, for that is the name of our hamlet, and I was glad of the shelter. There are but two cottages, and both the people are Baptists—the one so from infancy, the other lately turned so. With the former I had about half-an-hour's conversation. He referred me to the old argument—give chapter and verse for Infant Baptism—(what do “Bible, whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible” people say to that?). Of course it would have been in vain to give him the true argument, Catholic consent—so I contented myself with asking for chapter and verse about the Sunday (he had just insisted on our not being under the law). This, of course, he could not do, and he then flew off to that passage in Ezekiel, “I will sprinkle clean water,” etc., which, he said, he knew by the “unctious” teaching of the Holy Spirit to mean the Blood of the Saviour. I explained to him that it meant no such thing, and then seeing the mother was listening I spoke to him of the horrible thing it would be if one of his children were to die unbaptized. Then I further explained to him that, to say the least, there was a fearful chance against his having been really baptized, and asked him who gave his minister the power? Would you believe it? he went to the succession immediately! Mr. Davis was “brought under” by Mr. Brooks, and so on, up to the Apostles. “No,” quoth I, “very far from it,” and shewed him where their succession really did begin. “Well, sir,” he said, “I wish you would read a little book that I would send you.” “Willingly,” I said, “on two conditions, that you read one I shall send you, and that you will hear what I have to say on your book when I have read it.” He agreed, and so we parted very good friends. The place they go to is at Hand Cross, only a little more than a mile, whereas Crawley is three.

Baptists
and
Infant
Baptism.

July 1st, 1842.

. . . I have been very busy in the parish to-day, and paid some interesting visits. At one place, Mrs. P.'s, I found that though the mother was a Churchwoman, and even a Communicant, the daughter had never been baptized. She is a nice modest girl, and I liked her frank way of speaking. She does not see the necessity of being baptized at all—thinking, I imagine, that it is all very well if done in infancy—otherwise it is no matter. And yet, with strange inconsistency, she belongs to, or rather often attends, a Baptist (if, indeed, it be not rather a Socinian) meeting. However, I hope I made some impression on her, and the mother seems to be glad of it. I am to lend her some books, first and foremost Richard Nelson. There are some parishes where one could not venture to lend any of the Tracts; fortunately this is not one. My Baptist friend at Shelley has sent me his book, which I am to read; by good luck it is not very long. I sent him a tract on the subject. Then after *dinner* (though it was Friday), I went to see the people whom I have been endeavouring to prepare for the Holy Communion, and to look up some irregular children. I think I have the art of making myself minded—at least the people here are very tractable. Among other things, I called on a woman of the name of Bollen, in the “Magazines” (the worst part, as you will soon, I hope, know) of *our* parish. I had only spoken to her husband before, and not been in the house. I never before saw such a place. It was used for a horse shed, but is much decayed since that time. One long room, with mud floor, constitutes the whole. The boards are half or at most three-quarter inch—huge cracks between—the door will not shut—only fasten to—the thatch lets in the rain; and in that tremendous rain last night, the wet poured in upon the bed, and the woman's ingenuity was almost exhausted in keeping it off her husband, who still slept on. How like a woman! Well! I was determined to do something for them—the more because they did not complain. So I sent to the landlord, himself a poor man, to come up to me at nine.

Cottage
visiting.

Then I read and prayed with the poor old bedridden woman, and talked to her about the Holy Communion, which I think she might well receive, though her memory is none of the best, and then walked to the Bridges. Pichard came up at nine. I represented to him the cruelty of keeping people where I would not keep a horse, and charging them eighteenpence a week for their house. He was rather obstinate at first, but I made him—partly by coaxing, and partly by threatening—penitent, and he promised me, if I could get him leave of absence from work for a week without being finally turned off, to repair the cottage. This I shall try to do to-morrow morning. I also reconciled two sisters who were at enmity. Scott's clerk has been taking measurements of my Church all day. I find that Miss — has been in the habit of giving money for attendance at the Holy Eucharist! There is something most horrible in this, and it must be put a stop to.

Daily
Services.

After much thought I have written to Thorp for a curate for two months to take the Daily Service. I feel more and more that I cannot hold any living comfortably without it—eat the bread of the Church while neglecting her express commands.¹

Writing many years later (1865) he says, "When I was at college my one great desire was for parish work. I feel certain that had I known that I was only to be a parish priest for six weeks in my whole life, I should not have wished for Holy Orders at all. And after having a very neglected living given me . . . and just beginning to work in it, I shall never forget (I scarcely ever am at Three Bridges, which is in that parish, without remembering) the bitterness of the disappointment, when it was said to me, 'Set thine house in order; for thou shalt die, and not live.'"

¹ As regards Daily Services, see his articles "On Ritual Irregularity," *Christian Remembrancer*, v. 525-542, and "How shall we conform to the Liturgy," vii. 183-197.

CHAPTER V

1842-43

PENZANCE—MADEIRA—SOMERSETSHIRE

It matters little where we go,
If GOD'S good arm be o'er us ;
It matters little, if the bow
Be in the cloud before us.

HIS sojourn at Crawley was very brief. Symptoms of serious lung trouble appeared (his father and two uncles had died of consumption) ; and he was reluctantly obliged to relinquish the living. He married Sarah Norman Webster on July 27th, 1842. In the autumn, his health continuing very precarious, he and his wife went to Penzance, and early in the following year to Madeira, as the best hope of prolonging his life. The following letters tell of his literary work during the winter. It was then that he turned his attention to hymn-writing, not from any great love of hymns ; on the contrary, he speaks in a previous letter (p. 22) of his dislike to them. This early dislike was no doubt due to the hymns of Dr. Watts, which he and his sisters, in common with most of the children in Evangelical families, used to learn by heart. For it must be remembered that whilst we owe the delightful poem, "There is a land of pure delight," to the pen of Dr. Watts, the appalling hymn beginning—

"My thoughts on awful subjects roll,
Damnation and the dead,"

is also his.

A family treasure of his "Psalms and Hymns," containing this terrible one and many such, is in my possession. It bears the following inscriptions : "A Birthday Present from John Mason Good to his beloved daughter Susanna Good, given her Feb. 26th, 1798" ; and on the next page, "This little book, received from her ever dear Father, 1798, is now a birthday present from Susanna Neale to her

beloved daughter Susanna Neale, given her Sept. 16th, 1832." (This was J. M. Neale's sister.) The family, therefore, were brought up under Dr. Watts' and kindred teaching, and it was to free children from this "yoke," as he calls it, that John Mason Neale wrote his first hymns. The little volume entitled "Hymns for Children" was published in 1843. The spirit that pervades it is the spirit of the Church Catechism which teaches¹ a baptized child "heartily" to "thank our heavenly Father that He hath called me to this state of salvation."

To B. W.

All Souls (Nov. 2nd), 1842. Penzance.

Writing
"Hymns
for
Children."

Long ago I determined that if no one else did anything to free our poor children from the yoke of Watts, I would try. I have been seriously at work at it the last six weeks, and have accomplished a little volume of 34.² This I sent to Burns, who returns word that he shall be very glad to print it, but one of Williams' is coming out, which he wishes to appear first. I wrote back it must be *now* or never, and if that does not suit him he must forward them to Stevenson. Now, I should like you to read these (and, if they will, the Professor and Dr. Mill), but you need not mention it to others. I should like to have them appear at Cambridge. You will see that Baptism is the chief thing insisted on, and the Lord's Supper (to speak Protestantly) is not even mentioned, on the principle of reserve. So much for them. I have been reading Thoresby's diary, some very curious things. It is surely a mercy and a miracle that we have any Church at all. I have thought of a good idea, as I think you will allow. It is a collection of anecdotes against puses, such as the editor of the *British Critic* gave us, for instance. You and I will do it, and put our names to it, as proofs that the stories are authentic; we will set about it immediately. Scrap up all the stories you have been credibly told, or know yourself, and send them to me, and I will digest them into order. Let me hear what you think.

¹ For his own religious teaching in childhood, see "Memoirs," by Mrs. Towle, p. 247.

² See *Christian Remembrancer*, iii. 435-443.

To B. W.

S. Cecilia (Nov. 22nd), 1842.

I took my wife to see Land's End, which we did to great advantage, there being a fresh gale from the north-west, though it was hardly so fine as when I saw it before. Thence to the far-famed Logan. The distance is four miles, through singularly wild country. Reaching the inn at S. Levan we sent for a guide, and pursued our way across the fields. The distance may be a mile. The Logan, as you know, was thrown down in 1824 by a Lieutenant Goldsmith, who thereupon received orders from the Admiralty either to put it up, or leave the Service ; and permission at the same time, to take from Plymouth whatever he might want. He took masts, bolts, chains, etc., and fifty men, was eight weeks about it, and spent £200, and so set it up. But it was not so well poised as before ; it was $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet from the proper place, and wore away. So in the spring of this year three poor men (one of whom was our guide) raised a sum of £15, and screwed it up quite right. Till this was done, it had been padlocked for fear of another accident. The scene is wilder than the Land's End, though not unlike it ; there is a most savage pyramid of rocks thrown into the sea, on the very summit of it the Logan lies. The heap may be 100 feet in height, and is joined by a narrow neck to the land. It is nothing but a heap, rifts and chasms and fissures yawn quite through it in all directions. Through these, with much difficulty, Sarah was got up. The summit, besides the space taken up by the rock, affords just room to go round. The vibrations are as much as half a foot—the stone weighs 80 tons. On a peak at a little distance is a stone called the Giant's Chair, where, I suppose, the presiding Druid sat. I cannot imagine a finer subject of a picture than an ordeal there. To the right, Cape Pedro-y-inver stretches out : three other capes to the left, the nearest being Cape Caloge (the *g* is soft). Every little cove has its own Cornish name. The Scilly packet (a sailing vessel) was a very pretty object in the huge expanse of sea. S. Levan's Church I could not see to-day. It is a mile

The Logan
Stone.

"Hymns
for
Children."

from the village, and a way that flies cannot go. I have received your letter, and am glad to hear that Goodwin's paper is not likely to be printed. As to my tract, the delay will do no harm. They will doubtless propose alterations. In all these you may act for me—remembering that its publication is not necessary; but its Catholicity, if published, is necessary. Especially I wish the protest against galleries and stoves to stand. I am glad that you are not disgusted with the hymns. For myself, I have no doubt, that hymns may in themselves be Catholic, but whether hymns for children may be so is another question.¹ And I am glad to be borne out by Keble and Williams. However, of this you may be sure, that I did not write a syllable in them with an unCatholic intent: and of this also, that any passage which strikes any Catholic judge as having an unCatholic appearance, I will alter at once, without disputing about it. However, I am glad Stokes and Haskoll are reading them, and I hope they will continue to do so. You can read out this passage to them with my love.

To B. W.

Jan. 11th, 1843. Penzance.

Crosses,
plain or
orna-
mented?

Miss Ashburner has just shown me your letter concerning the Cross; with which I was much edified. I think, however, that we must distinguish between the two ideas set forth by the Symbol; the Passion of our Saviour, and the Cross which His followers must take up. In the former case, of course, it cannot be too highly ornamented; but in the latter it seems to me that it may be plain. ΤΕΚΗΝΡΙΟΝ ΔΕ. The iron Cross at the top of a spire is always so; because as the spire itself signifies our path to Heaven, so the Cross on it signifies the means by which we must endeavour to reach it. But by absolutely rejecting plain Crosses we get ourselves into difficulty not only about this, but about early Christian Crosses, and about them, when they do occur (though I agree it is very seldom) on gable-ends, etc.

¹ Cp. *Christian Remembrancer* vi. 42-58.

To the Rev. E. J. BOYCE.

Jan. 17th, 1843. Penzance.

MY DEAR BOYCE,

As you may well imagine, to leave England is a great trial, and especially to Sarah, but then we are not left without comfort. Truly, as you say, it is a lesson to every one to work while it is day.

I have now nearly rid myself of the things I was most anxious about, having sent off "Agnes de Tracy" to Stevenson, and nearly finished the other book. "Durandus"¹ will, I hope, be fully arranged when Webb comes here.

All this is in case it should be God's will that my work should be done—preparing for the dark does not exclude hoping for the bright side—nor ought it.

I shall leave the "Hymns and Songs"² (if you will take them) in your hand. I have some corrections, should a second edition be called for, and a new hymn, which I will send you. And will you also get the second series through the press? keeping the capitals, etc., as in the first series. Let me hear this, for the getting ready another series of Hymns I think a very suitable employment for any one in my condition.

I will try, at all events, not to "rust out"; and perhaps I may be good for something a good while yet. Who can tell? With our united love, I remain, ever

Your affectionate brother,

J. M. NEALE.

To B. W.

Feb. 20th, 1843. Funchal, Madeira.

... This place, in an Ecclesiastical point of view, is the most discouraging and regrettable that you can conceive. As to the Church, I fear it is in a most deplorable state. I dined on Saturday with a Mr. Monroe, who has paid some attention to the subject, and, though a Protestant, is not a bigoted one—so his opinion may go for something. Indeed, the look of the thing may shew you that there is something wrong. Processions not allowed;

R.C.
Church in
Madeira.

¹ "Durandus on Symbolism," reviewed *Christian Remembrancer*, vi. 332-335.

² "Hymns for the Young," *Christian Remembrancer*, vi. 448.

the Church is not open; and, though I have kept a pretty strict watch, I have not seen High Mass once. Yesterday I was in the Cathedral twice—the first time, perhaps three hundred worshippers, very devout; but the Mass said at one of the side Altars was mere dumb show. The second time, perhaps 1200 might be there; one priest only; no chanting at all. The interior of the Cathedral improves upon you—that is, if *we* had it, we could make something of it. The Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament is one mass of gilding, over tolerably good Flamboyant work—something like Gisors.

The
priests in
Madeira.

But about these Priests. The first thing that made Monro suspect them was this. He, I think, was walking with one P——, a Madeira merchant, whose brother is Curé of Cunical. As they went through the village (it was some feast), an Englishman who had been hearing the sermon complimented P—— on his brother's performance. "Yes, sir," says P——, "I'm proud to say that *my brother* is a respectable man." Fancy that said under similar circumstances in England! In the Island newspaper, *O Defesa*, I saw an article on the decay of the Catholic faith, which they attribute to the vicious lives of the clergy. . . .

I have learnt a good deal more about the Island; but the rainy season has prevented my seeing much. I breakfasted with Lowe on Saturday. He has promised me an introduction to the best parish priest on the Island, a most excellent man. I am getting on with Portuguese as fast as I can; for none can talk with ease in Latin. The principal matter of talk here now is one Dr. Calley. He was a physician who has been missionarizing, at first, partly with the consent of the priests; but latterly, against the Church. He is an Independent. The Government complains to Lisbon; Calley gets up a counter petition, signed by the English, in favour of his proceedings and *orthodoxy*. Of fourteen clergymen in the Island, eight signed, six did not; Guillemard was one that signed, but he is very sorry. Except Lowe, none is very orthodox, though some are well-disposed. However, the English are tolerably well-disposed—they uncover on meeting the Host, etc. I will

try by the next packet to send you a short paper on the Cathedral for the C.C.S.¹ It will contain a good deal that is new to them, and, I think, to you. I have seen Santa Luzia, a poor late tawdry Church, this morning at High Mass; the voices of the Canons are good, but they are in abject poverty, many of them wine merchants, etc. I find it quite impossible to make any progress with them till I can get up some Portuguese. You will be glad to hear Dr. Newton's opinion. He was half an hour, I should think, examining my chest, and he says that at present the lungs are only threatened, and seems to say it may be got over. My story has got on very much. I think you will like it. I dwell principally on three points—The Curse of Abbey Lands, The Benefit, and the Possibility of Monasteries—contrasting them with other modes of giving vent to a devotional spirit. As I said before, I leave the publisher to you. "Ayton Priory."

Very good congregation this morning.* Perhaps 120—out of 288, the regular congregation, three-fourths Communicants. Lowe thinks that he has done much towards, Hopes of union. and considers very possible, the Union of the Churches.² The Portuguese Church has always been on its guard against Rome; and there is said to be a very elaborate work by a clergyman of the last century on Papal Usurpation.

To B. W. S. Gregory (March 12th), 1843. Funchal.

. . . We are anxiously trying to get a Quinta or country house; for the heat is sometimes almost overpowering. . . . One gets up a little before seven; a fine morning of course; the mountains and the white Church of Nossa Senhora de Monte are the first things one's eyes open on. Breakfast at eight; just the same as in England, save that rusks with us supply the bread. Then usually Matins; after which, if it be Litany or High Mass, I generally take a turn in the Cathedral, which is only about twelve yards off. Then we sit down to Portuguese;

¹ See "Ecclesiology of Madeira," 227–232.

² See *Christian Remembrancer*, xi. 1–64.

and three days in the week our master, Senhor Dellanave, an honest man, who was imprisoned for his loyalty three months, favours us. Then I get about whatever I may have in hand, writing (as I am now doing) at a Madeira-made standing desk. This brings us to dinner. First course : the most wonderful variety of fish (I mean one of) you can imagine. Second : tough beef, mutton, or kid. Third : oranges and bananas. Then, perhaps, a read in the English Library, which is an amusing, though not very good one ; and then out on horse-back, with our *burroqueros*. One can trot so little, that their method of holding at such times, the horse's tail, does not matter.

To B. W.

March 28th, 1843. Funchal.

Mont-
alembert.

. . . I am glad to say that we are going to leave our present town house, and to get up in the hills, all well, next Friday. Next week we hope to make a tour of the Island, and to be out four days : so I may probably have something to say then. Did I tell you that Count de Montalembert is here ? He lent Lowe his "Life of St. Elizabeth," in which he has written the letter he sent with it to the Pope, and the Pope's answer, both such as you might expect. The Pope regrets that he *tantâ mole curarum præsertim hoc tempore oppressus* has not had time to read it. To-day I called on the Count for the purpose of being introduced to him, but he was out. One may have a fair opportunity of mentioning to him the honour we did him. . . . You will have this week, I hope, my short letter, and Burns will have "Ayton Priory." I have written three chapters of another story—intended to set forth the position of the Church *qua* Romanists and Puritans in King James the First's reign, and introducing Andrewes, Montague, etc. Also ten Ballads of a series on the principal Church events of English History, which are : "Last Hunt of William Rufus"—"Martyrdom of S. Thomas of Canterbury"—"Setting up the Standard"—"Lord Brooke's Death"—"Lord Derby's Execution"—"Oliver Cromwell's Death"—"Bishop Fullarton's Consecration"—"Bishop Jolly's Death"—"Meeting of

"Shep-
perton
Manor."

"Mirror
of Faith."

Bishops Broughton and Selwyn." I should wish to write about thirty, with a short introduction to each. That is all I have done. I generally write about four hours every day, and Portuguese takes up time besides. Last Sunday week was the Sunday Dos Passos. In the Franciscan Church there was as odd a scene the whole day as any I ever saw. It was so much darkened that on going out of the sunlight one could hardly see anything. There were about 1200 people sitting on the floor, leaving a narrow passage up the middle. At the South-east end of the Aisle was an image or doll of the B.V.M., and all day there was a tide of persons walking up to it, kissing the hem of the garment and passing on. Behind the Altar, and separated from it by a curtain, was a rude scaffold on which was an image of our LORD sinking under His Cross; people had the same thing here. There was a good deal of devout feeling, but I heard a laugh as some fresh visitors came stumbling up the dark scaffold. The streets were crowded—shops opened—like an election in England. At five there was a procession. First came a banner with S.P.Q.R.—the little girls dressed up with all kinds of finery to imitate angels, and bearing the instruments of crucifixion. Then the Canons chanting (I think) the *Stabat Mater*. Then the Saviour's Image. Then the B.V.M. in her agony. Then the band playing (and very well) a plaintive funeral March; then a rascal rout. Considering the childishness of much, and the objectionable character of more in this, it was really a very touching representation of the March to Calvary. Many knelt when the first figure passed, I fear more when the second. So much for that. Since I wrote to you we have been to the Curral. The ride there is sublime beyond description, winding in and out among the mountains, with a precipice above and below, and in some places the road is far worse than it would be to go downstairs, if not very steep. If your horse made one false step, you would presently find yourself some half-mile below in the ravine. The height we went is about 4000 feet; and it was almost too warm when we sat down to dinner. I have seen several more Churches,

Passion
Sunday
services.

but there is nothing in them worth mentioning. I hear that at the East of the Island are ten or twelve desecrated Chapels, and one Parish Church, thanks to the impoverished state of the Church here. They have very few Festivals of obligation—the only remarkable ones are S. Vincent and S. Anthony of Lisbon (June 13th).

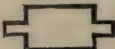
March 31st. Santa Luzia.

To-day we have got into our new house. It stands on the side of a steep hill, some three hundred feet above the City, of which it commands a fine view, and has two small gardens and a vine corridor. Count Montalembert called to-day, unfortunately we were at dinner. He knows all about the C.C.S.'s election of him, through a mutual friend, as it would have been an awkward matter to explain. So he evidently takes it well. Both he and the Countess are said to be "delightful people." He speaks English like a native. [His mother was English, daughter of James Forbes, I.C.S.]

To B. W.

April 7th. Santa Luzia.

Mont-
alembert
and the
C.C.S.

I have seen Count Montalembert: and you will be glad to hear that we seem to have taken to each other. I told him about our election of him, at which he was, or professed to be, very much pleased. He has asked me to go and see him at Paris, and talks of coming to Cambridge for the purpose of seeing Ely, etc. In all historical details connected with Monasteries, he is admirably well up, but does not know much about our Churches. One thing may be brought into your *Ecclesiologist*: he says, that French architects, in arguing against the possibility of introducing Gothic, point to our modern Gothic as their strong argument. Churches in this shape  with Porch and Altar recess, he calls, not badly, *mousetraps*. I shall probably see him again in a day or two, and then hear his opinion of our work. He was very well acquainted with the C.C.S.

through the *British Critic*. The French C.C.S.¹ lately, and successfully, prosecuted a Priest for selling a reliquary and buying candlesticks with the proceeds. He lent me a book of his, "Vandalism and Catholicism," and a history with plates of Cluny, certainly the most wonderful Church in the world, with *nine* towers. Last Friday I saw the Convent of Santa Clara; and truly I never beheld anything more horribly protestant. We were shewn up a straight, steep staircase, at the top of which were two rooms, right and left, both separated by a double grating from the Monastery. Into one of these we went. Out comes an old merchant from the other. "The nuns will be round to you presently—they are in the other room just now—Captain So-and-so is joking with them, and making fun of them." So he was: asking them to go with him to China, etc. And this is allowed, every ship that comes in. . . . Presently they came round with feather flowers, which they make for sale. They were passed to us by means of a dumb waiter in the wall. I went into the Church: it has a kind of barbaric splendour, from the walls being inlaid with Dutch tiles in large patterns. There is a very fine Flamboyant Monument at the West end, which would do credit to any Church. I must get it copied. We are going on much the same. Our change here has certainly done me good. We breakfast and have tea out in the corridor—it is too hot to dine there. We began the system of having prayers, directly after coming here. Our cook, Francisco da Conceição, has conscientious scruples (I don't think he need, for he eats meat on Fridays): our housemaid is very attentive. It is odd that in Portuguese the Faithful are called *as ovelhas*, the sheep. The great devotion of the English seems to make a great impression on them. I am sure that if we are to be in communion with Europe, the Portuguese Church will afford a very easy beginning.² No news of the Bishop yet. The Confirmation

Convent
of Santa
Clara.

Portuguese
Church
and Union.

¹ "Comité des Arts" in 1834, and "Commission des Monuments Historiques" in 1837.

² See *Christian Remembrancer*, xiii. 538.

must now be in Passion Week. However, it will not interfere with the Services. I have been working at the Ballads—of which there are now twenty-two. But next week, all well, I shall lay them aside, and write a short tract on Private Prayer in Churches—bowing towards the Altar, etc. I will have some measurements of the Churches here for you, valuable as showing their gradual curtailment as corruption increased. I saw the first baptism in the Island Church to-day, that I have ever seen. And then, by way of contrast, we had one in ours. . . . Probably before I write again we shall have been round the Island. One travels quite in the primitive style. Two *burroqueiros* and our cook will go with us, and they carry sheets, blankets, and all the bread and meat we want, for nothing can be got in the Island but eggs and perhaps milk. A shocking accident happened to a party, in which Guillemard was, last week. There was a quarrel between the *burroqueiros*—one of them was left on the top of a mountain—and when they enquired for him next day, he was dead! Of course they left money, etc., for his burial at S. Vincente, it was all they could do. You cannot imagine the loveliness of the climate now—hotter, though, than any English August, but such unvaryingly glorious weather.

To B. W. Fer : vi. in Pasch : gaudio. 1843. Santa Luzia.

. . . On Thursday, while we were at Evensong, the Bishop of Antigua landed. His coming created quite a sensation among the Portuguese. Thursday, after Matins, the Confirmation took place, and was admirably well-managed. The Bishop carried himself very Bishopfully. The Governor came with his family ; he was very attentive, and, I take it, pleased. The charge good in almost all points, not a word in disparagement of the Island Church ; he spoke of "the Holy Table, or, as it may rightly be called, the Altar." One very touching thing : a young lady, very ill, was brought in a hammock to the Church door, carried in first of all, confirmed by herself, and then carried out again. Afterwards, we were all introduced to him ; and were to

have dined with him the next day, the Bishop protesting against there being anything like a feast. However, he had to sail first. He spoke of the hurricane which had destroyed his Cathedral; *then* I could not speak to him of the C.C.S., but I gave Lowe all particulars, and he, being very willing to do us a service, found an opportunity of laying the case before him. The Bishop would not *promise* to apply to us for plans; but he took a note of it, and seemed much in earnest, so I think that a good stroke. On Good Friday I heard the *Tenebrae* Service. The Count thought the Recitation of the Passion admirable. But the finest thing was the "Alleluia" on Easter Eve. After Matins, we went to the Cathedral, and found our way with great difficulty into a W. Gallery set apart for the English. The Church was profoundly dark, every window curtained, and only one or two lights at various altars—none at the High Altar. As the eye got accustomed to it, we looked down on the sea of heads, as near as I could guess, about 5000, which filled every corner of the Nave and Transepts. You must remember that since the *Gloria in Excelsis* on Maundy Thursday, not a bell was allowed to ring—not even a clock to strike. The Priests presently entered the Choir—still no lights, except one or two held near the books. Litany was chanted; and you may judge of the effect of that plaintive chaunt in that obscurity. When the Psalm was finished, there was a pause. In one second, and all at once, every curtain in the Cathedral was torn down, the organ struck up with the full choir, showers of rose-leaves fell from the roof of both Choir and Nave, and the fort guns fired. It was a noble sight, though something spoilt by the silly English comments around us. I could not see the Washing of the Feet, nor the Interment of the Saviour. . . . The snow still lying on the mountains, we could not go to the North this week. But on Wednesday we made a day of it, and rode to Santa Cruz, some ten miles East—and ten miles in Madeira is not far short of double the distance in England. I saw two beautiful Flamboyant Churches; and the Church of Santa Cruz much resembles the Cathedral, only its interior is better, except for stalls. I can make a

Tenebrae
Service.

Descrip-
tion of
Service on
Easter
Eve.

very good paper on the Ecclesiology of Madeira, which I shall take care, all well, to send in time for the last meeting, with the drawings. On Palm Sunday night I read the Passion at Prayers, and our servant was wonderfully affected, evidently never having heard it. My wife is teaching her to read—a curious operation.

The summer of 1843 Mr. and Mrs. Neale spent in England, most of it in Somersetshire, where he visited a great many of the villages, “taking” the churches for the Cambridge Camden. This meant filling in a paper with every architectural and archaeological detail.¹ As these church tours were made either on foot or in a gig, he gained a great deal of topographical knowledge of the highways and byways of this beautiful county, and some of his stories for children are set in its scenery: examples of this are “The Rocks of Minehead,” and “The Northside Pit.” The “Story of SS. Cyriac and Julitta” was the outcome of his visiting the Church of that dedication at Tickenham, in what he calls “one of our sweetest English counties”; and I think the very charming comparison of woodland and pasture counties with which “The Prayer for a Sign”² opens was inspired, as regards the pasture country, by his love of Somersetshire, although the story itself is located in Suffolk.

To B. W.

August 1st, 1843. Godalming Vicarage.

I clear my head of Alexandrine and Constantinopolitan Patriarchs³ by writing to you. As to what you say about Hymns, on the general question I don't at all agree with you.⁴ Why should Hymns be less Catholick than prayers? and, therefore, why English Hymns less Catholick than English Prayers? We may wish to restore Latin in both, if you like. But till we can, surely English

¹ For a copy of the scheme, see Appendix III. to Mrs. Towle's “Memoir”; and *Christian Remembrancer*, v. 81–92.

² “Victories of the Saints.” Griffith & Farran.

³ Whilst in Madeira he had begun the “History of the Eastern Church.”

⁴ See “Hymns for Public Worship,” *Christian Remembrancer*, v. 39–52; and “Hymnology,” vii. 85–102.

Hymns, if good, are better than none. This, of course, has nothing to do with the particular ones under consideration. But depend upon it, we shall be acting more on the general principles of the Church, in making the best of a bad thing—allowing the universal abrogation of Latin to be so—than in saying, If we can't have that, we'll have none.

To B. W.

August 25th, 1843. West Town, Somerset.

Yesterday we were at Bourton Combe, one of the most singular places I ever saw. You go along a cheerful wood, embosomed in rocks, and at the end of a long green vista stands a grove of dead larches, feathered from the very roots, and looking peculiarly solemn—just like a land of death; but at the entrance were two bright spots of sunlight, as if symbolizing the last hopes and offices of Holy Church for her children, before entering on it.

To B. W.

Aug. 30th, 1843. West Town.

To-day we have been to Weston in Gordano, and it is perhaps the most curious Church I ever saw. Chancel, Nave, South Chapel to Chancel. Tower opening West from the latter. S.W. Porch. On entering the Porch, there is on the right hand one of those staircases like that I told you of at Wraxall, leading up to a *gallery* running across the South door. The loft may be *circ.* 1470. What could this be for? On the South of Nave, projecting from an arch in the wall, and entered by a recess, and raised on two steps only, projecting semi-octagonally, is a kind of lectorium. I never saw anything like it. Well, from the belfry, a steep flight of steps leads you up as if to the Rood-loft; but all of it that seems ever to have existed is a stone projection on a large kind of bracket, fenced in with a Jacobean balustrade. The Roodscreen is very late and poor, and quite a distinct thing.

Weston-in-Gordano, a curious church.

J. M. Neale had been preaching for E. J. Boyce at Godalming, and wrote of it thus—

To B. W.

S. Giles (Sept. 1st), 1843. West Town.

Heere followyth a litel tale :

"A litel
tale."

There abidyth inne ye towne of Godlyman one Dame Keene, which followyth harde after ye Gospellers, holdyng Poperie in abhorrence. And the saide dame oftymes did complaine unto her gossippes, Woe-is-me that an personne giveth us not the pure milke of the Gospelle, but rather the unprofitable devisementes of mennes braines! And this dydde shee, not once nor twice. Now there came unto that towne one personne Neale, a great upholder and setterforth of Puseyism. To hym quoth personne Boyce, My worke pressyth sore upon mee : write then for mee a homilie, and I will deliver the same. Quoth he, I will. And he dyed write two. The which when Dame Keene hadde hearde, shee, (supposing them to be Syr Boyce's) did triumph and joy that now at the laste hee did againe break unto them the pure breade of the Gospelle, ye whyche maye hee evermore do. Amen.

To B. W.

Sept. 2nd, 1843.

Crusaders
tombs.

In your article on cross-legged effigies, which is very pretty reading, a good deal ought to be added ; else we shall appear ignorant : for example, that the thing is uncertain whether the cross posture had anything to do with the Crusades,¹ and that it has been, though probably without sufficient ground, denied. Again, the difference in the position of the hands has often been noticed ; therefore it is absurd of the writer to speak as if it were a discovery of his own. There can be little doubt that the cross-legs only means the *taking* the vow ; the sheathed sword its accomplishment.

To B. W.

Monday in Ember Week, Sept. 18th, 1843.
West Town.

. . . As to your memoir,² no one who admires it would not, I imagine, agree with you. But you don't seem to see

¹ *Ecclesiologist*, iii. 7-9.² Probably a religious biography, name unknown.

how much more valuable such an account is, to such as we are, than the history of a Martyrdom, or even "deposition" ^{Lives of saints.} of the Ages of Faith. Just as the Church commemorates her Saints, as for many other reasons, so also for this—that we might be able to form some idea both of the interval which separates them from their Master, as well as from us, and thereby, if it might be so, understand something more of the Adorable Passion ;—so it is now. At least I can speak for myself. In reading of such a deathbed as Ven. Bede's, or S. Bernard's, there is a mere passive feeling of its holiness ; to draw any comparison between the Saint and yourself would be too foolish. But here, I see how superior were Mediaeval Saints to the subject of that Memorial. I also see how infinitely superior was she to myself ; and can therefore judge the better of the gulf between her superiors and myself. It is just like the Roodscreen increasing the apparent distance between the spectator in the Nave and the Altar. And, by the way, how wonderfully symbolical is that !

To B. W.

Sept. 19th, 1843. Chew Magna.

I started at eleven this morning, in the most extraordinary tax cart you ever beheld—a thing compared with which the motion of our Barnwell one was smoothness itself. When I put on the steam, I could manage, on level ground, six miles an hour. That you may call pleasant travelling. First to Butcombe, a late Perpendicular, remarkable only for the odd way in which Tower and Porch are dovetailed ^{Church tour.} into each other. So to Nempnett, a very late Perpendicular Church. Here I lunched at a farmhouse dinner ; and had some conversation to the point with a young Wesleyan woman, staying there for her health. Then to Chew Stoke, another fair Perpendicular Church. And so here, a little after five. Here I found Francklin, as ever the most gentlemanly of men, waiting for me. In his gig to Stanton Drew, a church of a wonderful shape. . . . Coming back, we dined at six. Besides Francklin and his wife, there was one Burroughs, Rector of Chelwood. Altogether it is evident

Celibacy
of the
clergy.

that the Church is making way in these parts. Francklin himself has read and thought a great deal, and has a good deal of influence, which I don't wonder at, for there is great fascination in his manner. His wife is a pretty enough girl, and ladylike, but as fit to be a clergyman's wife as I am. The conversation turned on the celibacy of the Clergy, and I was much amused with Francklin, it shews how people deceive themselves. The rooms are furnished most luxuriously, chimney ornaments, etc., handsome dinner service, well-cut glass, and so forth. "Ah," says Francklin, "when I was a single man, I did not mind my £5 or £10 in charity, but now we are forced to live in the extreme of economy, and can give away nothing, for my wife has never been used to anything like this." Thinks I to myself, No more has mine : nor I trust ever will be.

CHAPTER VI

1843-44

SECOND VISIT TO MADEIRA—BRIGHTON

Eye hath never seen the glory ;
Ear hath never heard the song ;
Heart of man can never image
What good things to them belong,
Who have loved the LORD of beauty
While they dwelt in this world's throng.

MR. and Mrs. Neale returned to Madeira for this and the following winter.

To B. W.

Nov. 27th, 1843. Santa Luzia.

. . . You may imagine how I longed to be at Cambridge at the time of the Queen's visit, and how much I envy you the quantity of news you have to tell. Till you are in exile, which I hope you may never be, you cannot imagine how entirely we seem to live here in a world of our own—we English, I mean ; there is not a single event which can possibly interest anyone who does not well know the place. Count Montalembert and I are particularly unfortunate in missing each other ; but he keeps me pretty well supplied with the latest French Ecclesiological intelligence. So I am reduced to talk about myself, and will begin by telling you that I am much the same ; stronger in some points and not so strong in others ; but I hope that the former preponderate. I am very well satisfied with what I do, till a letter of yours comes ; measuring myself with those

His work
carried
on in
Madeira.

around me, it is no vanity to say that I am doing wonders in the way of work ; but to compare myself with you at Cambridge makes me feel as if I were no good at all. Sometimes, as our worthy friend said, I could "lament and cry" with the thought. But this I am certain of, if ever I am restored to work with you all, I shall have authorities for almost everything. You cannot think how well I am getting up Ecclesiastical History. Writing and reading little else from morning to night is enough to make one so. The Greek History grows in interest upon me ; I am now writing away about Theophilus of Alexandria. I am in hopes in the section of the Introductory Essay on the Architectural differences between the Eastern and Western Churches, to strike out something new, and to prove to a dead certainty that our views on the subject of the final development of architecture are most certainly true. I am also engaged in taking the devil by the nose, in a new set of Ballads, to be a companion to the threepenny ones ; they are for manufacturers.¹

"Ballads
for Manu-
facturers."

Baptismal
Regenera-
tion.

An instance of popular religionism. Riding with Lane the other day, I was pressing on him the dishonesty of not holding Baptismal Regeneration. "No," says Lane : "no, I cannot do it ; why, if I did" (seeing a child cross the road), "I must say that all those Romish children were regenerate." This I call Evangelical naïveté. One Sunday evening, at six, we sat down with our Bibles before us, and discussed the topic till nine. I never talked over the matter so fairly before. Montalembert is writing the life of S. Bernard. He must be thoroughly happy. He and another French nobleman, also a distinguished ecclesiologist, are living together with their wives in the Deanery, one of the loveliest quintas (our own excepted) in Funchal ; busy on the Revival. I am rather startled by thinking that (in the "Greek History") I shall be the first Anglican, writing on Catholick principles, who has touched the Iconoclast controversy.

¹ See *Christian Remembrancer*, v. 733-745.

To Rev. W. RUSSELL.

Nov. 28th, 1843. Santa Luzia.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

I did not forget that Sunday was your birthday, for which you had all my best wishes, although at so great a distance. As we are writing home, I shall take this opportunity of sending you a few lines. You have heard, I dare say, of our arrival here, and of all other particulars, such as the earthquake, etc. You cannot think how comfortable we are in our little quinta, nor how much more we are surrounded by English luxuries than last year. It stands about 500 feet above the sea, embracing a view—below, of the City and the Roads—above, of the mountains, with the Church of our Lady of the Mount, towering up to the height of 2000 feet, or about that of Skiddaw. Our house is about 100 yards from the Mount road, approached through a long narrow garden shaded with orange trees, and with a vine corridor at the top of a terrace in front, for the whole mountain is terraced out from top to bottom. We have two servants, a woman and a boy, who neither of them speak a word of English:—together they have £1 os. 10d. a month. We have two sitting-rooms on the ground floor, one of which I take for my study, and in it I am now writing at my standing-desk; and a drawing-room; with three bedrooms upstairs. We get up about seven or a little before; the days of course are now longer here than in England. The feeling in coming down is that it is a pleasant Spring morning, for we are several degrees cooler than the town; the thermometer with us seldom gets above 67° in the shade. Before breakfast we have prayers, to the edification of our servants; afterwards, I write all the morning at the “Greek History” till half-past one, when we dine. Then, when the heat has a little subsided, the horses come up and we sally forth, either to call or for a good ride. By sunset we come in, have tea about half-past five, and then I write again at one thing or another—principally at my Portuguese Translation of Bishop Andrewes—till prayers. We have supper at nine, and to bed by eleven. We have lately had stormy weather; in one gale we lost 700 oranges,

Daily
routine.

yet our trees still bend with their fruit. We have now as good as you have for the first six weeks after you get them, but we do not consider them good till Christmas. The scent of the green orange I take to be the most delicious of any ; I think superior to the lime tree in July. To-day is a thoroughly Madeira day ; a bright sun and small pointed rain. The rainbows in the island are superb. In going to the Curral the other day, the immense crater was filled with clouds boiling up, but across it from peak to peak sat two rainbows, the most lovely thing I ever saw. . . . Did you remember the day that made it twenty years since we came to Shepperton ? . . .

From a later letter—

It is only wonderful to think, if earth is so transcendently and ravishingly lovely, what Heaven must be ! There is something in a mountainous country which seems to call forth all one's powers. Wilberforce, I think, says somewhere that he never loved his friends so well as amongst mountains. And it is very true.

To B. W.

Dec. 7th, 1843. Santa Luzia.

Tour.

I have at length been my long projected tour round the N.W. part of the island, and as I know how disagreeable tours are to read, I will not inflict a journal of it upon you. My companions were Lane and Wray : I will not tell how much I wished for you. Monday we went by water to Callete, twenty miles : slept in a house provided for us by one of the Portuguese merchants ; Tuesday across the island to S. Vincente, seeing the famous waterfall of the Rabaçal ; and Wednesday, returned by the lovely Ribeira Brava. Our conveyance was by hammocks, I can assure you the appearance is most imposing. We had fifteen men with us, four to each hammock, two luggage bearers, and Joaquim, our servant. Bivouacking on the top of some glorious mountain peak, the hammocks slung up kettlewise on forked sticks, the men in groups of two or three, is most picturesque ; then again the low plaintive chant of the bearers, taken up

Conveyed
in ham-
mocks.

antiphonally from gang to gang, as they advance up roads which an Englishman would think impassable. The half-dreamy state in which you are carried along through ever-green woods in the midst of the most stupendous scenery, as you wind up the ravines, makes one feel as if one had eaten of the Lotus, and cared for nothing else but to live and die in such places. The unaffected delight of the bearers in the scenery, and the rapture of those who had not seen some part of it before, was unbounded : it shews that this country, with all its many faults, is still truly Catholick. I could have thought it a luxury yesterday to have a good cry in our progress up the Ribeira Brava ; the vale of Llaniltydd, though inferior beyond the power of words to express, may give you a faint idea of it, and the road, or rather sheep-walk, for *fifteen or sixteen miles* winds along through magnificent forest trees at half its height, the scene shifting every minute. The Rabaçal, a fall of some 600 feet, is truly sublime ; and Wray says, that he never in Switzerland saw anything so grand as the first view of S. Vincente.

Delight in
scenery.

To B. W.

Christmas Night, 1843. Santa Luzia.

Yesterday evening at 7.30, armed with a great coat, respirator and lantern, I sallied forth : the first time I have gone out at night since I was at Cambridge. Going to Edwards, I found a large family party : and but that nearly as much Portuguese was spoken as English, I might have fancied myself in England. After a meat tea, I went down to the Cathedral, but did not go with the others, as, wanting to be close to the Choir, Padre Fà had secured me a chair in a very excellent place ; you know the Roodscreen here is only a rail : I sat close to it, on the South side of the Holy Doors. The Cathedral was crowded from one end to the other : The Choir lighted with tapers, and a Corona Lucis was in the middle of the Nave. I was, as I like to be, in the midst of the poor : though there were also some of the better sort by me. All the Priests in the city almost must have been there : besides the double Stalls there were

Christmas
Eve.

benches for them. I had a Missal and Breviary and went in about nine. I had only just taken my place, when the Choir in the little organ gallery (North of Chancel aisle) thundered out "Christus natus est nobis : venite, venite, adoremus !" and Matins began. The chants were admirably well sung, and *the* thing : but the Antiphons were just as Protestant and operatic. Still, they were very well performed. It is a noble sight to see the whole immense assembly kneel at the "Venite, procidamus ante Deum." To be sure, we might introduce that in our Church. I was disgusted to see Count Montalembert, with all his French party, and some other ladies, admitted into the West end of the Choir—and shall not fail to gird at him upon the bye. "For the sanctity of the place doth not free those whom the accusation of temerity condemns." The Antiphons are throughout rather poor : the 7th lesson where S. Gregory says that having three Masses that day to celebrate he must be short, comes in beautifully. In the 8th lesson, the Celebrant, etc., in white and gold vestments, entered : and just before Midnight *Te Deum* was sung. Then the bells rang, and Cock Mass began, and very beautifully it was performed : always excepting the vile voluntary performed during the Canon. As the Proper Preface was chanted, one of the Priests in chasuble came from the Choir, bearing a little image of the Infant SAVIOUR : and going down with it presented it for the people to kiss. Enlightened Protestants are much disgusted at this. Mass was over about 1 : and as I came away and mounted our hill, the pealing of bells, and flashing of torches here and there upon the white houses, and concourse of worshippers, carried me back to other times. The second Mass, you know, is said after Lauds, the third after Tierce, and the Portuguese spend the vigil in attending all. However I came home, none the worse. Our boy was with me ; our other servant went out after my return to the second Mass in the Jesuits' Church. I never so fully understood the wonderful skill with which the Church directs enthusiasm, as I did last night. I am glad that we English did not disgrace ourselves. We had about 70 Communicants yesterday, and perhaps 120 to-day. To-day it is the fashion

to fire guns in all quarters at intervals. A man-of-war came in and fired a salute: and as the clouds were low, the roll and roar of its echoes among the mountains was singularly grand. The Portuguese dish for to-day is pork and garlic: the former, evidently by way of testifying abhorrence to the Jews. The flowers, etc., used, are sugar-cane, roses, fern, and a kind of evergreen like alder, only darker.

To B. W.

Jan. 11th, 1844. Madeira.

. . . Now about the "Greek History." It goes on very slowly. I have to-day begun the fourth Book,¹ from the Mahometan Conquest of Egypt, to the Recapture of Damietta by the Saracens—634–1223. I know you are afraid that I shall take an Oriental view, *i.e.* I suppose so Oriental that it will cease to be Catholick. I hope not. At the same time, without becoming a shade more Anglican, I do see more and more clearly that the High Papal Theory is quite untenable: as, for example, when the *British Critic* speaks of Gallicanism as "the cold and selfish daughter of the Sorbonne." I cannot make, as Montalembert does, visible union, or as the *B. C.* sometimes seemed to wish to do, the desire for visible union with the Chair of St. Peter, the key-stone as it were, of the Church, at least not in the sense in which the Western Church has sometimes done. We *Orientalists* take a more general view. The Rock on which the Church is built is S. Peter, but it is a triple Rock, Antioch where he sat, Alexandria which he superintended, Rome where he suffered. You would be astonished at the weight of evidence in Doctors of the Western Church. By-the-bye, I must have you congratulate me on a Library turning up here. The Rector of the Seminary here has very kindly asked me to make any use I please of theirs, and it is a very good one, the edition of the Fathers particularly valuable. Is not this more than fortunate? My chief difficulty at present has been what view to take of the second Nicene Council. You must remember that neither in the East nor in the West had I

"History of the Holy Eastern Church."

Chair of St. Peter.

¹ "The Patriarchate of Alexandria," ii. 67–255.

anyone to whom I could look as a guide. I have drawn up on a separate piece of paper what I think to do with respect to it, and if Dr. Mill will read it over and let me have his opinion of it I should be very much obliged to him. Montalembert has read "Hierologus" and is delighted with it, and more particularly with the parts relating to Abbeys, which I take as a great compliment, seeing that he has studied the subject so deeply, and visited Cistercian Houses from Sweden to the Tagus for his Life of S. Bernard. By the way, you have no idea what an immense quantity of facts I have gleaned from French books for a second edition of "Durandus."

Mont-
alembert
and
"Hierolo-
gus."

Here follow examples with drawings.

Santa Prisca (Jan. 18th).

Newman's
Sermons.

. . . I am disgusted with the Article in the last *Christian Remembrancer* on Newman's Sermons.¹ In our own Communion, I look on Andrewes and Taylor as superior to him as one man can be to another ; and out of it, how could they have forgotten S. Francis de Sales, to mention no other ?

To B. W.

Candlemas (S. Blaise), 1844. Santa Luzia.

Pusey on
Church
builders.

I hope and trust you are not going to Oxonianize. It is clear to me, that the Tract writers missed one great principle, namely the influence of Aestheticks, and it is unworthy of them to blind themselves to it. Don't you see, that as you relate its contents Pusey's letter confounds two things ? "Have we," he says, "that purity of heart and life which can fit us to be great Church builders in a Catholick sense ?" Don't you see, that you or I, or Paley, never set up to be able to be Catholick Architects ? Nay rather, have not all our creative attempts, S. Albans, the New Zealand Cathedral, etc., been failures ? So far I agree with him. But it is absurd to say that it does not often please GOD to raise up, as defenders of His truth, men even of immoral lives : witness many of the Popes. If of His truth, why not of His beauty ? Thus it is necessary that a

¹ *Christian Remembrancer*, vii. 102-113.

S. Athanasius or S. Cyril should be men of eminent personal holiness ; they were, for the first time, developing truth. But it is not necessary that its mere defenders should be so.

Feb. 26th, 1844.

We next come to the Papal Theory.¹ I believe we mean very much the same thing, although expressions may seem different, else you would never talk of the possibility of a second Nonjuring body, but rather think of a return to Rome. But you do not know what the theory of the Revivalists in France really is. I will send you a letter I received a few days ago from Montalembert, written, you will see, in as kind a spirit as possible, in which he frankly says that he looks upon the English Church as one of the worst forms of heresy he knows. And he is well acquainted with it, and does not judge it from your tracts, etc. It is a curious thing, that letter, sixteen large quarto pages closely written. It is fair to say that he dislikes Gallicanism as much, and will not hear of nationality in architecture, or in anything else. In the "History of Alexandria" you need not be afraid of any anti-Romanism. For that Church and Rome have always been as it were allies : and with the exception of the Jesuits in Ethiopia and of one schismatical proposal to the Jacobite Patriarch in the 16th century, I am not aware that one has occasion to mention Rome except with praise, or merely historically. As to Primitivism commend me to "the large upper room" in the Protestant and religious foundation of Downing. I don't care twopence about the S.P.C.K. A society of that kind is radically uncatholick, and may be expected to do anything. I only wish I could send you, as a specimen of developed Romanism, the "Annals of the Arch-Confraternity of the Holy and Immaculate Heart of Mary," established in spite of the Archbishop, in Paris, "for the conversion of sinners," and publishing reports of their conversion by both lay and ecclesiastical members. I never read anything to match it, except in the *Methodist Magazine*. Pray, has marriage

¹ See *Christian Remembrancer*, iii. 422-434 ; and vi. 353-372.

made a difference in my whole theology? However, I agree that it does to most. . . .

A. F. Rio. I am delighted about the sale of "Durandus," because it gives me fresh courage for the Appendix. If the Catena is not proof positive, I don't know what can be. I will prove it in every half century, and in every Western Church, Africa included. Wherein is Rio more objectionable than Montalembert? The latter wishes Rio¹ to be proposed; whether Rio knows of it, I can't say. Montalembert may perhaps leave to-morrow, but I hope not. I look upon him as far above Pugin, as Pugin is above Carpenter: though it takes longer to find it out. How can people talk so of Southey?—the man who "never was guilty of thinking about, far less writing on, Baptismal Regeneration." I am delighted to hear of your intimacy with Pusey, and much like his idea of books of devotion of foreign Catholicicks—but why not first of all from S. Francis de Sales, and S. Thomas de Villanova?

To B. W.

Feb. 29th, 1844. Santa Luzia.

. . . Count Montalembert has just published, in Portuguese, a little book, against the Bibles and Tracts distributed by strangers; which, I imagine, he wished the Clergy to distribute this Lent to their penitents. But it is too ultra-montane for Fà,² and I imagine will be so for many. He has got into bad odour, in fact, for his Confraternity of the Heart of Mary, which seems to be, in its principles, as schismatical as a class meeting: I am sure in its working it is as profane. I think it very possible that we may publish a paper on the subject ourselves.

To B. W.

March 11th, 1844. Santa Luzia.

. . I am much obliged to Dr. Mill. Of course, during the periods where Alexandrian History is almost the same with that of the Catholic Church, such as in the Arian, Nestorian, and Monophysite controversies, I can only write

¹ Rio on "Christian Art." Reviews in *Ecclesiologist*, xviii. 43; and *Christian Remembrancer*, xxxiv. 267-299.

² The Portuguese Padre.

popularly, but all after Mahomet will—I trust—be of a much higher character. I wish Dr. Mill would give me his opinion as to the propriety of applying the term “Church” to any body having Apostolick Succession, 1. schismatical but not heretical, as the Donatists or Meletians; 2. heretical, but not schismatical, as the Aethiopian Jacobites and Nubians; 3. both heretical and schismatical, as the Aegyptian Jacobites. Last week, Landon and I were out on a tour. Friday we started at nine: rode through the magnificent Serra d’Agua, and reached Santo Vincente at six, where we slept. Saturday we left about eight, and rode up the more magnificent Ribeira de Boaventura, the beauty of which surpasses anything I could have conceived, except in Heaven. It is a ride which from its intense labour, and the fearful nature of the road, very few take. We were eleven hours on horseback or foot, with only half an hour’s halt. In one tremendous pass, with a precipice above and below, is a flight of ten or twelve steps, with water running down them. In another place, the earth at the edge of the precipice crumbled away, and one of my pony’s hind legs went completely over. About five, we emerged at the Torrinhas, at a height of about 6000 feet, or nearly so; the air delightfully fresh, but not cold: seeing from sea to sea, down the Boaventura one way; down the Curral the other. Then we descended into the Curral, and while it was dark with us, the lingering of the sunlight on the mountains was lovely. We reached the Curral Church at seven; found the Priest gone to bed, and inhospitable: but were taken in by a cottager, and slept in his little cottage, put together of rough stones, with an open thatch roof. Landon and I lay down on one bed, our servants on another, the horses were tethered outside, and the family turned out into another cottage. Next morning (Sunday), started a little after six: when within two miles of home, my pony (he could get no corn the night before) fairly knocked up, and I had to walk in. So I had four hours’ ride (and such a ride!) and walk before breakfast, but was not at all knocked up.

Mrs. Neale, senior, was at this time living at Brighton. After their return from their second winter at Madeira her

son and his wife stayed with her. Their first child, Agnes, was born there on August 6th, 1844.

To B. W.

July 9th, 1844. Brighton.

. . . I hear from Wheeler, who is good authority, some very unpleasant reports about Newman. I had read almost all "Coningsby," and am much disappointed in it, that is, as an expression of young England. The novel that seems likely to do good is "Ellen Middleton." Singular that Keble should once have suggested to me the same subject, Confession, for a novel.

To B. W.

S. Augustine, B. (Aug. 28th), 1844. Brighton.

. . . I will not repeat to you the success of my enquiries at Alexandria, and the compliments I have had from the Episcopos of the Catholic Convent of Alexandria. If you return¹ by Geneva you may do me a great service. I am in correspondence with G. Diodati, Librarian of the "Library of the Republick," and he is to get for me copies of the uncopied letters of poor Cyril Lucar which are kept there. If you could pay him what may be due, and bring the letters with you, I should be very glad. You might send him a line, fixing the time of your being there ; and asking him to have the copies ready. This also : ask to see Cyril's Confession of Faith, I mean the original MS. If it is not forthcoming, hint that many, Romanists as well as Orientals, believe it to have been a Genevan forgery : and see what he says. I am, as people say, overwhelmed with business. (1) I have just finished the "Triumphs of the Cross," a sort of first steps in Hagiology. I shall send one, all well, to your little sister. (2) Deck is publishing "Ballads for Manufacturers." (3) Walters, "Mirror of Faith." (4) Walters and Cleaver, "Shepperton Manor." (5) Walters, "Poynings," a sort of tale for his Juvenile Library on the Revolution. (6) Walters, "History of England for Children," this is done to the Reformation. (7) Walters, a little Portuguese book. (8) Walters, "Virgin Saints."

Cyril
Lucar.

Books
printing.

¹ Mr. Webb was abroad at this time.

B.'s conversion, which is not yet in the papers, is lamentable; and shews that Aesthetics may be dangerous to a mind like his, though the most deplorable thing is his want of feeling, and frivolity. If the change were never so right, it would still be awful.

You will not need reminding to look out for Greek books at Venice. If you fall in with any Greeks there, try to discover what is the modern Oriental view of Cyril Lucar. The Russian view we know from Mouravieff.

To B. W.

Sept. 6th, 1844. Brighton.

Last Tuesday, as I said, was the Christening: it was very satisfactory on the whole. Two priests and a deacon officiated, and there were six other priests present. That morning I sat a long time with Dr. Pusey, who is just the man I fancied, and among other things, we spoke a good deal of "Durandus." I could not wish any man to be more aesthetic than he is. How different from Newman! . . .

First
meeting
with
Dr.
Pusey.

I must tell you a most remarkable supernatural interference which has just come to my knowledge through friends of the parties concerned.¹ A lady and gentleman, Deists in belief, lived in a lonely house near town, with one other equally lonely house at a short distance from them. They were going to give a party; and the same morning a most extraordinary ringing of all the bells was heard. The lady desired that it might cease; the servants assured her that the bells rang of themselves. The wires were cut, and still the bells rang, and went on ringing. When the guests arrived, the lady was so terrified that she besought them to stay, said she could make up beds, and so on. They did: and the bells rang the whole night. Next morning they heard that their neighbour's house had been broken into, and a murder committed; and they afterwards found out that the thieves had previously intended to attack their own house, but had been prevented by the number of visitors that stayed, and of bells that rang. The parties concerned gave up Deism and became penitents. Is not this one of the most remarkable things in that way you ever heard?

Story of
the super-
natural.

¹ See his "Unseen World," p. 145. 1847. Burns.

CHAPTER VII

1844-46

NEWMAN'S SECESSION—EASTER IN MADEIRA—MORE SECESSIONS

It matters little where we work, if God's the work we do,—
It matters little whom we fight,—if many or if few ;
The soldiers form one selfsame host, tho' scattered far apart ;
The labourers may be wide dispersed, who yet have all one heart.

WITH the next letters, written during 1844-45, will be found some of Mr. Webb's answers, as they bring back vividly the time of storm and stress, of doubt and fear, which shook the English Church at the time of Newman's secession.

To B. W. 20th Sunday after Trinity, 1844. Brighton.

. . . You cannot tell how painful it is to me to receive such letters as part of yours of this morning. If you could but see how utterly and totally and miserably unworthy I am to work with the rest of us in Church matters, you would not write in the same strain. This is one harm of writing books, they make people think so much better of one than one deserves, and I sometimes fear lest the *ex ore tuo te judicabo ignave serve*, may not in That Day be said to me. All this only by way of beginning and entreating you not to write in that manner again, for I cannot bear it.

You will receive "Shepperton Manor" in a day or two. I have no doubt that Stokes¹ and that class of men will call it unCatholick, and say I am going back. I write,

¹ One of the early members of the C.C.S., see p. 16.

therefore, to explain to you what I meant. I know you do not think that Anglo-Romanists are in schism, or that they should join us. You know that I do: and the tale turns on that hypothesis. I may be wrong; if I am, I shall be most willing to be set right; anyhow my story can do no harm. I will not, nor is it intended to, persuade men who hold in this particular with Ward, that Romanists in England are in schism: but it may do some good to High Churchmen if it lead them to see how utterly little is the sin of that schism, and to Protestants it might do still more good. Read the Preface before you read the book, I hope you will think it a true picture of the state of the Jacobean Church.

From B. W. to J. M. N.

Nov. 10th, 1844. Cambridge.

I have just finished "Shepperton Manor," and what can I do better than begin a letter to its author? I have read it with much interest; and with admiration for a great deal which I can probably appreciate better than most. Still it is the work of an Anglican: I mean in its deepest spirit. For of course the discussion about Purgatory is obviously so. Not one hint of our Blessed Lady from one end to the other! However would that all Anglicans were equally just and loving. But I scarcely know why I call you Anglican, as if I were otherwise. It is not indeed as if I did not acknowledge your far greater acquaintance with these subjects than I possess. But I sometimes fear that we shall not always think the same. I fancy the last week has been one of unparalleled excitement and fear amongst us Anglo-Catholics here. Rumours from many different, and those most authoritative, quarters had been about to the effect that Newman had at last determined to secede. At last it got into the papers; the *Record* and the like reptiles gloated over the news; consternation fell upon all who had ever so little sympathy with Catholic principles. Yesterday it was contradicted; but I for one am persuaded on the best authority that one need at no time be surprised at the event. I know we do not feel quite alike about this. I do not think I am prepared to follow him *now*; but

Anglo
Romanists
in schism.

Rumours
of New-
man's
secession.

I should feel despair for any revival in our Communion. To eject the holiest among us: to cripple every struggle for anything high or noble by pointing to Newman: to give strength and triumph to the Protestant principle—it will be to lose the last remaining note. How could one develop doctrine or practice, if one saw that the result must be Rome, and that one was not prepared for such a result? It appears to me that one would have nothing to do but to prepare oneself by hard penance to follow. I'll tell you what I believe will be the result of all this. Newman and almost all the true-hearted will secede, one by one; our Erastian establishment will go on in some new vagary of Protestantism. The struggle will leave no more trace than the Laudian, or Nonjuring. Happy if any of those entangled in our net can save their souls by their flounder to get free. It seems to me one had need hope there is a Purgatory for our own sakes. You will see that I take a very dismal view now: indeed there seems to be no rainbow in the sky. Almost all I know seem to be equally gloomy. *Quid est veritas?* From what I have observed I do not think very many would accompany Newman at once. The *Record* computes that about 100 will from Oxford and Cambridge, etc. They are about right, I should say. Very few beneficed or married men would go. Curates and barristers and men like Lord John Manners might go. It is said that the latter could carry over with him at least half of his father's tenantry. However, pride, timidity, and love of ease would keep back many, and myself among the number. I am astonished to find so many who seem ready to swallow the whole Roman system, if need be, in spite of the hard points it may have.

During his third and last visit to Madeira the following letters were written:—

To B. W.

S. Leonard (Nov. 6th), 1844. Funchal.

You would rather have a line from me than nothing, so I just write to say by God's goodness we arrived at ten this morning quite safely. We had a very rough

passage: in a gale off Portugal our mainsail was blown to tatters. We were not quite fourteen days, and when sea-sickness was over, had Daily Service morning and evening, by Guillemard, a rather fair man. Voyage
and
reading.

I have read Ward, and think all the parts treating on the present Roman system of devotion most edifying and beautiful. But I can't take in his theory, at least at present. However I like the book much better than I expected, though some of his arguments seem to me very poor, and one or two false. But it must be the reader's fault if he does not learn very much from it. When I say I have read it, I must exclude the chapter on Justification, which required more thought than I could give at the time, it blowing very hard: but I mean to read it, all well.

To B. W.

Nov. 26th, 1844. Madeira.

The steamer came in this morning. Thank you for your letter. The report about Newman has made us all very uneasy; there was quite a collection of us in Phelps' counting-house to-day while the papers were being opened. Now to answer your letter in order. About "Shepperton Manor." I allow it to be more Anglican than anything which perhaps you would have written. But I do not see how I could have introduced much which I believe and which is not Anglican—how rather,—to make the story what I designed it, a picture of our Church at that time—I could help suppressing much on which I would fain have dwelt. It is not more Anglican than the *Hier. Anglicana*. To have made S. Francis teach Our Lady, would have been useless, as it would not have seemed my own teaching. To have made Dr. Linton do it, or Bishop Andrewes, would have been notoriously false. I do not believe that there is any real difference between us. If there is, it is theoretical entirely. You think that the R.C. in England is not in schism, but that those of us who join them nevertheless do wrong. I think them in schism, allotting the very smallest possible degree of guilt to that word of which it is capable. If indeed it is ruled by Schoolmen that schism

Position of
R.C. in
England.

must *in all cases* be a mortal sin (which I am not casuist enough to know), then I do not think them schismatics. At all events, I have never said so, except in writing to such as you. After all, I believe that till it pleases GOD to clear up our way, this is a very immaterial difference.

You cannot doubt S. Cyprian would be on my side. I cannot doubt S. Peter Damian would be on yours. And whatever I have learnt to believe on this matter, I have learnt, not from Anglican writers—you cannot abhor them more than I do—but from such men as Querini, and Cardinal Bessarion, and Pereira, and, above all, from the Fathers of Constance and Basle. With the single exception of the denial of the Cup to the laity, I believe that I could sign all the decrees of these Councils. But do not do me the injustice to think that I do not hold the duty of prayers for the dead, and the *development* of the Communion of Saints as strongly as anyone, though I should always be careful at present of printing anything on the latter subject, because I feel that the time may come when I may more practically embrace it.

But this is very egotistic, and I must be a little more so yet. I wish you would read over that part of my "History of England"¹ which reaches from the Reformation to the end of Elizabeth, and particularly notice if you think my account of Cranmer's death too harsh: and if you approve of what I have said as to the punishment of hereticks. I hope and believe that Newman will not leave us; but I should not despair if he did. My sheet anchor of hope for the English Church is, that you cannot point out a single instance of an heretical or schismatical body which after apparent death awoke to life.

The Donatists *might* have done it, the Copts *might* have done it, the Nestorians *might* have done it, but they have not. Why should there be such a startling anomaly to all past experience first of all exhibited in the 19th century?

¹ "History of England for Children." Masters.

To B. W. S. Stephen (Dec. 26th), 1844. Madeira.

. . . I have not told you how greatly I delighted in the "Paradisus." I wish you would send me out another copy. . . . My two great difficulties now seem to be, the principle of the Invocation of Saints¹ generally, and how far, and in what sense, S. Mary is a Channel of Grace. Intellectually or objectively, I could go along with the "Paradisus,"—but subjectively, I shrink from it. This may be, and probably is, my own fault: but the belief that it is, does not make the difficulty less. One thing is clear, that while one has the slightest doubt of the propriety of any invocation, to use it is wrong: and that is the only thing which does seem to me clear in the whole subject. I wish you would let me hear what your feelings are in the matter—for here I have no one that can feel for, or with, me in it.

On the
Invocation
of Saints.

From B. W. to J. M. N.

S. Sylvester (Dec. 31st), 1844. Doctors' Commons.

. . . Now we fear for the worst. I want you to look this in the face: that in twelve months, if we live, we may perchance be in the Roman Church. We must be prepared for some such emergency; for who could think again of nonjuring? Yet, on the other hand, this may be only another trial of our faith. GOD may set us free from this danger, and then we shall be more strong than ever. But indeed things are in a dreadful state. The laity are rising to a man against us. Sometimes I think it a note against us that such crowds are converted to sheer Romanism, while so few become of us: as if "stammering formularies" were thus warned to give way to a consistent intelligible system of truth. In the meantime our own jealousies and contentions increase: no one sympathizes with another: there is no obedience and no charity. The Bishop of Exeter starts up (as you would say) bishopfully; is snubbed and resisted, and gives up his point. The Sunday papers placarded one week "Cardinal Wolsey revived." The next week the placard was "Cardinal Wolsey fallen." Wherever

Webb's
pessimistic
views.

¹ *Christian Remembrancer*, i. 15-24.

I have been in London I have found the greatest anxiety prevailing: each shade of opinion throws all the blame upon others. We poor aesthetical fellows get kicks from all. That indeed is one point pretty fully agreed upon by Hookites, Manningites, Puseyites, Oakleyites, Dodsworthites, Ironsites, etc., etc. One uses the names for distinctions' sake. *Quot homines—tot sententiae*: we must not forget Camdenites. But, on the other hand, Dr. Pusey seems to be more than ever inclined to think well of us; and he yields to none in saintliness.

To B. W.

Feb. 10th, 1845. Madeira.

I am waiting anxiously for your next letter, which was due yesterday. I will write to you no more about Rome because I shall run the risk of your misunderstanding me, and creating a difference where there is none. It must always be so in writing, and at a distance. The comfort is that such differences vanish when one comes to talk, like S. Athanasius and the supporters of the One and of the Three Hypostases. I was much interested in what you say of Dyce. You say, very truly, that unless we work together at it, the "Theoria" will never come out. That, I will hope, we shall be able to arrange.

Hospital.

To-day I was over the Santa Casa de Misericordia, the largest Hospital in the place, and a most edifying sight it was. The cleanness and airiness of the rooms were like England: but not like England was the Altar and the Crucifix in the larger wards, and the Patron Saint of each. S. Isabel for the women, S. Sebastian for the men, and so on. There are but two lunatics: for Madeira, with all its faults, is Catholick. I never happened to have seen one before; and it seemed a bitter degradation of the Church, that her Priests have not the power of casting out evil spirits from them.

Easter Eve.

Service of
Descent
from the
Cross.

Last night I went up to the Mount Church to see the Descent from the Cross. It is a thing, I think, fairly open to criticism, as not being approved by the Church, but

simply allowed in some few places. You know the noble situation of the Church, 1760 feet above the sea, and the feeling at that height and time, was that of an English evening in May. The noble flight of steps up to the church was alive with people, and alas! all kinds of buying and selling were going on close to the door. A curtain was hanging overhead, and the Vicar preaching to a crowded congregation. And very well he did preach too, though one could not but marvel at the contrast between such a Passion sermon and one in England. The people sobbed and cried, and the whole church was filled with a sound which it is impossible to describe,—more like that attending an unpopular candidate on the hustings than anything else that occurs to me. “Peter wept bitterly,” said the preacher, “and is there anyone here that weeps not! If there be—out, out of the Church at once; let him not dare to look on this spectacle: they are bringing the nails, the hammer, the Crown of Thorns,—the Saviour of the World is fastened to the Cross. Behold the Man!” And, amidst a perfect agony of weeping the curtain drew up. The taking down from the Cross is then gone through by persons dressed in character; they dress in the Sacristy, and their dresses are most wretched—horsetails for beards, etc. The bier is then borne in torchlight procession, among the wild defiles of the “Curral dos Romeiros,” “the Pilgrim’s Fold,”—and the service concludes with another sermon. The Procession to the Cathedral of the Interment of our LORD was the best I have yet seen—the soldiers with arms reversed, the Canons in the deepest mourning, their long trains attended by an Acolyte. The Bishop has already done much here: I hear that no meat—except, alas! for the English—was killed during Holy Week, and fish has been bought much more rapidly. The seriousness and attention of the people is greater, and more is done for them. Yesterday, *e.g.*, there were eleven sermons: four at the Cathedral; three at N. S. de Monte; three at S. Antonio, and one at S. Clara. I was not at the *Alleluia* this morning, that the servants might go, but it was very beautiful when the wind brought up the first burst of bells that told of Lent’s being over.

I want to protest most strongly against forming an Architectural Society out of our ruins. People will ignorantly think that our religious views are given up, and our Architectural retained—as if the two were separable.

Easter Monday.

The mail anticipated its time to-day. . . . I am more and more averse to the dissolution of the Society. I should like to be freed from an University yoke, and then set going again. Proxies being admissible you may have mine and Landon's; but don't abuse them, because, if without giving up any principle, the C.C.S. can be organized again, we should vote for that; if not (but only if not) for dissolution. A truly Camdenic mistake is yours, "a biting East wind-ow."

To B. W.

All Saints' Day, 1845. Reigate.

Secession.

Your news about Cambridge matters grieves me much, and I should feel some difficulty how to deal with those whose secession you fear. At the same time, I feel that if they do go, they will be less excusable than the Oxford Seceders. They have not to contend against Newman's immense personal influence. They have not been irritated (except Stokes) by personal persecution. They have not, it appears to me, a single reason for going now, that they had not when the Altar Case was decided. They do not even know (which doubtless the Oxford Seceders do) the particular train of argument by which Newman reached his present conviction. I do not think that any of them could give a straightforward answer to the question, why are you going *now*? To my mind, the great argument against leaving our Church is that which Pusey so well puts forward in his August letter, and which has always—and the more—the more I have read of Church History, kept me the more from wavering. But again, I do think that the present divisions of the Romanists in England are very startling: the unfair character of their English controversial writers more so—the crooked ways in which men,

e.g. Oakeley and Ward, have left us, by no means edifying. I fear that Stokes takes up with the ground, "others may be safe in the English Church, I can only be so in the Roman." He is not going from a good thing to a better. If he is right in leaving us, we are in damnable schism. There can be no half ground. But then, if we are right in staying, what is he in going? He goes, he says, because Newman goes. Then in common fairness he is bound to stay till he sees why Newman does go. In prudence, I think a man desirous of seceding should wait to see what becomes of the Seceder. We hear no such enviable accounts of their feelings.

I did read the article in the *Tablet*, and thought but little of it. It makes conversion a simple intellectual process. *Celasti ea ab infantibus, et revelasti sapientibus*¹ is their reading.

Oct. 19th, 1845. Reigate.

MY DEAR B.,

As you do not see *The English Churchman*, you have probably not read Dr. Pusey's letter on Newman's secession. Let me have it back again. I cannot pretend to agree with it, because if the step was not right it must have been very wrong; but no one can help admiring its spirit. You see that no one of importance that I know of has gone.

I think Dr. Pusey's letter goes too much on the hypothesis that GOD cannot raise up some one of Newman's talents in our Church, or do His own work without them.

As to me, this event can have no influence, excepting that naturally, when one's mother is betrayed, however weakly or wickedly she may have acted (which yet in this case I do not see that our Church *as* a Church has done) one is more desirous than ever of working for her and serving her.

Loyalty
to Mother
Church.

¹ S. Luke x. 21.

To B. W.

24th Sunday after Trinity, Nov. 2nd, 1845. Reigate.

I do not see how if Stokes leaves us, either he could work with us or we with him. Not he with us, because he must feel that our views are the only thing which can prevent the R.C. Church from obtaining England; and he could hardly wish to help its (in that sense) worst enemies; nor we with him: because I really think that we must separate from those who leave us. It is almost an insult to our Church to co-operate with those who, having been brought up within her, anathematize her. But, however, Stokes, I feel sure, would never consent even if we did. I do not exactly see what his leaving us, if he *do* leave us, which GOD forbid, has to do with our monthly appearance. He will be an irreparable loss; but not more so to a monthly than to a bimestral magazine. Besides, remember that the *Ecclesiologist* acquired its present standing without him: without him, therefore, it may retain it. In this case you will have to write on Altars; for it must be written, and no one else can do it.

To B. W.

Nov. 5th, 1845. Reigate.

Stokes was to have written about Altars. That you must do. It is an article addressed to Romanizers, to shew that *pace* Foster, the Church does hold them. Till that is done, mine on the Communion Office will be out of place. First leader, yours on Altars; second, mine on Schools; third, Hope's on Pugin's Churches.¹ (I mention his third, as being more in the nature of a review.) Paley must not write anything very important this time: it will be a wretched number, more so if any men leave us. If there be any secession from Cambridge of men notoriously Camdenic, I would, as I always would, take the bull by the horns, and mention the subject bravely. I wish your suggestion were carried out, about the same prayers at the same times. Very short: one *Kyrie*, one *Pater*, one Psalm, one *Capitulum*, one Collect.

¹ "The artistic merit of Mr. Pugin," *Ecclesiologist*, v. 10-16.

This matter about Hope I want settled ; for just now when we shall all have to pull together, one does not like, in any respect, to feel estranged from a man, however little. If one is to have a quarrel now and then, we will choose a time of peace.

I am sure no man ought to leave us till he has been in the practice of regular confession : I think one has a right to expect that. They cannot say that Confession is an invention of some people in our Church : it is plain that she has never surrendered it.

I am very anxious about this next *Ecclesiologist*. . . . If we can only get through this next month we shall do. We *shall* do, I know that ; but I mean, shall get on without a very evident retrogression.

From B. W. to J. M. N.

Nov. 7th, 1845. London.

I cannot rouse Dr. Mill about Stokes. He says he has obviously made the plunge, and now *assumes* the Ultra-Roman argument, from which no one can be argued ; any more than we can be reasoned from our present defences. Dr. M. is in a kind of despair. I have heard a great deal about Newman and his book : things which stagger one. Wiseman has converted him. An Article of his in the *Dublin* in 1839 first shook N. Newman's article in Jan., 1840, in *British Critic*, on "The Catholicity of the English Church," was only his own endeavour to persuade himself. The Jerusalem Bishopric was the *coup de grace*. He now professes that if an English Synod had met and signed unanimously to submit unconditionally to Rome, he would have gone over all the same. He will try to prove historically that we committed a formal act of schism at the Reformation, which would invalidate even Andrewes' holiness. But the book will soon be out. It is supposed that many are only waiting for its appearance, to be convinced by it. Do not you tremble at the thought of it ? Suppose the book should convince us ?

Newman's
" Essay
on the
Develop-
ment of
Christian
Doctrine."

To B. W.

Nov. 8th, 1845. Reigate.

No fear of
Newman's
book.

If you think this letter could possibly do any good, send it to Stokes ; if not, put it in the fire.

I must answer one or two necessary questions in your letter. As to Newman's book. I am so thoroughly and morally persuaded of the defensibility of our position, that if I were to feel shaken by its beginning, I would shut up the book. I cannot express to you the firmness of my conviction. It seems to grow upon me the more the others waver.

I do not like Bennett, and I still less like his harsh way of speaking, but I am persuaded that his view is right. I cannot see how the other view can logically lead to anything but going to our "fellows." Of course, I would not for the world mention this to such an one as Hope.

Division
of friends.

Paley, as you say, would go as likely as not. How very painful it would be if you and I should have to try our strength against him and Stokes ! constantly knowing who was writing on the other side, and reminded by many little touches of our former friends.¹ However, that makes no difference. If it be so, we must do our best. By the way, suppose they two were to go, and were to publish an *Ecclesiologist*, what right have we to say that we are the genuine *Ecclesiologist* ?

It would be too bad if Rome now yields the marriage of priests, and both kinds. That would once have saved, if not England, the greater part of Germany. But I can hardly think it. As to Newman's book, I merely meant that were I isolated among Protestants I would not read it under the circumstances mentioned. Of course, now it would be absurd. As to the Vineyard,² if you can make a logical way plain by which I can hold your opinion and yet remain, well and good. But I never even heard this attempted.

¹ Cp. *Christian Remembrancer*, ix. 577-580, and *Ecclesiologist*, iv. to end, and *Christian Remembrancer*, x. 213-220.

² Dr. Pusey's view of Newman's secession—"being called to another part of the Lord's Vineyard," p. 143.

From B. W. to J. M. N.

Nov. 8th, 1845. London.

Your letter to Stokes is excellent. I have derived great profit from it myself. I cannot agree with you about Newman's book. Surely we are all in quest of *truth* only. Prepare yourself for a new reasoning on the Donatist question in N.'s book. This seemed to arouse even Dr. Mill; who probably could alone answer it. Do not think so of the "Vineyard" men. If your view be true, you will find yourself alone in the E. Church before long.

To B. W.

Advent Eve, 1845. Reigate.

I was glad to hear the opinion of Newman's book. I cannot imagine how anyone can imagine him to hold a view compatible, for a moment, with Bishop Bull. It strikes me that he does not openly attack him, simply from the desire of not scandalizing Anglicans. The test way appears to me very unfair. Of course, N. would naturally choose such tests only as suited his purpose. Suppose we were to add an eighth test—that of worldly advantage—and prove that doctrinal developments closely connected with this were, in fact, corruptions. Would not this be a very fair one? and which way would it tell?¹

Remarks
on New-
man and
develop-
ment.

What I also object to, is N.'s constant reference to his own past works. He means of course to say: "You, the reader, believe now what I believed then: develop as I do, and you will in time think as I do now." And doubtless, so far as his extracts go, we do hold now what he did. But there is another element in his then opinions which we never had—his exceeding hatred to Rome. And that may, almost unconsciously to himself, have made him what he is, on the principle of desire to reverse a wrong. So that I am more than ever inclined to go with Hope's theory, and believe that the first generation of reformers may perhaps be absorbed by Rome: but that the second will remain in our Church and renovate it. I don't care what Irons or anyone else thinks. I am quite sure that if we don't desert ourselves, GOD will not desert us. If you all go, I shall

¹ *Christian Remembrancer*, xiii. 117-265.

stay. If Andrewes is not saved (who had far less reason than we have to remain) there are so few that will be, that really, it can little matter whether one goes or not.

From B. W. to J. M. N.

Advent Eve and Vigil of S. Andrew. London.

Your second letter has just come. It quite makes me cheerful. Your notion about Andrewes has occurred to me several times lately. I was telling Butterfield that it could not possibly be that an English ploughman's salvation depended on Newman's book. Dr. Mill seemed in better spirits this morning; and I was cheerful till post, which brought me miserable news from Cambridge.

To B. W. Christmas Day, 1845. Reigate; I mean Redhill.

I have just returned from the most miserable office I ever saw. Besides my own people, and Mrs. Pullen, there were but two others! And what confirms me in my opinion of P. is the time-serving way in which he talked to me on the importance of forms, and the false reason he gave for the thinness of his Communion attendance. "You see they are used to the Mother Church. I do not like to say anything against it." However, I have no doubt as to my people's duty, nor as to my own, namely, to help him while I am here. If the Church is weak in this place, the more reason one should do what one can to strengthen it. It would be just as reasonable if I were a general in a battle to send no assistance to a hard-pressed regiment, because I knew the Colonel to be a traitor, as to do nothing for P. because I grievously suspect him to be the same.

Duty of
helping
in any
Church.

Difference
between
Mediaeval
and
Modern
Roman-
ism.

As to my hypothesis, it is this. You will not own the great difference between Mediaeval Romanism and Modern Romanism; between S. Wilfred and Dr. Wiseman; between S. Malachy and Oscott. Therefore remember, whatever in the "Virgin Saints"¹ I say which is favourable to that Romanism, is not necessarily so to this. I have held just the same belief I now hold for more than three years, and

¹ "Annals of Virgin Saints." Masters.

am daily more convinced that it is a tenable hypothesis, to say the least. I see no contrariety in believing, as I firmly do, that Romanists are in schism here, and writing as strongly against the Reformation as I have done in the life of S. Catherine di Ricci (which you read), and I believe that no English Priest, not excepting Ward, ever wrote or felt more strongly against it.

I wish you had been with me yesterday. I left here at ten: to Edenbridge by the train, and then went South. Edenbridge Church has a square Perpendicular cover to a square Early English Font which might be taken for a model in that case. Here was an Ecclesiologist, busy with his note-book. A regular Kentish Church it is. Then down over some five miles of hilly country to Cowden, the only shingle *tower* I ever saw—and the effect is very good. After this, West, along the borders of Kent and Sussex, sometimes in one, sometimes in the other. At length the Kent-water forms the boundary—and a most picturesque division it is; sometimes spreading itself out like a lake between the Sussex lawns and the Kent rocks; sometimes contracting into a waterfall, through a gorge overhung with trees and forming a pool shaded with hazels. Just before you come to a farm called Withers, you cross a brook, and enter Surrey; another brook separates you from Sussex, and the three join at the corner of an orchard. Then I came up through lanes almost pathless from their muddiness to Edenbridge again; and returned by train.

To Rev. E. J. BOYCE.

Candlemas Day (Feb. 2nd), 1846. Reigate.

MY DEAR BOYCE,

I am afraid that I must content myself with a short answer to a long letter. I am sorry you should think that I do not sympathize with your difficulties, both for my sake and for your own. I will venture to say that none of your friends does so more. There is something in difference of minds. I, for one, should feel it a greater stimulus to exertion to be shewn how much I yet wanted to perfect-
Criticism a stimulus.

tion, than to be spoken to of the advances I had already

made. It may not be so with you. No one has oftener, I suppose, dwelt on what you have already done as a wonderful instance of what a priest relying (if not so entirely as I could wish, the marvel is the greater) on the Church's strength has been able, in spite of unusual difficulties, to effect. It is an example which I can never forget, and which I pray that I may be able to imitate. What I said was said generally. I do acknowledge the great rise of Church feeling. It is the LORD'S doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes. But still I wish to forget the things which are behind. Only yesterday, in writing to Paley, I dwelt on this onward movement as the strongest argument against Rome. If I seemed to slight it to you, it is simply because I am haunted day and night with a beautiful theory, beneath which, oh how far, is our own present, and the present Roman practice.

By the way, you sadly misunderstood my words. I said that I could hardly bear to hear anyone speak either very strongly against our Church, or very strongly for it.

GOD forbid that I should ever presume to despise a day of small things. I am full of hope and cheerfulness for our Church. With hard-working parish priests—even though like you, they may, in my judgment, be mistaken on some points, and want decision on others—we must come right.

Draw up any formula you will of confidence in our Church, and expectation that the glory of the second house will exceed the glory of the first, and I will sign it. I have said it, and written it, a hundred times.

You hardly seem to me to be able to put yourself into the position of Romanizers among ourselves. I am persuaded that a book, written in the spirit of the "Virgin Saints" would be just the thing which might allure them to stay, and that not a syllable in it could tempt anyone to go. I wish, as a favour to me, you would read the lives of S. Etheldreda, S. Opportuna, and the Conclusion.

In thinking of those who are working to the same end as ourselves, I reckon you as one, and by no means the least. You are far happier than we, in two respects:—

1. That you are evidently where you have a call to be. We may be mistaking our own fancies for a call to work.

2. That you are working in a place and manner where you are not tempted to have any thoughts of self, whereas we, who work more in the sight of men, are the more in danger of that, and consequently having our reward here. I do not think that anything I said on the subject of the Intercession of S. Mary need have caused you pain. Intercession of S. Mary. Why should you blame me for finding comfort in the doctrine, more than I do you for rejecting it? Our Church says nothing one way or the other.

To B. W.

1st Sunday in Lent, 1846. Reigate.

As you have now brought the question to a crisis, by proposing to add Hope to the proprietors of the *Ecclesiologist* to-morrow, I may as well explain to you why I cannot consent that he should be added at present. Every day I see more and more clearly, at our last meeting most clearly of all, how thoroughly opposed he is to that dogmatic spirit which I consider to be the life and soul of the *Ecclesiologist* and of the C.C.S. I am sure he believes A protest against a compromising spirit. himself to be actuated by principle only. But I feel it to be impossible for a man, unless he lives a truly ascetic life, to move in the rank in which he moves, and to mix with high life, without being infected with the miserable compromising spirit of the day. Dickinson is another instance. Some day we shall, *ὁ μὴ γένοιτο*, receive some serious harm from those two men: though two better men do not exist. Now, I cannot consent to have an element of compromise introduced into the *Ecclesiologist*. *Pace tua*, you are not wholly free from fault in that way: I am sure that you would not, a year ago, have objected to the *mixture* in last number, nor answer, as you have done the Altar question in this. You will say that I am setting up myself as freer from the fear of man than you and Hope are. Simply perhaps because I live so much out of society: you yourself were freer from it when you did. And after all, the thing is more constitutional than moral. You will remind me that two months ago, I myself proposed Hope. I did so: but

then I did not, in the first place, know how inveterate was his spirit of compromise, and in the second, would have done it as the less of two evils. If you have mentioned this to Hope, tell him now that you are most willing to add him, but that the fault is mine. He must give me credit for meaning well.

To B. W.

S. Mark (April 25th), 1846. Reigate.

I don't know what to say about your amended proposition, except about the musical part, which is by all means to be done. I know very well that we are determined to make Edward VI.'s rubric bring in a Chasuble; the only question is, whether we are ripe for it. For a Vestments. Cope there is no doubt we are. To begin with, a Cope does not preclude, but rather exceedingly helps, getting on to a Chasuble. And I certainly should like that we should be the first to introduce the Cope. Another objection to a Chasuble at first is, who is to provide a suit of vestments? and another, by what authority can we pretend to maniples, if the thing came in question? Cope. A Chasuble involves a Cope; I still think it would be better to begin with that. Nevertheless, my dear Cousin,

"I, as a child, will go by thy direction."

All I bargain for is that, whatever we do be done as soon as may be. S. James' Day, if you prefer it; but not later than that. The chanters may as easily be forthcoming soon as late. The great use of a Cope is, it strikes me, to accustom our people to coloured vestments; once do that, and do it on such irrefragible Anglican grounds as we have, and the Chasuble follows without a difficulty.

Boyce is going to have Godalming.

CHAPTER VIII

1846-48

SACKVILLE COLLEGE—ISLE OF MAN—ORKNEYS

. . . We too are beginning a dangerous journey,
Dangerous and painful besides ; but the bright Home rises before us.

ON their return from Madeira Mr. and Mrs. Neale stayed at Reigate and Redhill, his mother being settled in that neighbourhood. Their only son was born on Good Friday, 1846, at Reigate, and in the following May J. M. Neale was appointed Warden of Sackville College. The following letter contains the first mention of the place which was his home for twenty years, and the only piece of preferment offered him in England.

To B. W.

The Epiphany, 1846. Reigate.

I must tell you that I have a likelihood of getting a little piece of "preferment," such as it is ; but it would suit me. It is the Wardenship of *Sackville College*, East Grinstead—a Caroline foundation with Chapel and Refectory, wretchedly out of order, but capable (I hear) of great things. The Warden's house is in the College, the value £28. It is in the gift of the De la Warrs, and was first offered to Anderson. Such a thing might quite realize one's dreams of S. Cross. The foundation is for twenty-four men.

There were twelve pensioners and about as many probationers, the majority of them old women.

To B. W.

May 22nd, 1846. Sackville College.

We are now fairly in: my wife having come this afternoon. Everything, of course, has to be arranged, and there is confusion from morn till night. I set up an Altar yesterday, and have a very decent Litany desk, out of the ruins of a stall. The more I see of the people, the more I like them. . . . Agnes is delighted with the College, as she well may be. My study looks respectable; there are seven hundred volumes up in it. Our dinners cannot begin till Whitsunday. The intense trouble of my kitchen restorations to that end, nobody can tell.

To B. W.

May 25th, 1846. The College.

. . . We have had a somewhat serious misfortune. The box containing all our plate was stolen from the waggon that brought our things here. Among it was your Chalice and Paten. I have written to Butterfield for another, which of course is yours; but I hope you will continue to lend it me a little while, for I know not how to pay for two at present.

If there is a set now unemployed that I could have till the other is finished, it would be a great convenience; without it I cannot celebrate on Whit-Monday and Tuesday.

To B. W.

Undated. 1846.

Camdenic
congratu-
lations.

. . . I have hardly told you how sincerely I congratulate you on your engagement, and am almost afraid lest you should think that I care about it infinitely less than I do. I feel so sure that Miss Mill and yourself are calculated to make each other happy, and I think all your friends may congratulate not only you, but themselves, and (which is much more than either) their common cause, that you have cast your lot with one who will be a help, and not a hindrance to it. . . . In short (to speak metaphorically), the whole thing, both idea and details, is the finest Middle Pointed; and I know not anything that has pleased me better for a long time.

To B. W.

June 8th, 1846. Sackville College.

Now that, as I hope, I have broken the neck of our "Hints," I must write about the way of publication. Who is to take this? I should propose that it be called "A Handbook of English Ecclesiology"; and should now be advertised as such.¹ I think our way of proceeding as to correction will be this: the printer sends me a proof; I correct it, and forward it to you, you to Hope, he to Dickinson, Dickinson to me. If you three are against me, the passage is altered; if Hope and Dickinson are against me, you settle the dispute; if you and I disagree, we will settle it ourselves; for we will have no arbiters. This involves the publication of it by the Society at its own risk, because the corrections will probably be very expensive. But money in this case is not the great object—reputation is. We must do something to show that we are still working. Now, shall I take the arrangement of publication, or will you? I should propose that it be the same size and type as the "Triumphs of the Cross." It will then be rather a larger book, perhaps 250 pages. I wish you would write—

- (1) of the vestments of Altars;
- (2) of returned stalls,

for I do not know enough.

To B. W.

July 8th, 1846. Sackville College.

Hope's paper certainly will not do, so far as respects the marriage of Priests. It is a subject open, I take it, Marriage
of Priests. to enquiry, whether a Priest's wife has in our Church as in the Eastern any distinctly Ecclesiastical character; anyhow, the matter is not to be disposed of so summarily.

To-day I have set up the stone *mensa*: for the first time, vested in green. We got the red first, and so have hitherto been of necessity incorrect.

¹ See *Christian Remembrancer*, xiv. 452.

To B. W.

S. Lawrence (August 10th), 1846. Sackville College.

One of the most wonderful Ecclesiologists that I ever saw is now staying with us. It is Hayle, of Leeds, whose name you know. I think he knows more facts than Sir S. Glynne; and he has them all arranged, so as to be able to pour forth a flood of learning on any given subject. I know not that I ever learnt so much from any one man in the same time. He has particularly studied Lychnoscopes, and has come to some odd conclusions upon them, and has the most amazing series of examples possible. He is to write four short letters to the *Ecclesiologist* on them.¹

1. On single lychnoscopes. 2. On double. 3. On hagioscopes as taken in connection with lychnoscopes. 4. On some remarkable complications of piscine with lychnoscopes. He holds that hagioscopes and lychnoscopes are one and the same thing: that they may have been symbolical also, but were in the first instance connected with confession: that *pæde* windows certainly are common, and possibly to be explained as I have done: that double lychnoscopes on the same side (of which he has examples) are no objections to the *vulne* theory, because of the tradition that Our LORD'S side was twice struck. He also has a most valuable collection of Sacristies, which he is to let us have. He is going out to Australia, to found a College: for which he partly has the money, and partly knows how to raise it. I much wish you had been here. Hayle has a curious theory that the best Fonts, like the best Chalices, are Hexagonal. He seems to have paid attention exactly to the subjects that most interest us, as post-Reformation Churches. He thinks that in late Pointed lychnoscopes did not cease, but were transferred into the porches, of which he has some odd instances.

Lychnoscopes and hagioscopes.

To B. W.

S. Matthew (Sept. 21st), 1846. S. College.

A half absurd and half vexatious thing happened to-day. Just before dinner, a tall priest comes into the

¹ See *Ecclesiologist*, v. 164, 187; vi. 65-75; vii. 101-141; viii. 166-171, 288; ix. 113, 187, 252, 348-352; xi. 92-95; xiii. 215-219.

College, and goes into the Chapel. After staying there some little time, he comes out, and asks our cook, "Is this a Protestant or a Popish College?" She made answer that it was Sackville College. This not satisfying him, he demanded to see me: I, not knowing what had happened, went down, but happened not to have a cassock on. "Is this a Roman Catholick College?" "Certainly not: why should you think so?" "Why, sir, your chapel: I saw a Roman Catholick Prayer-book in it." (I had unfortunately left a Breviary there.) I explained to him that we were not Romanists. "Are you Church of England?" "Yes: did you not notice a Bible and Prayer-book?" "Well, I did: but the whole look of the Chapel is Popish." "Is it?" quoth I; "I never saw one like it." "I have been much abroad, and it has just the same effect." After more of the same kind, "You are under licence from Winchester?" "Chichester is our Diocese." "O! If I were Bishop," and he smiled, "I would be down upon you at once." And so we parted in a very friendly manner. But I should not wonder if he were to make mischief.

This foreboding was realized, as this chance visit led to J. M. Neale's inhibition by the Bishop of Chichester.

To B. W.

Nov. 24th, 1846. Sackville College.

I have had a visitor here in the person of Tiernay, the Duke of Norfolk's Chaplain. He of course went over the Chapel, and I was much amused with his remarks. He exclaimed against the superfrontal *in toto*—that there ought to be nothing but linen, etc. He is quite one of the old school: and would have exclaimed against a stone Altar, had he dared. He has never seen any of the new Churches, and is therefore worth knowing as a specimen of what Rome was here some forty years ago. I dine with him to-day.

Nov. 27th.

On Wednesday morning I went up with Tiernay to town: and had a great deal of interesting talk with him. He

is much opposed to the Jesuits: and believes that, but for them, we should now have been in Communion with Rome. He spoke very openly, and I like him much. The "Crusades," Burns tells me, are liked.

To B. W.

Dec. 12th, 1846. Sackville College.

Objections
to Articles
on Foreign
Churches
in *Ecclesi-
ologist*.

Schools.

I have grieved, as you know, in almost every number of the *Ecclesiologist* at the enormous space devoted to foreign art. It is this which is cutting down our influence, diminishing the number of our subscribers, and turning us from a first-rate practical, into a third-rate Archaeological Magazine. Do you really suppose that nine-tenths of our subscribers care one straw for our foreign matter? or that a country Priest, wanting real practical information, will endure to be put off with Cologne and Paris? On looking at the proofs of this number, I find the new year is to open with a long and tedious paper on S. Denys: and that is followed by a ditto on Cologne. Now, if you cannot see the mischief of this, I do ask you as a personal favour to me to postpone one at least (and would that you could both) of these papers: and above all things not to let them stand first. Now, I will send you, on Sunday night, a paper on *Schools*,¹ just the thing that our country subscribers want, intended to open the volume; and I do trust and hope you will place it there. It will be at great inconvenience to myself that I send it off, and (if I want any other argument) I have never yet opened a volume. I shall not write to Hope: for to make him see where the strength of the *Ecclesiologist* lies would be impossible. But you can do that as well as I can: therefore be you one of those

"Who know what's right—not only so,
But always practise what they know."

Or else I shall have to sing

"How long, ye stupid fools, how long——"

To B. W. O Adonai (Dec. 17th), 1846. Sackville College.

I set up the Great Rood in the Chapel to-day. It is of oak, floriated for the Evang: Symbols, which are to be

¹ See *Christian Remembrancer*, xiv. 143-177.

emblazoned after Christmas : it is hardly worth while before, on account of the holly. It stands about twelve feet from the ground, and seems to hit the right height. Litany intervening, the men stayed to it. Just as the Cross was raised for the first time, the door opened, and in walked a Protestant clergyman. His disgust rendered him speechless for some time. Then he burst forth.

“It would have moved a Christian’s bowels
To hear the doubts he stated ;
But the carpenters did
As they were bid,
And worked the whilst he prated.”

I have a seventh candle, brought out in a bracket under the Cross to light the reader.

One of my people the day before yesterday was complaining that another had gone out of College just before Matins. “I told her that there were prayers at nine, and Litany at eleven, and prayers at three, and sermon at six—and she would not stop.” A species of logic which probably did not commend itself much to the recusant.

To B. W.

Christmas Day, 1846. Sackville College.

I would have given a great deal that you could have been here last night. The Chapel looks so delightful with the holly, yew, and laurel. After prayers, I delivered them a discourse, mostly from S. Leo, *Quia hodie, Deo favente*, etc., and then we came into the Hall. That also looks well, and so it ought, for it took Master Weller and me the best part of a day to manage. We have the high table placed before the fire—now, you must remember, all encaustic tiled, and thick with laurel above. My wife sat at one end, I at the other ; then we had mince pies, and bread and cheese, and the old folks grew quite merry, those that sat in the chimney corners gradually becoming *gules* veined *purpure*, through extremity of heat. After supper, we moved away the table, gathered round the fire, had a glass of wine, and drank “the pious memory of our founder.” This morning, as I was consecrating (for those that could

First
Christmas
at the
College.

not go to Church), I heard the door open, and some fellows come in. "Hallo!" says one gruff voice, "what's all this?" (as indeed a Protestant might not unreasonably say). However, they withdrew. You cannot tell the beautiful effect of returning to the Chapel after having taken the Blessed Sacrament out.

To-day I had fully intended to help Nevill, but it is so bitterly cold that I dared not sit so long without a respirator. Hall is a goodly sight; and the kitchen and larder, with two great pieces of beef, seven plum puddings, mince pies, etc., a goodlier. You know the only person who has merit in this is my wife, for the trouble she takes is great; and she has not learnt fully yet, that being occupied in a corporal work of mercy is a better preparation for such a time as this, than any "Week's preparation" that ever was or will be written.

One of my people said yesterday, about coming to Chapel, "Well, sir, I wish to oblige you—and I'm sure I wish to oblige GOD Almighty whenever I can." To do myself justice, she has not been in six weeks.¹ Mrs. Alcock, here (whom I have told you of before), comes nearer to a saint, I do think, than any poor person I ever knew.

This Mrs. Alcock, so highly eulogized by my father, was quite a feature in the College. She had had no education to speak of, but she learned to read after she was fifty, and her shrill voice was very distinct in the Chapel services. She had her own little peculiarities in reading, such as the "damsels playing with the *thimbles*," the "Communknit of Saints," a word which perhaps suggested to her, as it did to my childish mind, the Collect for All Saints' Day. It was Mrs. Alcock, too, who was always prominent when the old people dined with the Warden and his family in the Hall on high-days and holidays,—saying the "Sir, pray for a blessing," which was part of the form of Grace used on those occasions. And after dinner or supper was over it was she, who, as spokeswoman for the old people, proposed the toast, always in the same words, "Well, sir, here's your good health and all the family's:—

¹ In the College.

' Long may you live,
Happy may you be,
From misfortune free,
And blest with eternitee.' "

Another reminiscence is of her on her sick-bed (probably in her last illness, which was very lingering). My father called me to go with him to visit her, and to act as his little clerk by saying the responses. I accompanied him in mingled pride and trepidation. But after all, he only read a prayer and a verse or two, and explained to me afterwards that he found her too ill for more than that. I remember his repeating to her clearly and slowly the words which he reminded her she knew so well: "O Lord, in Thee *have* I trusted; let me never be confounded." And with those words he left her.

Troublous times were beginning early in 1847.

To B. W. S. Agatha (Feb. 5th), 1847. Sackville College.

One Hutton, an Evangelical preacher, at Sydenham, has taken the great house at Felbridge. We called on him, and he was out; but when he returned the call, he turned out to be the Priest who asked, "Is this a Protestant or a Popish College?" and also he that came into the Chapel when the great Rood was set up. He told me, without any circumlocution, that he should write to the Bishop, desiring him to have the Rood removed. I represented to him what a monstrous thing it would be, even supposing this College not to be exempt, because Hutton is neither in our parish, *nor* Diocese. "Every Protestant," he said, "is bound to strive for the truth," etc., and he will do it, and at once. (He has already done mischief in another way.) I, of course, told Nevill; and he finds himself in great perplexity.

To B. W.

S. Margaret (July 20th), 1847, 1 a.m. Sackville College.

. . . We have got into a battle with the managers of the *soi-disant* national school here, who would not receive my wife's subscription to it, because she is a Puseyite.

I am perfectly fascinated with the investigation of

Oriental Liturgies. I must say, we have chosen the most interesting line of study that a man can take.

You will now see that you were unjust to me in imagining that I was going to leave the *Ecclesiologist* for the *Ecclesiastic*. My sole reason for not wishing the North-umberland paper to go in the former was that I do not think it so suitable. It is true, I do think the *Ecclesiologist* a sinking ship. But certainly, while it swims, I shall not desert it. As you say, it undoubtedly *might* recover all that it has lost, but till you go on another tack it never will.

To B. W.

Sept. 9th, 1847. Sackville College.

Scheme for
uniting
Christian
Remem-
brancer
and
*Ecclesi-
ologist*.

I have written to Hope that I quite approve of the proposed amalgamation. [This was a scheme for uniting the *Christian Remembrancer* with the *Ecclesiologist*.] I see sundry advantages thence resulting, *quae nunc praescribere longum est*. I send you a copy of a letter to Burns. Masters takes that off his hands, which may save me some trouble. There are great difficulties in the way of the junction of *Ecclesiologist* and *Christian Remembrancer*. But it is a great thing to march out of an untenable place with the honours of war. And I see a possible opening for something like the *Ecclesiologist* which shall supply the want Butterfield and others have so often spoken of. I have thought of getting for the Commemoration these: Mill, Monro, McLeod, Webb, Neale, Chamberlain, Scott, Wheeler, Weguelin, J. F. Russell, and Butterfield.

To J. BURNS.

DEAR SIR,

To Burns,
re "Du-
chenier."

Under the unhappy circumstances consequent on your late secession, it would probably be equally unpleasant to both of us longer to stand in the relations which we have hitherto borne to each other.

You have a tale of mine on the Vendean rising. If you are willing to send this to Mr. Masters, he is ready

to take it off your hands ; and this, I think, would be the best arrangement for all parties. Perhaps you will have the kindness to let me know.

To B. W.

Undated (about Oct. 9th), 1847.

P.S. — I am not a very good person to ask about Gordon, because there are so very few books that I have found of the slightest use.¹ In religious matters I have taught Agnes almost exclusively by pictures, of the dearth of which I complain greatly. The best stories I know are Mrs. Myrtle's "Stories of the Seasons" and "Stories of Country Life," published by Cundall, in four volumes. They are nominally for children of five or six ; but Agnes understands them perfectly. As to Burns' fairy tales, I don't find that she can understand them. If Gordon wants prayers, etc., his answer is easy : there are none that can by possibility serve. There is a story which Agnes likes, "Agnes and Clement," of Burns. For children rather younger, I think the "Two Cousins" (Burns) is the best and easiest thing that has been written. A child two years old would understand it with a little pains. Agnes took exceedingly to B.'s "Nursery Rhymes" : one does not much like the theory, but certainly the practice seems to answer.

He collected such pictures as he could find of Scripture subjects or the lives of the Saints, and many of these he pasted into Sunday scrapbooks for his children.

A letter to his little girl follows ; it is only one out of a great many, and shows how early he began to teach her : she was not quite four.

MY DEAR LITTLE AGNES,

Papa is writing to you on Sunday. This Sunday is called by a very odd name, Rogation Sunday,—^{Letter to a child.} and when you get this letter it will be Rogation Monday. Now I will tell you why it is called so. Rogation Sunday means *Asking* Sunday. You know next Thursday is Holy Thursday, when our LORD went up into Heaven. But before He went up, He said to the Apostles, "Whatever

¹ See "Children's Books," *Christian Remembrancer*, xiv. 231-289.

you ask Me for, when I am gone up into Heaven, I will do it for you." So now we keep these days because He said so. And Rogation Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday are rather sad days ; then Holy Thursday is a very happy day.

I hope you had your little doll safely this morning.

Papa is very sorry to hear about little Edith.

When you pray to GOD to make her well again, you must remember what our LORD said about *asking* Him ; and the more faith we have in Him—you know what that means—the more we believe He will do what He says, the more He will hear us. Good-bye, my little pet. Kiss little Muffie and little sister for me.

YOUR DEAR PAPA.

To B. W.

Martinmas Eve (Nov. 10th), 1847. Sackville College.

As you say, I have a great number of adventures. I had thought to tell you of my midnight proceedings on Saturday night under Hascombe Hill, when I ran a chance of being robbed, and my antagonist fell into the canal : but I have had one of a different sort to-night. After chapel the enclosed note was brought to me ; I, of course, could only answer that he might come, resolving to leave Lloyd to enter on controversial matters, if he thought fit. He came ; and guess his controversial topic ! Liturgies generally ; Greek Liturgies particularly. I laughed in my sleeve. "I really did not know this," quoth he : "that is a remarkable assertion," etc. "Shall I stick to the Church ?" Was it not odd ? He knows Paley : and I presume came to convert me. *Non tali auxilio*. After he went, I read some Wordsworth to Gordon which someone lent me, and disliked it less than I imagined. I am just now writing on Azyms, and find it sufficiently interesting.

P.S.—The Bishop has commenced a suit against me in the Court of Arches : he has not settled the Articles yet.

It won't do : τὸ γὰρ εἶ μετ' ἐμοῦ.

From B. W. to J. M. N.

Dec. 31st, 1847. Park Village East, London.

. . . At Margaret Chapel they have now got up a complete musical Mass :—the Commandments, Epistle, Gospel, Preface, etc., all sung to the ancient music. I wish you would take a day ticket for the Epiphany—which will be the *last* time. I venture to assert that there has been nothing so solemn since the Reformation : and it may *never* be able to be done again. It is quite worth a great effort : and you could be off again at 3.30.

A false
prophecy.

To B. W.

Undated, 1848.

. . . I hope that your wife to-day or to-morrow will have “Duchenier” ; and that you will think the plot better than mine generally are : also that you will like the night attack on Nantes, and Robespierre’s trial, because I do rather myself.

To B. W.

S. in Octave of the Ascension, 1848. Sackville College.

“Why, sir,” says one of the sisters,¹ “prayers ought to be read daily—it says so in the Prayer-book—in church, chapel, or *channel* !” Lord D. insisted the day before on their producing the charter, and they laughed at him. It ordains double *daily* service.

They sang two Psalms this afternoon in Church.

1. The *De Profundis*—ending every verse with Hallelujah :—

Hymns
sung in the
Church
at E. Grin-
stead.

“From lowest depths of woe
To GOD I sent my cry,
LORD, hear my supplicating voice,
And graciously reply—Hallelujah !”

2. Psalm 8, *ending* thus—

“When heaven, thy beauteous work on high
Employs my wond’ring sight,
The moon that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light,”

The End.

¹ *i.e.* College pensioners.

J. M. Neale was at this time planning a tour in France. His friend wrote to expostulate with him, alleging with truth the dangerous state of the country. The riots in Paris, it will be remembered, culminated in the martyrdom of the saintly Archbishop, who went out to meet the mob with words of peace. This happened on the 25th of June. Four days later, on S. Peter's Day, S. Augustine's College, Canterbury, was consecrated. These two events, so different, yet both so inspiring, were commemorated by J. M. Neale in verse,¹ the one beginning—

“A day of cloud and darkness, a day of wrath and woe,”—
the other—

“’Tis the Vigil of S. Peter—but the Vesper bell is still.”

From B. W. to J. M. N. June 10th, 1848. Park Village East.

. . . What a goose you must be to think of going to France now! I hope you will come back, stripped of your money by some commissaire, minus some dozen teeth, with a broken leg, smashed spectacles, beer-desiring, and—wiser!

To B. W. Whit Sunday, 1848. Sackville College.

. . . I wonder as much at your going to S. Augustine's as you can at my going to France, and with rather better cause.

Condition
of France,
June, 1848.

How you can go to see what might be such a magnificent ceremony so completely thrown away, and to Genevanize, puzzles me. I would as lief go to hear the Hallelujah Chorus done on a barrel-organ. On Wednesday I shall, all well, be coming with the others from Godalming to Croydon, and therefore shall not be in Town. These committees, too, are rather like Tom helping John to do nothing. It is too bad of Scott not to review that book (“Eastern Church”)² and for such a silly reason. A readable paper may be made out of the driest thing ever

¹ Published after his death, in “Sequences and Hymns.”

² The two volumes of the “History of the Holy Eastern Church” that deal with the Patriarchate of Alexandria. Cp. *Christian Remembrancer*, xiv. 219; and xvii. 76-103.

published ; and a paper about Cyril Lucar which would be fair enough would be as interesting as a romance.

And lastly about France. Do you not see how silly you are in shutting your eyes to the fact that France at this time is in a most curious and interesting Church condition ? If *you* can conceive it, your imagination infinitely surpasses mine. Anyhow, I should have wished to go : but now much more so.

The proposed visit to France was, however, abandoned, and instead of it was substituted a tour round the Isle of Man and to the Orkney Islands.

To B. W.

July 5th, 1848. Douglas, Isle of Man.

I would not miss what I have to-day seen for worlds. You know, probably as much as I did, that Man is governed ^{Isle of} by its own laws. You may not know that it has three ^{Man.} estates. The Lieutenant-Governor (= the Queen) ; the Upper House, consisting of the Bishop, Premier Baron, the Archdeacon, the Vicar-General, the Water-Bailiff, the two Deemsters, the Attorney-General, and one or two others—this is the House of Lords ; and the House of Keys, twenty-four in number—corresponding to the House of Commons. The Acts are not binding till promulgated in the open air on Tynwald Mount on Tynwald Day—to-day. This is a conical hill in the centre of the Island, 120 yards West of S. John's Chapel. The whole Island assembled, and the attending prayers, the promulgation of the laws, etc., was the most thoroughly mediaeval thing I ever saw.

To go on where I left off. Yesterday I left Peel, saw Kirk Christ Lezayre, new ; Jurby, new ; Ballaugh, Norwegian Romanesque ; Kirk Michael, new, but with three beautiful crosses, and Bishop Wilson's tomb ; then Peel, with its Cathedral (1245) and Church of S. Patrick, *circ.* 700 (a ruin). Then Kirk Patrick, Kirk German, Kirk Malew, Castleton, the seat of Government, where there is a perfect castle, A.D. 947. To-day, Rushin Abbey (1134), the Tynwald, and home. Now I have completed my tour of the Island.

To B. W.

July 14th, 1848. Kirkwall, Pomona.

The
Orkney
Islands.

I left off at Tain on Wednesday evening. We went on by mail, intending to go forward to Wick; but found a fine Cathedral at Dornoch—fancy *finding* a Cathedral in England—and stopped that night. Next day we walked to Golspie, where we dined: here the Kirk is partly old; then rode to Helmsdale, where we had tea; then walked by night to Berriedale, crossing the Ord of Caithness at a most lovely midnight. Here we were taken up by the mail and came on to Wick. There we got into a dogcart which serves as mail, and to Huna, twenty-one miles, close to John o' Groat's House. Here we crossed the Pentland Firth, in the mail boat, a very dangerous passage, and landed in the South part of South Ronaldsha, close to Lady Kirk. This has nothing old but the walls and foundations and a singular cross, like that at Nigg. We walked across the Island to S. Margaret's Hope, where we dined, and hired a boat, intending to cross to Mainland. But wind failing, we ran between Hunda and Burray, and landed on a desolate point, seven miles from here. We came in a cart. The sun was close on setting—it was just nine o'clock as we came out on the hill over the town—lighting up the glorious contour of its vast Cathedral. I have not of course "taken" it yet: its contour is very unlike English Cathedrals.

It is perhaps externally the most solemn looking of any Church I ever saw. To-morrow we propose to take the S.W. of Pomona, and Hoy; Sunday the rest of Pomona; Monday the northern islands; Tuesday by steamer to Aberdeen.

"Ecclesiological Notes on the Isle of Man and the Orkneys; or, A Summer Pilgrimage to S. Maughold and S. Magnus," was published in 1848 by Masters, and reviewed in *Christian Remembrancer*, xvi. 505, 506, and *Ecclesiologist*, ix. 291-298.

CHAPTER IX

1848-49

SACKVILLE COLLEGE—MONASTERY OF LA GRANDE CHARTREUSE

The incense needs
Must feel the fire, or ere its sweetness lifts
Her trailing cloud of beauty through the air ;
The violet trodden under foot gives out
A more than double fragrance ; and the string
Racked to the full gives forth its sweetest sound.

SACKVILLE COLLEGE proved to be no peaceful leisurely retreat ; his life there was cast in stormy times, and many of his books, liturgical articles, hymns, sermons, were written under outward conditions of strife and persecution which would have hindered a less brave spirit altogether from his work and would have embittered a less loving one.

A few only of the letters written during these harassing troubles are included ; they shew what strong allies he had to his faith and charity in (1) his strong sense of humour, and (2) his versatility and intense interest in so many different subjects. So that a long and humiliating day in court at the trial of a stupid and wicked old woman has for him its compensation,—“taking” two churches on his way to Lewes, “comfortably posting,” and his expenses paid by “the County.”

But yet how keenly he felt the opposition and persecution, which from one quarter or another extended over the greater part of his time at Sackville College, may be seen in a few of his letters, and in some touching lines to his wife inserted here, though written probably in 1858, when they were going through a more than ordinary time of trial. It seems incredible nowadays, but it is a fact, that violent railing abuse formed a part of these troubles—the only part which we, his younger children, were then aware of. To us,

familiar as we were with his stories of the persecutions of the Church, it perhaps seemed to be the natural lot of a Christian, especially as our parents bore it in a quiet matter-of-fact way. When abusive language was shouted at her outside our window, our mother would quietly pull down the blind, and send one of us to practise the piano. In a letter to one of us written by our father from abroad, he says, "I hope Mr. R. won't trouble you whilst we are away, but if he does come up to the College, you must keep out of his way as much as you can."

Here are some of the lines alluded to—

When first we entered on this life
 Twelve years have known us leading,
 Had we foreseen the world of strife
 Through which our course was speeding,
 I marvel if our Hope had failed
 With such a view to fright her,
 To whisper, "Hearts for truth assailed
 Grow better and grow brighter."

They'll take a place, if GOD so will,
 That we have dearly cherished ;
 They'll have the joy of speaking ill
 Of labours that have perished.
 They cannot take our trust in GOD,
 They cannot take affection,
 Nor make the path that we have trod
 Less sweet to recollection.

To B. W. S. Hugh (Nov. 17th), 1848. Sackville College.

Incen-
 diarism.

The disturbances last night reached a climax. There were two incendiary fires the night before. Last night we had an attempt to set the College on fire in *three* different places ; and a man knocked me down in the kitchen, and yet escaped, though we had *five* watchers at the time ! Anonymous letters are now the order of the day ; also pictures of me. This is all part of the same attempt to force us out ; but they have mistaken their man. I sometimes really think they will try a bullet before they have done, and so murder me ; and, as Philip van Artevelde says,—

"... this I know,
 That they *shall* murder me ere make me tread
 The way that is not my way for an inch."

They may as well do it as attempt to murder one's character, though, thank GOD, I am sure neither man nor woman nor child in East Grinstead gives a shadow of credence to their vile letters. Sitting up to four agrees not with writing. I can only do a trifle or so in the day. The night is downright hard work,—up ladder and through belfry, etc.

To B. W.

Sunday noon, Nov. 19th, 1848. Sackville College.

I am writing as poor Martha Burleigh is dying. She, poor creature, never had anything to do with the disturbances: Mrs. Firminger is the troublesome party.

All that you suggest has been done,—at present in vain. Inspector Haines, of F. O'Connor notoriety, was down here the other day; and at this moment we have a detective in the shape of a French Polisher, in the house; which is regularly watched all night and every night. It is a desperate effort to get us out. Lord D. suspects H—— of knowing about it. In the meantime it hinders all business; and now there is no chance of the Ecclesiological paper.

To B. W.

Nov. 28th, 1848. Sackville College.

We are going to start for Lewes at 12: hear briefly why.

On Friday week we caught the old woman, the author of these disturbances; on Tuesday she was had up to Tooke (who had previously said that he could deal with her summarily), and he insisted on committing her; then we had to be bound over. On Saturday I was in town with Lord D. to see Counsel—Creasy of King's. He said that though morally speaking her guilt is certain, the legal proof would fail: that Tooke ought to have been influenced by us and not committed her: that however we must appear: that, in case the Grand Jury find a True Bill, he will not call witnesses. He also said that in case we did convict her, the other counsel would have a grand appeal *ad misericordiam*, the magistrates not knowing the real wickedness of the woman. To Lewes therefore we go: like the King

of France with 40,000 men. However, she will be expelled, and then, I hope, an end. We go comfortably posting, the County paying, of course; and shall see Maresfield and Buxted.

To B. W.

Nov. 29th, 1 p.m., 1848. Lewes.

Trial at
Lewes.

By Lord De la Warr's and Lord Chichester's good management, the Grand Jury found no bill: to my great joy.

The old woman was defended by Counsel who came special from London: which proves both her fears and her money.

From B. W. to J. M. N.

Dec. 8th, 1848. Brasted, Sevenoaks.

The Pope's
flight from
Rome.

What do you think about the Pope? Were there ever such times? Don't you think the Reconciliation may be indefinitely near? Would you sign a memorial to the Pope, now talked of among our High Churchmen, expressive of our wish for re-union?

To B. W.

2nd Sunday in Advent, 1848. S. C.

I was very nearly coming over to you yesterday; and had I been quite sure of the weather, I think I should. I want to talk to you about the Pope; though at present I don't jump with the address. But, as to his mere flight from Rome, I don't think so much of that.

Effect of
Byzantine
ritual.

I am now hard at work on my sketch of "Oriental Ecclesiology," which will be the first three or four chapters of the second book of my Introduction, and which I have left till nearly last. I wish you could write something for me about the effect that Byzantine *ritual* produced on Italian arrangements. There is nothing of this in your book, nor in Lord Lindsay's; *e.g.* are there anywhere traces of a Chapel of Prothesis, especially in Milan, where the Offertory

is actually used, at least in the Cathedral, or of the Gynaeconitis?¹ I divide mine, nearly as Couchaud² does, but I think a little more exactly.³

1. Byzantine, Constantine to 537.

2. Byzantine 537-1003 (the foundation of the Cathedral of Cutais in Abkhasia (Georgia)).⁴

3. Byzantine 1003 to 1453. To which I add

4. Debased { Tartaric, 1560-1680.
Classical.

You have no idea of the intense difficulty of opening a thing like this, where there is absolutely no guide.

If you had to distinguish between Eastern and Western Ecclesiology, in the most general way, can you add heads to these?

1. The arrangement in the East refers more to the Liturgy only, less to other offices: in the West, *vice versa*. Eastern and Western Ecclesiology compared.

2. In East, Chancel and Nave are confounded; Sanctuary quite distinct. In West, Sanctuary and Chancel, Nave quite distinct.

3. The East presupposes one Altar; and therefore ignores Chapels, and depresses aisles.

4. A perfect Eastern Church must be Cruciform. A perfect Western one need not.

5. The retention of the Narthex.

6. The Prothesis; and tri-apsidal end.

7. The Separation of sexes.

You will see my Liturgies advertised next *Guardian*, all well (*Tetralogia Liturgica*, Leslie).

The story of Bishop Gilbert's Inhibition of the Warden of Sackville College has been so fully related in the "Memoir" by Mrs. Charles Towle, that one letter only on the subject need be included here.

¹ Women's gallery, *Ecclesiologist*, xiii. 139. On the Rood-screen and Iconostasis, *Ecclesiologist*, xiv. 8-13.

² "Choix d'Eglises Byzantines en Grece." Paris, 1842.

³ General Introduction, vol. i. p. 172. |

⁴ Dubois de Montpereux, "Voyage autour du Caucase." Geneva, 1840.

To the BISHOP OF CHICHESTER.

March 26th, 1849. Sackville College.

MY LORD,

Request
to the
Bishop to
withdraw
suspension.

Holy Week now drawing on, a time in which, above all others, the poor people here have been accustomed to prayers and instructions, from which this year they will be debarred, I am induced to make one more appeal to your Lordship for them and for myself.

If in anything that I may before have written, I may either have inadvertently said what has given your Lordship offence—or if I have been carried away by what seemed to me the necessity and the hardship of the case, to say more than I intended, or more than I ought, I earnestly hope that your Lordship will forgive it. I should be unworthy to be a Priest in our Church did I not severely feel the deprivation of the power of acting as one where I am placed: and, what I feel strongly, I may possibly have expressed too strongly. Your Lordship will, I am sure, and more especially at this time, forgive me if such has been the case: but above all things will not visit that fault of mine upon those amongst whom I am.

Every offer that I could imagine your Lordship could even wish, has been by Lord De la Warr and myself already made. I have nothing more in that respect which I can do. I can but say again, that every arrangement of which your Lordship might disapprove should—so far as I am concerned—be altered. I can but again protest that there is no one, in the whole Church of England, more faithful to her than I am: no one to whom it would be more impossible to desert her for Rome. Why am I not to be believed when I assert this? which I do most strongly, and as in the presence of GOD. I may safely challenge anyone to shew a single passage I have ever written which looks Romewards; while I can point to many and many intended to satisfy the doubting as to the claims of the English Church. Your Lordship will allow that the *Dublin Review* ought to be a good judge of what has a tendency to Rome. In reviewing the first

two volumes of my "History of the Eastern Church," they say, of one account:—"It can only be explained on the hypothesis of strong prepossessions against Rome." And of another, that "it presents more decided indications of a partizan spirit, and a greater leaning to the anti-Roman side than any other portion of these volumes"; and so through the whole review, which is of some thirty pages.

My Lord, all we ask is, that the suspension may be withdrawn as far as regards the College. We ask for no formal removal, only for a tacit allowance. I have neither time, strength, nor wish (except so far as the removal of a mark of disapprobation must necessarily be pleasing), to officiate elsewhere in the diocese. But in this place, to be able to officiate, there is nothing right, nothing allowable, that I would not say and do—no trouble that I would not willingly take. Your Lordship speaks of interference in another man's parish. Surely, if the Vicar does not feel the intrusion, there can be none. I am now taking the very lowest grounds, and I am very much mistaken if—did the decision rest with him—it would not be in my favour. Nothing is further from my wish than to interfere with him; as he, I am sure, would be the first to confess. When he has been willing to accept my services he has had them, and shall have them.

In conclusion, I would entreat your Lordship to reconsider a case which you owned to Lord De la Warr "seemed a hard one." I appeal to your Lordship's generosity, because the power is entirely on your side: to your Lordship's sense of justice, because a year's suspension is considered sufficient punishment for very flagrant offences: to your Lordship's dealings in similar cases, for few clergymen coming for institution could produce higher testimonials than those which Lord De la Warr submitted to you: and lastly, if your Lordship has felt hurt, or has been injured, either by the lawsuit or by any behaviour of mine—to your remembrance of Him Who at this time set us an example of forgiving: and on all these grounds I ask your Lordship, as earnestly as a man ever asked anything, to allow me, on what conditions

you please, to officiate in this place (I say nothing of the diocese in general), it being clearly in your Lordship's power at any moment to withdraw that permission, and to restore the present state of things.

I remain, my Lord,

Your Lordship's obedient and faithful Servant,

J. M. NEALE.

This request was refused by the Bishop.

In his "Evenings at Sackville College," J. M. Neale relates the story of the "Burial of Raymond," that awesome legend which he had in mind during a visit to the Grande Chartreuse, an account of which follows. The place made a very strong impression on him; the Carthusian cross and motto, "Stat Crux dum volvitur Orbis," were adopted by the S. Margaret's Sisterhood, and were used till 1895, when "Per angusta ad augusta" (the motto over his study door) was substituted.

To Mrs. NEALE.

Whitsun Eve, 1849.

Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse, Dauphine.

Visit to La
Grande
Chartreuse.

It seems to me like a dream that I am really in this place, which I have so long thought of, and so much wished to see. It surpasses all my expectations in every way. To tell you all about it would be quite out of the question in a letter. Here I have my own cell, with nothing in it but a bed, a crucifix, a picture of S. Philip, a prayer-desk, and a washstand and basin.

Now I am sitting in the room for strangers of the French nation (there is none for English): but I neither have nor shall have any companions. It is a large, rather low room with several writing-tables, a wood fire, which I am trying to coax up, a wooden flat roof, a stone floor. The loneliness is quite dreadful. At six they will bring my supper—bread, wine, and salad: then at eleven I take a candle and go to church for Matins, but I shall see and speak to no one till to-morrow, all well.

The place being so high, almost as high as any mountain in Scotland, higher than any in England, is dreadfully

cold at night. The heaps of snow are not yet melted in the Court. But from being in a hole, as it were, though so high, it is equally hot in the day. I don't know how I shall like this room at night when it is time for candles.

A great crucifix is set up opposite the table.

Two only of the Fathers can be spoken to: one is really the perfection of Christian courtesy, the other a little rough. There are thirty-three Fathers, who wear white, seventy-eight Brothers, who wear purple, and some novices, who wear black.

I have heard High Mass and the First Vespers of the Festival: they have several rites of their own. The chanting is very good but excessively slow. They wear no linen, and are only shaved twice a month. They keep up all the old rigour; and it seems so odd to see a Priest cooking one's dinner.

I wrote to my mother from Vienne. I came away in the evening, and travelled all night, catching my first view of the snowy Alps as they look in the sunset. I got to a place called Voiron this morning at four, walked ten miles, to St. Laurence au Pont, which I reached at seven, and then came on a mule line. The scenery is finer than anything I have seen, except the finest parts of Madeira. To-morrow, after High Mass at five a.m., I hope to get down to Grenoble, six hours' walk. (Here is a Frenchman come in, for a wonder, but I had much sooner have been without him.)

Having now done my great thing and seen this place, I am very anxious to be at home. I daresay, however, that you will hear of me again. I have now spent £15 10s. and have £16 10s. to spend, so it is time to be looking back if only for that.

Our worthy Priest, Father Charles, is decanting the wine. They make a very good liqueur here, of which I will bring you some home if I can. Now he is cleaning the cruets,—I would not have missed this place for anything, it is worth four Avignons, and so seldom visited by English. I have some drawings of it.

Whitsunday Morning.

I have just come in from High Mass. The Matins last night was about the most solemn thing I ever saw—parts said all but in the dark. Being Sunday I did not hear the Matins for the Dead, which in this Order are said every other day. Several other people were at the beginning of Matins, but the intense cold drove them away soon. You may guess how cold it was. I did not undress, and wore my great coat too, and so lay rolled up in the blankets and slept like a dormouse. Now it is breakfast, of which I am very glad. Afterwards I shall get down to Grenoble.

To B. W.

July 30th, 1849. Sackville College.

Proposed
Mission to
Orkney.

The Bishop of Brechin proposes to establish a Mission in Orkney, where at present there are only about four professing Churchmen. He is anxious to establish one priest at Kirkwall or Stromness; and wished me to accompany him for six weeks or so, to start the Mission. There have been various difficulties, but they seem nearly got over; and if the stationary priest can be found in due time, we shall probably commence operations this autumn. I had a great deal of conversation with him on the subject, and I think that if the Scotch can be converted, the attempt is now going to be made in the right way. He wishes for three deacons as school-masters; whom he would ordain expressly from that rank of people, if they offered. As soon as there were ten clergy, a Bishop would be appointed; and in the meantime, the head priest would be appointed Archdeacon of Kirkwall. I shall probably hear more about this, as soon as the Diocesan Synod of Brechin is over, which begins on Wednesday. In the meanwhile, the Bishop has given the business here into my charge. I have been at work on my article on Hymns for the next *Christian Remembrancer*,¹ which is sufficiently long, and I hope amusing: but it will not please you.

This scheme of Bishop Forbes' was not carried out. But

¹ See *Christian Remembrancer*, xviii. 302-343.

it is an interesting fact that in that same place, Kirkwall, where J. M. Neale hoped to be a pioneer in extending the Scotch Episcopal Church, his son-in-law, Mr. Sutherland Graeme, was mainly instrumental in that very cause, and that now in the Islands some one hundred Communicants testify to the hold episcopacy has there. It is noteworthy, too, that where J. M. Neale landed in 1848 when touring in the Orkneys, there is now in that very parish (S. Mary's, Holm) a chapel with the double dedication of SS. Margaret of Scotland and Antioch, and that the Altar of this little chapel has been frequently served by one of his grandsons.

Decoll. S. John Bapt. (Aug. 29th), '49.

MY DEAR WEBB,

Your letter is rather tantalising to my curiosity, because the proof of "Si" is sent away for a revise: so that I cannot at present understand your remarks.¹ As to your last, I followed them, I think all, except about "Consecration." And if I had made that alteration, I do not see how it should have manifested itself in present sheet. But you (ask) why I did not. 1. Because I excessively dislike, if one means a thing, not saying it. If I intend to assert that the Bread and Wine are changed, I don't like saying they are consecrated. 2. Because *ἡγιασμένους* is, in a manner, applied technically to another kind of Sanctification, one naturally thinks of the *ἀκολουθία τοῦ μεγάλου Ἀγιασμοῦ*, where the *ἁγιασμός* is so very different. And if you quote the Liturgy, *τῶν προηγιασμένων*, the word there is used in a kind of technical sense, is liable to no mistake, and after all hardly refers so much to "consecration" as to the being hallowed by being dedicated to God. It could *e.g.* be perfectly right to speak of the Bread and Wine after the Great Entrance as *ἡγιασμένους*. 3. I should grievously offend—and with cause—my worthy Russian friends, if I speak waveringly about that which I hold firmly. I don't mean the Emperor, whom I don't care a button about, but men like Philaret of Moscow, and Mouravieff, and Archimandrite Macarius, who know all that paper, or will know it.

¹ Chapter V., General Introduction to "History of the Holy Eastern Church," i. 463-526.

“496, note O.” I can’t remember having used the word *ὑπόστασις* (I wish you would accent your Greek). But still less do I understand your note. You say, “*ὑπόστασις* is substance, not *οὐσία*.” Of course, since the 5th century—

ὑπόστασις = person = *πρόσωπον*,
and *οὐσία* = nature = substance.

Of course I know very well that the third and fourth centuries made *ὑπόστασις* = *οὐσία*. S. John Damascene calls you a Jacobite: “Qui ergo non distinguat inter *naturam* et *hypostasin* ita veritati dat operam, ut inter Jacobitas et ipsum nihil subdiscernem.” Pray explain what you mean.

I have had a curious correspondence with Popoff about Transubstantiation. I send you his last letter—which return. I confess, it seems to me nonsense to say, We believe in *μετουσίωσις*, but we say nothing of the *modus*; and we use the word in a sense of our own, quite distinct from the Latin meaning. And the Slavonic, *Presushchestvlenie*,¹ is almost stronger, and means—were there such a word—transapparentiation. I quite agree with what you say about my not going to the root of the matter about the Benediction after the form. But I thought even what I did say a sufficient answer to Renaudot.

Which reminds me: I have no books here touching on marriage. I wish you would look and see whether what I have said about the form of that be true—for I only wrote from memory. There will be plenty of time—even if you don’t send an answer till Friday. I was very much disappointed that you did not come.

Ever yours affly.,

J. M. NEALE.

Aug. 21st, 1849. Sackville College.

MY DEAR WEBB,

It seems to me that we exactly agree in our ideas about Transubstantiation—only we differ about a

¹ ΠΡΕΣΥΨΕΣΤΒΛΕΝΙΕ.

word. What we both wish to express is this: the Bread and Wine are in the Liturgy changed into the Body and Blood of our Lord, as much as one thing can be changed into another; how it is done we don't decide: it may be by Transubstantiation, or by Impanation, or by a Hypostatical Union. Now, what are we to call this change? I name it transmutation, because it seems to me the vaguest word as to *modus*, the strictest as to *res*. I agree with you, however, that *transmutare* is not strictly μεταποιεῖν. Therefore I will alter that note to μεταβαλλέσθαι. If one has to use μεταποιεῖν, I will give your word "*transfactured*." But if μετουσίωσις be not transubstantiation, how is ὁμοούσιος Consubstantial? In fact, you can draw no distinction between substance and essence. If you believe the essence of the consecrated Bread and Wine is the essence of our Lord's Body and Blood, you believe in the gross idea of Transubstantiation (which I am not denying). It seems to me again that you confound substance and matter: οὐσία and ὕλη. But if οὐσία be not substance, what is the Greek for substance?

I can't see the distinction between worshipping the Host and Jesus Christ in the Host, except with a kind of metaphysical nicety, which can hardly enter into one's devotions. I, too, think that Popoff means what we do; but I don't like his word for it any more than you like mine.

About marriage: I know that the form was ruled at Trent to be the mutual giving and acceptance. But I thought, and do think still, that some persons have believed it to be in the consummation. However, if you can't find it so, I must alter it.

The revise came to-day; and I have the satisfaction of seeing what you meant was mere Protestantism. Of course, it is only Renaudot's view to account for the Invocation in the Latin Theory. I was afraid it might be something of yours.

Scott is rather in the cowardly line. In a letter this morning he says—speaking of my article—"You must expect to find some of your criticism on poor I. Williams

modified. Quite true, and he deserves it, *but we dare not.*" Italics his own.

I will certainly send you, all well, your cape.

Ever yours affectionately,

J. M. NEALE.

We have had one case of cholera in the town, close to the College—a travelling Irishman: but he is getting over it.

How unpleasant for Archdeacon Manning! It would have been a fit punishment for him, as he was running somewhere to preach a sermon, to get taken up on suspicion.

From B. W. to J. M. N.

Sept. 1st, 1849. Brasted, Sevenoaks.

I expect I shall loathe your Methodistical snuffling hymnizing article. It is the oddest thing to me that you have never slipped off that Evangelical slough: and is due, I take it, to your own fatal facility of versifying. . . . We have as yet had no cholera here: but how *infamous* that they won't give us a fast-day!

To B. W. 13th Sunday after Trinity, 1849. Sackville College.

As we are in the controversial line, we will now proceed to Hymns.¹ ἔδοξε τῇ ἁγίᾳ καὶ μεγάλῃ συνόδῳ περὶ τῶν ὑμνων διαρρίσθαι.

Now, I wish you would seriously think whether you are not prejudiced on the subject, whether you are not guilty of a high-and-dryism. You can only say your hatred of hymns means one of three things.

a. That there should be no hymns in the Offices of the Church Catholic.

β. That there *should* be no vernacular hymns in our language.

γ. That there *are* no vernacular hymns in our own English.

I will not believe that you mean the first; I agree

¹ See *Christian Remembrancer*, xviii. 302-343.

with you in the third, with a very few exceptions. Now as to the second.

This comes the worse from you, because you used to be in favour of a vernacular Liturgy and Offices, or Offices, at least. Now, for my part, I am not ; *but*, while we have prayers in English, why are we not to have hymns? Did Hymns a necessity. ever any Church, or any body of religious whatever, do without them? Surely, the language that can bear to be used in the prayers, can be sufficient for the hymns of the Church. Now, in my article, which is a long one, I have taken a great deal of pains to set forth what I am sure—and what I have been sure of ever since I thought at all on the subject—are the kind of practical suggestions we want. I was six months writing the article, and six years at least thinking of it ; therefore I shall be very sorry if you “loathe it.” The principle of it is, that a Hymnologion must be had ; that it cannot be made to order ; that the Church has a perfect right to select and adapt the compositions of heretics in this, as in everything else, to her own use ; that, notwithstanding, in the original hymn-books (which I go through) there are not above ten or twelve hymns that would do ; that there are ten or twelve ; that the translations from the Breviary are, generally speaking, wretched ; that to the Breviary, however, we must go, taking care not to select trashy hymns from it ; that with revision we may get twenty or thirty very fair translations. Then I make some remarks on the usual fault of translations from the Breviary : that there will thus be thirty or forty hymns provided, as a tentative Hymnology, with A “tentative Hymnology.” which at present we must be content. Now I confess that for my part I see no approach to cant in this. You pooh-pooh hymns as Paley pooh-poohed Regeneration, because the word and thing has been abused. As to what you say about my not having cast the slough of Evangelicalism, I don’t think it is true, at least in the sense you mean. Subjectively it may be. And as for my standing up for hymns because I—or any fool—can write rhymes, that is too absurd. No ; you profess not to like any poetry ; therefore, of course, not hymns. I am more liberal ; I don’t enter

into painting, but I don't pooh-pooh pictures in Churches, though I don't enter into them myself. I send you two things from my article, which I should like to have your opinion upon. The one is a translation of "When I survey the wondrous Cross," the other a Sapphic attempt, only given as an attempt, at a Sapphic Breviary hymn. *If* we could write Sapphics, we gain a most lovely tune. I also send you one or two extracts from the Evangelical melodies quoted in the *Quarterly Review*. The book being suppressed, they are worth the keeping.

Webb's answer to this follows. His not knowing the hymn, "When I survey," seems as surprising as his objection to hymns in the vernacular.

From B. W. to J. M. N.

Sept. 3rd, 1849. Brasted, Sevenoaks.

I mean by my hatred of hymns neither α , β , nor γ . What I mean is this. The Church of England has retained but *one* metrical hymn: in its choir-offices there remains no place for hymns. The anthem "in places where they sing" is a different thing *in kind*: it is a display of harmonized music; you yourself will say how miserable a place it would be for a hymn, just before the State prayers. Re-arrange our Offices, and you may re-insert hymns as well as antiphons. But I don't believe that we can have hymns in the vernacular. I don't believe that we subjective men can write hymns, which must be altogether objective. You and others may make uncommonly pretty imitations: but they are only like leaves of the Rejected Addresses. The ancient hymns are bald, meagre, rude, etc., etc., but with all this there is in them a simplicity, a vigour, a freshness, a heart, that one loves them. Homer could write a cookery scene, and make his heroes eat guts, and we love to read it: and you might imitate just such another, but how should we esteem it? I, too, have thought many years on this subject, and am more and more convinced that the *age* of hymns has passed. Happy those who can use the ancient Latin ones: with our vernacular

Hymns in
the ver-
nacular ob-
jected to.

we have lost our privilege. It is the same thing throughout: the translation into English reduced everything to common sense—the curse or the glory (as you choose) of our present ritual. I could talk much more on this subject, but in writing can only just indicate my view. I am not convinced either, on *a priori* grounds, about the *possibility* of English hymns. The necessity of rhyme as well as metre, and the difficulties of English rhyme must not be overlooked. (Even you would not defend New Zealand hymns, I should think.) What doggerel and balderdash are our two versions! intolerable, even though redeemed (as still more modern compositions cannot be) by a certain quaintness and difference from familiar forms of speech. I doubt, in short, the possibility of the language of common life, in such an age as this, being fit for this sort of composition. I don't think your dislike of painting and mine to hymns are analogical. But come over and talk of all these things. These, again, are not days when we can borrow from heretics, *me judice*. Not having the pleasure of knowing "When I survey," I am a poor judge of your translation.¹ But I think the rhythm of the line *spretæ voluptates jacent* very bad. I should say *sunt vana mundi gaudia*. The lines *O cui* and *Talis* I can't translate, not knowing the original. Nor can I translate the last stanza. I think the English Sapphics fair as to scansion, but very harsh if attempted to be sung to the Gregorian Sapphic tune. "Affection" is surely not the word. The antithesis *et rosas martyr* is un-English and un-Englishable.

To the Rev. J. HASKOLL.

2nd S. in Advent, 1849.

Sackville College.

There is rather a convenience in having the character of a bad correspondent, because then one's friends do not utterly cut one, if one is outrageously long in answering a letter. You know I care for you as much as if I wrote every day, which is the only apology I have to give you for not writing sooner. And first I must tell you I have

Home life.

¹ See *Christian Remembrancer*, xviii. 312 and 326.

changed my study. You remember the waste room opening out of the Chapel, where all sorts of spades and the children's chaise used to be kept? There I am now: and it is the prettiest room in the College. It was put in order by Mrs. Anderdon, on condition of our giving up one of our bedrooms for a *protégée* of hers: which we have done; and the old study is turned into a bedroom. The next piece of College news is, that we now do all the services chorally: for I have learnt to intone. We have put on two more: Prime, 8; Morning prayers, 9; Nones, 2; Vespers, 6; Compline, 10. I will send you my "Deeds of Faith," a second part of the "Triumphs of the Cross." Agnes¹ is getting on very nicely, and marvellously takes to Church History. She will tell you the Oecumenical Councils as well as I could do. Corny¹ does not make great progress with Theology. He told me the other day, speaking of the Trinity, that no One of the Persons was *taller* than the others. Not that that is a proof of his backwardness. We have had no disturbances, except in what my wife believes the Supernatural line. I suspend my opinion at present.

To B. W.

Holy Innocents (Dec. 28th), 1849. S. C.

Christmas-
tide.

We had one of the pleasantest days I ever remember yesterday. Vespers with the Withyham Choir at 4: Procession to the Chapel singing *Coeli enarrant*: about 110 to tea at 5: glees while the Dissolving views were got ready: then the views, which went off very well: then more singing, among which my De la Warr song: then procession by moonlight to Chapel singing *Benedictus*: the effect of alternate moon and deep shade on the surplices very fine: Compline sung in chapel: then supper in Hall and Servants' hall simultaneously for about forty-five. Then the greater part of the Choir returned, but Helmore and three remained, and breakfasted here this morning.

The following is the De la Warr song referred to (*Four de ma vie* is the De la Warr motto):—

¹ The children were 5 and 3 years old respectively.

A song for the day, when in bright array
Were gathered the lords of France ;
And her knights and peers saw on red Poitiers
The leopards of England advance,
Ere evening's close to his victor foes
Her Monarch had bent his knee :
And he veiled his crest to Sir Roger la Warr
When he won the *Four de ma vie*.

A song for the heart that a gallant part
Before men and angels played,
When the tyrant hold on the lands and gold
Of the Church of our Fathers laid :
When each wish was pelf, and each thought was self
He was guided by honour's star :
Nor the spoil would he touch, were it little or much,
The *just* Lord De la Warr.¹

A song for the sail forth spread to the gale,
As the ship stood out to sea :
And the Baron that there hath order and care
Of a gallant company.
They sought not for dross, and they feared not loss,
As they ploughed the waves afar ;
To plant in the New World their banner, the Cross,
With the *brave* Lord De la Warr.²

A song for the faith that was true to the death,
And bright as its own bright sword,
When rebels arose, the perjured foes
Of their own anointed Lord ;
His troth it was bent, to spend and be spent,
When he conquered at Branham Scarre ;
And he won him renown upon Adderton Down,
The *true* Lord De la Warr.³

A song for the hand that in peaceful land,
And in peaceful times, hath done
Full many a deed that shall better speed
Than the bloodiest victory won :
For still with the poor shall their mem'ry endure,
When he sleeps with his sires,—and far
They shall dwell on the name, and shall tell the fame
Of the *good* Lord De la Warr.⁴

¹ William, 10th Baron.

² Thomas, 12th Baron.

³ Charles, 14th Baron.

⁴ George John, 5th Earl De la Warr.

CHAPTER X

1849-50

GORHAM JUDGMENT—VISIT TO SOUTH WALES

And still our Litanies ascend, like incense, as before ;
And still we hold the one full faith Nicaea taught of yore ;
And still our children, duly plunged in that baptismal flood,
Of water and the HOLY GHOST, are born the sons of GOD ;
And many an earnest prayer ascends from many a hidden spot
And England's Church is Catholic, though England's self be not !

THE following letters refer to the Gorham case, *i.e.* the Privy Council decision that Regeneration by baptism was an open question :—

Gorham
case.

To B. W. Sunday in the Octave of Christmas, 1849. S. C.

I am glad the *Guardian* is coming out. Certainly, if no protest is made, I shall walk out. If a protest is made, I don't know but what the Privy Council may as well decide against us. Does not the conceit of half a dozen lawyers sitting on an Article of the Faith strike you as something unparalleled ?

To B. W.

Undated 1849. S. C.

. . . Really I must see you. There is no doubt that the Appeal will go against us. At first I thought that I could not remain in the Church, but now I begin to alter my mind, provided that a strong protest is made on the point. What I am now most afraid of is, a dribbling secession of twos and threes. If we are to go, let it be a sort of Nonjuring secession : there will be time to think of Rome afterwards.

To B. W.

Jan. 23rd, 1850. S. C.

I don't know where Mill is: so I send you this to forward to him.¹ It is to ask him to read the "Dissertation on the Procession of the Holy Ghost": which also I want you to read, because I feel so very strongly on the Eastern side, that I may have spoken more strongly than I meant. I wished to seem to pronounce no judgment, but to leave the reader to form his own; and if you will just mark any passage where it seems to you that I have spoken otherwise, I shall be obliged to you. I have been two years, *Filioque* on and off, at that Dissertation,² and in my own mind I clause. am convinced with Palmer that the Latin Doctrine, if consistently carried out, would become heresy, and that the Holy Ghost does not proceed from the Son at all, except in the way of Temporal Mission, and then not according to His Divinity, but only according to His operations. However, of course, I don't say all this in the book.

To B. W.

Feb. 23rd, 1850. S. C.

Your letters are like S. Paul's, because they contain some things hard to be understood. *Why* should Butterfield find it contrary to his conscience and principles to restore this Chapel? I can easily conceive that he finds it a bore to be engaged in a little work, but anything further than that I cannot see. We all talk of Colleges like these as being the right sort of thing, why not therefore give them all the efficacy one can?³ It is nonsense to build new ones till we do the most we can with the old. How, I should like to know, are we to graft an educational foundation on this—my great scheme—unless we have a larger and a more decent Chapel? If you think that I shall die before this is done, of course, so I may: but one may never do anything in that way of arguing. Besides, notwithstanding what you said on Sunday, I know and feel

Restoration of
College
Chapel.

¹ "History of the Holy Eastern Church," General Introduction, ii. 1095-1168.

² *Christian Remembrancer*, xlviii. 468-502.

³ See *Christian Remembrancer* xxi. 429-443.

that I am better than I was three years ago. Don't you see a man might say of you, "Where's the *use* of his getting a choir and being at the trouble and expense of books, surplices, etc.? Mill probably will not live to a very great age: some horrid Puritan will be appointed, who will make a bonfire of the surplices, and pitch the books to the moles and to the bats, and there's the end"? How true this would be, and yet how false! We are better off here, for we are morally secure against Puritans. And in due course of time, the Bishop's absurdities must pass away. The Chapel will be consecrated, and all regular. As to him, as one of Fox's Martyrs said, "The Lord convert or confound him speedily. Amen." But now taking the Free Church view. Don't you see how unspeakably important such a place as this would become? Butterfield himself often remarked on its capabilities in that line. I should be sorry to see the Chapel consecrated till that question is set at rest. If you will write out a plan of a pamphlet, and write it with me, I will agree. But that is a sort of thing I never could do by myself. However, I am for sticking to the old Church to the very last, notwithstanding B.'s denunciation of meetings. I am sure that there ought to be a general meeting of all the Clergy who are with us, when judgment is pronounced.

Synod of
Priests.

We hardly remember that a synod of Priests now is very much what a synod of Bishops was in the 5th or 6th century. This point ought to be brought out. I really think the only difference between the two is simply the accidental one, that one can ordain and the other not—which has surely nothing to do with Synodical action. My idea would be, after such a meeting, to attach as many signatures as possible to such a Protest as I enclose. Depend upon it, it would get us justice, if we could attach 2000 or 3000 names to it.

Gorham
crisis.

I imagine that in thus suspending our Communion,

1. We don't give up our parishes. Those who have parishes may use the Prayer-book still, and, till they are turned out, stay where they are? And they *could not* be turned out. Where are their successors to come from?

2. That those who have not parishes may say Mass, or what they please, till the Secession either returns, or, adopting a permanent Status, has its own Offices.

3. That a certain time should be fixed, beyond which the Secession will not wait for Convocation. If the Church of England does not then clear herself, she must be considered to have acquiesced in heresy.

This is acting *ab extra* in the Church. One might sign a protest as before, omitting Paragraphs 4 and 5, and with 2000 or 3000 signatures, assume that such a protest did save the Church, and so wait for better times. I don't see any third course. Let us hear what you think. But something must be done, and if no one else comes forward, we will. We shall soon be backed : and it will not be new to us to lead : and we do know something of such matters.

To B. W.

May 23rd, 1850. S. C.

I write down the proposed Resolutions. Tell me how you like them, and if you could suggest any alteration in them. . . .

1. That the Church of England holds, and we therefore teach, the Catholic doctrine of the unconditional Regeneration of all Infants, in and by the Sacrament of Holy Baptism.

2. That we desire to record our solemn Protest against Protest. the lately pronounced decision of, etc.

3. That, another Court of Appeal for the Decision of Spiritual causes being clearly necessary, we are disposed to accept that proposed by the Bishop of London with the almost unanimous sanction of the Episcopal Bench, provided that in this, as in every other existing or contemplated Court of Appeal, some sufficient legitimate control, with respect to the appointment of her Bishops and the Judges, be guaranteed by the Court.

4. That we pledge ourselves to use our increasing exertions to carry out the principles written in the above Resolutions.

5. That copies of the above Resolutions be sent to Canterbury, Chichester, London, Exeter.

To the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

1850.

Protest.

Protest and Declaration of Suspension of Communion.

We, the undersigned, being Priests of the Church of England, do hereby solemnly protest against the late decision of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, in the case of the Bishop of Exeter *v.* Gorham.

1. We protest against it firstly,

Because the said Judicial Committee of the Privy Council is a body absolutely without Ecclesiastical Authority, owing its existence to an Act of Parliament never accepted nor recognized by the Church: a body of which every individual member may be a heretic or infidel, and the constitution of which is entirely at variance with that theory of Royal Supremacy accepted by the Church at the era of the Reformation.

2. We protest against it secondly,

Because the Catholic Church from the beginning has ever held that Regeneration is conferred in and by Baptism, and by that alone: and because the English Church, as a branch of the Catholic Church, has ever held and taught the same doctrine, in her Offices, in her Catechism, and in her Articles.

3. And we further declare,

That we will continue to teach that Regeneration is conferred in and by Baptism, and to oppose to the utmost of our power the opposite doctrine, as contrary to the teaching of this Church, contrary to the teaching of the universal Church, and formally heretical.

4.

And since the Church of England, while she appears to acquiesce in the said decision, gives undoubted grounds for suspicion of being an heretical body, we further declare that we shall abstain from her Communion, till, by her Convocation, she shall have confirmed or reversed the said decision: and that if, which GOD forbid, she should by Convocation confirm it, we shall then be compelled to regard her as no longer an orthodox Branch of the Church of Christ, and to leave her accordingly.

5.

And to the end that this point, being a matter on which salvation is concerned, may be decided in one way or the other, we demand as our undoubted right that Convocation may be assembled as speedily as possible, in order that the Doctrine of the English Church on the subject of Regeneration may be formally declared.

To B. W.

Undated (1850).

I did not receive the news till the *Guardian* of this morning, and I have written some few pages to-day about it, and will do more this evening. *Spem vultu simulat; premit alto corde dolorem.* But whatever may be the event, there is no reason why we are to be ruined *now*, as we shall be, except these abide in the ship; I trust at all events, that whether the boat will live out in the sea or not, we shall not be swamped among the breakers. I like the *Guardian's* leader better than I have liked any of them for a long time. Just after the news, we went to Prime: and the 118th Psalm and Athanasian Creed came in very well.

If my pamphlet¹ comes to anything, I shall tell Masters to send you a proof, which return to me without loss of time.

I suppose more about Regeneration² will be preached to-day than ever before. I am glad that the Bishop of London has delivered his soul. Pray GOD there *may* be a purgatory for the Archbishops.

P.S.—Certainly if one were disposed to doubt of the Church of England, one might. Our Vicar this morning, preaching on "Except ye eat," etc., said, "To say that in any sense we eat our Lord's Real Flesh and Blood is a supposition too absurd and blasphemous to need refutation!" Whereupon I took my cap, and came out of Church in a stately manner, so that the people might see I was not ill or ashamed.

¹ This was: "A Few Words of Hope in the Present Crisis of the English Church." Masters, 1850. *Christian Remembrancer*, xix. 531-534.

² *Christian Remembrancer*, xix. 1-58.

At this crisis, whilst Churchmen were divided as to the right course of action, some urging active defence, some passive patience, others secession, and the Bishop of Exeter in vain called upon the Archbishop to "summon his com-provincial Bishops, and invite them to declare what is the faith of the Church on the article impugned in the Gorham judgment," J. M. Neale, with his characteristic appeal to history, set forth his view of duty in the following letter to the *Guardian* :—

April 18th, 1850.

SIR,

Letter to
the
Guardian,
re Gorham
Judgment.

While I most heartily feel with your reviewer, that a deep debt of gratitude is due to Mr. Monro from the English Church, perhaps you will allow me to state, as briefly as possible, why I cannot concur in the sentiments of his pamphlet, "On the Spirit in which Men are Meeting the Present Crisis." It seems to me, that both Mr. Monro and the reviewer confound the priestly office, *per se*, with the office of a parish priest ; and also that they treat the present struggle as a new thing, with respect to which a code of laws is now first to be laid down for the regulation of the conduct of priests, instead of falling back on precedents, of which we have so many. Let me draw attention to one of these in particular, because its circumstances afford a curious parallel to those of the present day. When Nestorius first propagated his heresy at Constantinople, the Court being, negatively at least, on his side, did the clergy (as Mr. Monro would have us do now) occupy themselves more sedulously in the care of their flocks, and leave the defence of the faith to those whose business it might be ? Look at the facts. Nestorius first committed himself to his heresy on Christmas Day. There was a brief pause of indignant astonishment ; but in three weeks' time a pamphlet was published by Eusebius of Doryloeum, the Badeley or Palmer of his day ; and, a week later, another by Marius Mercator, in opposition to the new teaching. These tracts made a great sensation. Still the Bishops did not stir. On this the clergy, far from considering the priestly character injured by what is now called "agitation," organized it systematically. Those of S. Irene-next-the-Sea

came more especially forward, and were suspended for their pains.¹ Public meetings were held, though, as in the present troubles, the season was Lent. S. Proclus (who, though a Bishop, had no See, and merely acted as a priest of the Greek Church) publicly attacked the new heresy in a sermon on Lady Day, which fell, by a curious coincidence, that year in Holy Week. Nestorius replied. Public indignation ran very high, and was fomented by the priests and monks. S. Cyril (we need not look far to find his counterpart now) having previously exhorted them to stand fast in the faith, addressed his first *Letter to the Archbishop* of Constantinople. He was publicly answered by one Photius, a *city priest* (another parallel). The orthodox priests and monks used every method of agitation; uniting with some of the nobility (we should now say forming a committee with them); they sent addresses to Cyril; they memorialized the Emperor; they appealed to Rome. Some of the "clerical agitators" were scourged; still the movement spread. The clergy insisted on a Council, and its issue at Ephesus we all know. Now, when at the present time I find priests blamed for "journeys to London, anxious discussions, paper wars, absence from parishes in holy seasons," "irreverence in the open discussion of such topics" on platforms, I turn to what S. Cyril wrote on similar conduct, and I find him earnestly intreating that it may be persevered in, and dwelling on the reward laid up for priests who thus act and suffer for the faith. If the view—a narrow and one-sided view to my mind—now taken of the priestly office be right, certainly that held by S. Cyril was wrong; and no one, I suppose, will deny that the Council of Ephesus was completely "got up" by "agitation." I might multiply similar instances; but I will only allude to two. The first is, the conduct of the priests and deacons of Alexandria, and of the Mareotis,² when the imperial commission was collecting charges against S. Athanasius—a political as well as religious dispute—their meetings, protests, and appeals. The second, the proceedings of S. Maximus and the clergy of Constantinople

¹ "Eastern Church: Alexandria," i. 237-255. ² *Ibid.*, i. 167.

in resisting the Ecthesis and the Type; an "agitation" which ended in the death of the former, and the triumph of the faith at the Sixth Oecumenical Council.

"Stand ye in the old ways" was advice never more needed than now; and those old ways are—not the keeping quiet at home, and believing that the sanctity of an office will be injured if we publicly contend for the faith, but the uniting in, openly, and against all opposition, defending the violated faith. In short, we must obey the old command—"Wherefore criest thou unto Me? Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward."

I remain, etc.,

J. M. N.

To B. W.

May 17th, 1850. S. C.

. . . Having £5 given me for the purpose, I left home on Monday afternoon: to Crawley, Cuckfield, and Brighton where I slept. Tuesday to Bexhill near Hastings, Wartling near Battle, Pevensey, and that part, returning to Brighton: Wednesday to Ovingdean and Telscombe way: back to Brighton: to Shoreham: back to Brighton: at night to Newhaven, where I slept. Thursday to Seaford, then to Lewes, Isfield, and so home. Thus having canvassed nine out of eleven Rural Deaneries, I find certainly on the right side, seventy-four; certainly on the wrong, forty; neutral, of whom perhaps ten may be gained, forty-one; leaving us a very clear working majority. You can hardly guess the bodily and mental exertion such a canvass requires. Whether Hare will call the meeting is a very different question. But the signatures themselves to the requisition will be worth almost as much.

After I got back last night, I saw some performances of clairvoyance, to my mind perfectly establishing a quasimiraculous power.¹ One of the oddest was this, partly, you will see, only mental transfer, partly complete clearseeing. The operator's daughter, a girl of about fourteen, was the clairvoyante. I wrote down "Sackville College was founded in 1608."

¹ See *Christian Remembrancer*, xiii. 366-391, "Animal Magnetism."

Q. What is this about ?

A. A College.

Q. What College ?

A. Sackville College.

Q. Where is it ?

A. In Ireland.

Q. Is it Protestant, or Catholic ?

A. I don't know.

Q. Think again.

A. I think it is Catholic.

Q. Are you sure ?

A. I am sure it is not Protestant.

Q. Look at it, and tell me what it is like.

A. A building with four sides, standing round a kind of grass quadrangle.

Q. When was it founded ?

A. 1-6-0-8.

Now, the odd part is that we have had letters sent to Ireland on account of *Sackville* Street, the Oxford Street of Dublin ; and the girl's hesitation about Protestant and Catholic was just as if she then had the College before her, and were puzzled. Clair-voyance.

One more : my wife gave her Father Forbes' ring.

Q. What has that lady just given me ?

A. A signet ring.

Q. What is there on it ?

A. Letters.

Q. What letters ?

A. I don't know them. I don't know the language.

Q. What else ?

A. Something like a windmill (which clearly, to an ignorant child ✕ is).

To B. W.

Whitsunday, 1850. S. C.

We don't propose to advertise names till Hare refuses to call the meeting—if he should refuse ; if he should call it, then we shall advertise them as to the Resolutions, not to the address. At least this was the understanding at

Clair-
voyance.

our meeting on Thursday. I rather disagree from you about clairvoyance. If it is destined to be, as I believe, in its development, the greatest enemy the Church has ever had, I wish to learn all about it when I have a good example at hand. I have seen it twice since I wrote: the first time as before; the second, we made up a private party, and had the clairvoyante and her father in the Hall. As to mental transfer, if a man doubt that, he may doubt anything; but I don't call that, strictly speaking, miraculous. Here are two cases of clairvoyance. In my study I cut an advertisement out, "*The Palace Library*," folded it up over and over again, put it in an envelope, sealed it, said not a word to anyone, put it in my pocket, and took it to the room. The operator held the envelope up.

What is this? (Answer right.)

Are the words written or printed? Printed.

In what type? Old English.

It seems to me that, if that be not a miracle, it is nonsense in us to talk of miracles at all.

The other was this.

One of our servants has a brother who sailed for Canada on April 14th.

Q. This person wishes to know about her brother, who has left England. If you can see him, what sort of person?

R. (I forget the description, but it was correct.)

Q. Where is he?

R. On the sea.

Q. Why, when did he sail?

R. April 14th.

Q. Where is he going to?

R. Quebec.

Q. To stop there?

R. No, he goes to Toronto.

Q. Is he, at this moment, well?

R. He is.

Q. Will he reach Toronto well?

R. He will.

The last two answers clearly may be only guesses, but I confess I shall be anxious to know whether he was at

sea, because the voyage was expected to be sooner over. The other answers were quite right ; the most curious case of mental transfer was this. The operator took a Portuguese Dictionary which I gave him, read the words in Portuguese, and the clairvoyante translated them ; then in English, and she put them into Portuguese, horribly pronounced, but quite right. Several words she answered would have quite puzzled me, though I reckon myself a very good Portuguese scholar. It seems to me that the Church, having had the gift of miracles for 1000 years, then gradually withdrawn for 800 more, is now going to have miracles against her. As to the crystal globe, there are such things ; but the more usual way is a looking-glass (as they now do in Egypt), or a glass of water. The latter is old enough. "Is not this my lord's cup out of which he drinketh, *and whereby indeed he divineth?*" One thing more. The envelope I spoke of was sealed, on purpose, with the Cross.

The divin-
ing cup.
Gen. xliv. 5.

Q. What does the seal put you in mind of ?

R. Religion.

Q. What about religion ?

R. The Jews.

Q. What connected with the Jews ?

A very long pause.—At last, Jesus Christ.

To B. W.

4th S. after Easter, 1850. S. C.

As to the admission of a choir boy I should simply have, standing in the Holy Doors, the boy without—

Admission
of choir
boy.

V. Blessed be the name of the Lord

R. From this time forth for evermore,

V. Our help is in the name of the Lord,

R. Who hath made heaven and earth.

Ant. The Lord is the portion. Psalm 16, *Repetat:*

Ant: Praefatio (Sacrament. Gelas.). "Deum Patrem Omnipotentem suppliciter deprecamur ut hunc famulum suum N. benedicere dignetur, quem in officium cantoris eligere dignatus est : ut sit illi fidelissima cura in distinctione horarum certarum ad invocandum nomen

divinum."—He puts on the surplice.—"Pater omnipotens et Deus eterne, benedicere digneris hunc famulum tuum cantorem, ut inter cantores Ecclesiae paret obsequia ; et inter electos tuos partem mereatur habere mercedis."

Repetat: Ant:

Then, giving him the book, "See, that what thou singest with the mouth, thou believest in the heart : and what thou believest in thy heart, thou fulfillest in thy life."

Then he goes into the Choir.

Ant. He shall receive the blessing from the Lord.

Psalm xxiv., *Domini est terra.*

Repetat: Ant:

"The blessing of GOD," etc.

Remember, you are really giving orders.

"Psalmista potest absque scientia Episcopi sola jussione Presbyteri officium suscipere," says the Gelasian Sacramentary.¹

To Rev. W. RUSSELL. June 4th, 1850. Sackville College.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

Secession.

You will have heard from Laetitia before this of the unhappy doubts which she feels with respect to our Church.

I heard of them for the first time last night. This morning I went up to London, putting aside a good deal of important business, and had a three hours' talk with her.

Now, first let me assure you, that however much I deplore the decision of the Privy Council, I am not shaken in fidelity to our Church : and if I was, I should not go to Rome, but to Scotland. This I say most solemnly.²

Next, *I am sure*, that if she is treated properly, Laetitia will not leave us : and I am nearly sure that, if she is treated improperly, she *will*.

I would do everything in my power to save anyone from this ; her more especially, both because I love her as a sister, and because of the debt of gratitude I owe you.

Now, this sort of case is not new to me, and it is, I

¹ Cp. Archbishop Benson's "Form for Admitting Choristers." Truro Cathedral.

² See "Church Difficulties," pp. 52-82.

believe, new to you. Do let me entreat you not to argue with her. Simply ask her to read Courayer on the "Validity of English Orders," and Allies's¹ "Church of England cleared from the Charge of Schism" (the second edition, 1848). Her difficulties, thank GOD, are not moral but purely intellectual, and those are the two books which will precisely meet them.

If you will do this, and leave the rest to GOD, I will answer for the issue. Whatever I can do I need not promise you that I will. If you will send me a line I shall be very glad.

You have no idea of the fearful state of the High Church party. Pray,—I am sure you will pray,—that it may be overruled for good. And once more let me entreat you not to argue with Laetitia.

The lady remained in the English Communion, and died in it many years after.

To B. W.

June 5th, 1850. S. C.

It seems to me that every one is going (to Rome). H. Wilberforce, and Allies,¹ between them will, I think, take Wheeler of Shoreham.—Laetitia Russell is all but gone by means of Dodsworth; but I had a three hours' talk with her yesterday, and she will stay for the present.

. . . I have now sixty-five names to the requisition to Hare, and it is to go in when we have seventy. I shall be glad to see the Bishop of London in the Chair, if the resolutions are not milk-and-waterized to his palate. All the secessions, are, I think, fully attributable to the policy of Pusey, Hope and Co. Cause of secessions.

(Alluding to the "Vineyard" in Dr. Pusey's letter on Newman's secession. "Our Church has not known how to employ him. He seems, then, to me, not so much gone from us as transplanted into another part of the vineyard, where the full energies of his powerful mind can be employed, which here they were not." Page 8.)

¹ Mr. Allies subsequently joined the Church of Rome on the supremacy question. See *Christian Remembrancer*, xx. 185-202.

To B. W.

June 20th, 1850. S. C.

. . . In answer to Dodsworth's letter I said that as I should be in London, I would call on him ; which also I did. I sat with him about two hours. I quite agree with you about him. What we have known ages ago, he now discovers ; I suppose we both of us, when we discovered the reformers to be villains, and the Articles trash, had some thoughts of Rome. The disease comes to him in an aggravated form from occurring at this crisis ; *e.g.*

D. "If Article X says Y, and Article Z says S-Y, what are we to say ?"

N. "Say ! why, that the Articles are trash, to be sure."

D. "Well—(pondering)—that is a grave consideration."

He, Maskell, and Allies are just going to print a letter to Pusey enquiring by what authority he goes about on a roving commission to absolve.¹ Only imagine the harm this will do ! What he thinks, learn thus :—

D. "Do you agree with me, that a Priest has not, by the ordinary laws of the Church, commission to absolve anywhere but in his own parish ?"

N. "Yes. But do you agree with me that a particular Church might give her Priests power to do acts, implicitly contained in their office, but not explicitly allowed by the general voice of the Church, *e.g.* to confirm ?"

D. "Yes."

N. "*A fortiori* then, a roving commission to absolve ?"

D. "Yes."

N. "Do you not think the English Church has done so in 'Let him come to me or——' etc. ?"

D. "*Prima facie* it seems so. But I can't think that it was intended to make Tom Jones or Ned Tomkins judges of who were discreet and learned ministers. The meaning must be, that Tom or Ned might go to any person approved by the Bishop as discreet and learned."

N. "I don't agree with you. But suppose there is no such authority. What becomes of those Priests who do go about absolving ?"

D. "I look on the question as a very grave one whether their absolution is not null and void."

¹ See *Christian Remembrancer*, xxi. 232, and 444-464.

N. "You mean that, as an excommunicated Priest can celebrate validly though not without mortal sin, but if he absolves it is a mere farce, so here?"

D. "Yes."

And that was all that passed on this subject. But in this matter Dodsworth is clearly wrong, if the Roman Church be right: in fact he Orientalizes.

He told me that Manning said of the Scotch Church—^{The} "We got out of the ship into the boat at the Reformation, ^{"Tub."} but I am not now going to get out of the boat into the tub."

When I got back, I found that Hare refuses the meeting. What we shall do I don't know. Several want a meeting nevertheless. My own feeling is that coming so soon after the M. M. it would be (1) unnecessary, and (2) a failure. But a month or six weeks hence, we might, I think, get up some very strong resolutions. When the exchequer affair is over, there will want some meeting somewhere to guide opinion, and to keep up agitation. I think some good resolutions—really good—if only signed by twenty or twenty-five men would come in admirably. Maberly of Cuckfield is anxious for a Sussex Union. I quite agree ^{Local Church Unions.} with him: and I suppose we shall take some steps about it. Tell me what you think of this plan. You have no hope, during the present Archbishop's life (the Lord convert or confound him speedily!), of a Kent Union. What do you think of a Tunbridge Union which might embrace the two counties?—or better still, a "Brighton and Maidstone" one, which might hereafter naturally divide into two? I confess I think these Unions so very useful, that I should be very glad of this. Cavendish and others want me so much to answer Hare's second letter, that I think I shall. You, where you are, are scarcely a fair judge of the terror he inspires here. No one dares to oppose him, and round his own place he is quite despotic. The *English Churchman* and Gresley don't know how much harm they do by quoting him with approbation.

During a short visit to South Wales.

TO HIS WIFE.

Tuesday night, July 2nd, 1850, 11 p.m.

Castle Inn, Swansea.

MY DEAREST LOVE,

Tour in
Wales.

You can scarcely imagine a stranger contrast than between Llandaff and Cardiff, only two miles apart though they are. Llandaff, a cathedral village, standing round an old collegiate-looking green, with prebendal houses, trim gardens, quiet, almost desolation. Cardiff, a town of more than American activity, forced into a high pressure existence by two railways, and its being the depot of the treasures of the great mineral basin of South Wales. There is but one old Church, and that has been nearly spoilt; the Tower, however, is just like those of Somersetshire.

I left Cardiff at 8.20, and two hours brought me here. A most primitive railway, to be sure, and its being one of the broad gauge makes it seem the more remarkable. At Bridgend, I asked them to put in a light; it seems such a request had never been made before, the railway only having been open twelve days; but they were very civil, and kept the train waiting ten minutes while the lamps were trimmed. The night entrance into Swansea is awfully beautiful. I can imagine no scene on earth more nearly resembling Hell. I have seen the Birmingham and Newcastle works by night, but they are not to be compared for ghastly effect to the green flames of copper furnaces. Get Mr. Burt to show you the last *Illustrated News*; there you will see the Landore Viaduct, from the top of it this effect is chiefly gained. It is a very wet night; but the day has been fine, and the field walk to Llandaff was delightful. To-morrow, all well, I make an excursion round Gower. Gower is the South-west peninsula, or toe, of Glamorganshire, a very wild county.

I expect to find Fenn on my return to the Inn. It is a great comfort to me that *I could* be at home to-morrow night if I wished. Now I must write something to Agnes.

Ever your aff. husband,

J. M. NEALE.

MY DEAR LITTLE PET,

Mama will shew you on the map the place where I am writing to you. I have seen a great many things to-day that I wish you could have seen too ; a Cathedral, called Llandaff Cathedral, which some wicked men pulled down a great deal of, but it is now being built up again ; and some very, very large fires where they melt copper out of what we call the ore. But one funny thing I must tell you of. I went through a field to-day where there were a great many sheep, and almost all these sheep had horns ; not straight horns like cows, but twisted, like hangers or pot-hooks. They would have pleased Corny very much. I think I shall be able to bring you and Corny some pretty shells, or something of that sort ; but you remember the law we made, so I hope you will both have been very good. Kiss Corny, May, and Ermy for me.

Letter to
his eldest
child.

YOUR DEAR PAPA.

TO HIS WIFE.

Wednesday night. Swansea.

. . . I have had a delightful day in Gower to-day. Oxwich Parsonage is the most perfect Paradise upon earth I ever saw. The garden runs out into the beach ; and the trees absolutely overhang the sea. Such noble trees, too, as they are ; I never could have imagined such an union of the two things. But the most interesting thing I have seen is the Worms Head, the very extremity of the *toe* of Glamorganshire. At Rhosilly I got a guide : the promontory becomes an island at full tide : we had to wait some little time. The Blowhole interested me as much as anything I ever saw. The point running out into the sea in a scarped precipice on one side and down on the other thus : (here followed a sketch).

Halfway up and down is a little sink in the earth, Rhosilly, where is a rock with a scarcely perceptible crack in it. I sat down by it ; and directly there came such a dreadful *sigh* as no words can describe. Quite, thoroughly, a sigh, but so very loud. Then, directly afterwards a noise as of

a hundred bulls bellowing at once. And this constantly goes on, the sigh and bellow alternate, not always equally loud ; but when loudest, the bellow can be heard seven miles off. I never saw anything more astonishing, though very easily explicable. From the precipice side a cavern runs in ; this has a kind of rock chimney communicating with the Blowhole. When the sea rushes in, the air is driven up the vent and issues at the Blowhole with that dreadful noise. My guide told me a number of wild stories connected with wrecks. A Spanish galleon was wrecked there in 1618. One Mr. Mansell, Lord of the Manor, unlawfully seized the money, and had to leave the country. It is said that on stormy nights he drives his coach-and-six down the tremendous cliffs of Rhosilly, where an earthly horse could never tread,—then along the sands to the galleon, and so to the points. I saw an old man, by name William Davie, who declares most solemnly that he, never having at the time heard the story, once saw this himself. All along this coast till lately they practised the infernal custom of showing false¹ lights to wreck ships. Gower was a Flemish colony ; many of the words are Flemish even now, and many of the buildings. Welsh is scarcely spoken at all.

I was most exceeding doleful at Ferryside, I wish I were at home. However, I shall find some letters from you, all well, at Pembroke. I don't believe that anyone is more homesick than I am when away. I have got a vast number of little pictures, however, for some stories, or "Hierologus," Pt. II., and one pretty little story, "The False Lights." I heard of Sir R. Peel's death to-day, just as we were coming out of Llanelly.

¹ A story of this—"The False Signals of Rhosilly"—is in "Followers of the Lord."

CHAPTER XI

1850-51

DEANERY OF PERTH—"HYMNAL NOTED"—"NO
POPERY" RIOT

Grant us patience, grant us courage,
Grant us this one true intent,
If we take hard blows, to deal them :
Both to spend, and to be spent.

IN July, 1850, the Deanery of the Cathedral at Perth was offered to J. M. Neale. Though much tempted by the offer, he felt it right to refuse it. His reasons are given shortly in the following.

It may be here remarked that this was the sole piece of preferment which was ever proposed for his acceptance.

To J. HASKOLL.

July 13th.

MY DEAR HASKOLL,

Perhaps I can more easily explain to you than to any other member of your Chapter, why, after a great deal of thought, I have made up my mind to decline the offer of the Deanery ; and you can, in addition to the more formal answer, shew my present letter to anyone whom it might interest.

In the first place, let me thank you and the rest of the Chapter for thinking of me. And let me assure you that, in many respects, I could have wished for nothing better. You know that I have no objection to a little fighting ; and anything which I could have done to oppose the Anglicanism at Perth I would have done most cheerfully

and strenuously ; nor, after the kind offer which your letter of this morning brought, should I have felt any difficulty on the score of money, and, had the Deanery been richly endowed, I can assure you that it would have made no difference in my answer.

My principal reasons for declining the Deanery are these :—

Reasons
for de-
clining
Deanery.

1. Had the Church of England acquiesced in the late decision I should have accepted with more than thankfulness any offer, and more especially such an one, which would have removed me from her. But, by like reasoning, now that she does not acquiesce, but is engaged in a struggle for life and death, I think that it is the duty of her sons to remain in her. My going, you may say very truly, would do no harm : but if everyone reasoned so, we should soon have nothing but a dead Establishment left.

2. If I came, I should of course come as a Missionary. I would not come without a licence from the Bishop to preach anywhere and everywhere, in lanes, streets, markets, fields, or roads—that, I am sure, is the only way to convert Scotland. But, if I were to do this effectively, I should be dead in a year, and that without any adequate advantage gained.

3. It would be most highly desirable that your Dean should be a man thoroughly acquainted with music. I have a zeal for it, but not according to knowledge.

To you I might add that it seems providential that, simultaneously with your offer, a way of usefulness should be opened to me in this Diocese, by the formation of a South Eastern Union, and that the rebuilding of the Chapel should just have commenced.

You say in your letter of this morning that I said—if the Deanery were offered to me, I would accept it.—All I said was, if you will look at my letter, “How do you know I would not accept it?” In fact I did not, and could not tell myself.

My decision has been very much influenced by the course of events in the Church of England : and this I could not foresee. After all, I assure you it has been

a very near point. This I say to excuse myself from any imputation of inconsistency or wavering, further than that wavering which any man must feel while making up his mind on the acceptance or rejection of a very important offer. Once more thanking you all for your kindness,

Believe me, ever yours affectionately,

J. M. NEALE.

In the next *Ecclesiologist* will be, all well, a long article on the Scotch Prayer-book. I will send you a proof.¹

To B. W.

July 11th.

Now about the Deanery. I have made up my mind to decline it, though, I confess, it has its advantages. It would infallibly lead, if one lived, to a Bishoprick: and that, even in the Tub,² is something. But, 1. I don't think one ought to leave the English Church just now, unless one had a clear duty so to do. 2. I know nothing of music. That might be no objection if I should have any one man under me who did: but that would not be. 3. Nothing in Scotland can be effectually done without field and street preaching: and that my lungs would not stand.

Haskoll wrote to me about the Synod immediately it was over. As I hear, he made a good fight. I directly wrote a notice of the Scotch Prayer-book for *Christian Remembrancer*:³ they put it in, but so milk-and-waterized as to be useless. *E.g.* where I said, "Which sets it so far above the English Prayer-book," they put, "Which is certainly according to ancient precedent."

And then, when he ought to have been fighting to the knife against C. Wordsworth, Brechinensis goes prancing into France!

To B. W.

S. James (July 25th), 1850. S. C.

I was, after some little hesitation, at the meeting at Palmer's yesterday—and am glad I was, for I think I ^{Beginning} of E.C.U.

¹ *Ecclesiologist*, xi. 125-133.

² See letter of June 20th, Manning's *bôn mot*, p. 145.

³ *Christian Remembrancer*, xx. 509.

prevented Keble from swamping the County Unions. Everybody agreed with him till it was my turn to speak : when I had the opportunity of expressing a bit of my mind about the London Union ; and every speaker afterwards dwelt on the great importance of preserving inviolate the County Unions. A ludicrous thing happened. Mill, as usual, went to sleep while Thorp was speaking. Thorp said something rather strong, and saw Mill, as he thought, shaking his head : in reality, nodding. " Ah ! Dr. Mill," quoth he, " is shaking his head : but I can assure him that the facts are so." " What ? What ?" cries Mill, waking up and staring round him. On the whole what was done, I think, was not done badly : a Committee formed to devise a method to have delegates from all the Unions to a " Church of England Union."¹

To LAETITIA RUSSELL.

S. James (July 25th), 1850.

Congratu-
lation.

I was certainly not surprised, but yet very much pleased, with your letter. You will have everything that could be wished for happiness, except better health, in Mr. Lea ; and that we may hope that it may please GOD to give him.

I am glad you wrote to Dr. Pusey ; for you seem to have a little—perhaps under the circumstances not unnatural—wish to torment yourself.

Of course, where it can anyhow be, it is better that husband and wife should not go to the same Confessor.

I have just returned from the Great Meeting : and such a sight, I suppose, has hardly ever been seen in the history of the Church. I was not in Westminster Abbey myself : but they say that the effect of the *Veni Creator* and the pause after it was very fine. I always have so many letters to write after being away from home, that you must forgive a very short one this time—and not measure my congratulations and good wishes by what you see of it, but by what you know of me.

¹ Beginning of E.C.U.

To L. R.

Aug. 20th, 1850, Sackville College.

While Fenn is making extracts for his Welchman on the Articles from some of my books, I will write you a few lines.

You ask, why the same Priest cannot well be Confessor to husband and wife. Putting aside the reason that it has always been so held, I think you must see, if you think, that it is almost an impossibility for him to receive the confessions of both without, in some degree, betraying it to the other. In anything which may have caused anything like disagreement between them, this is more especially the case: and when you are married, you will feel the truth of what I say more than perhaps you will do now.

Same Confessor for husband and wife deprecated.

I trust you will not be persuaded, by whomever it may be, to think for one moment of giving up confession in the same degree to which you have now been accustomed to it. It is surely rather your place to lead Mr. Lea to it, than to be led by him from it. I wish I could have a good talk with you; for there are a great many questions I should like to ask you, which cannot well be done by letters.

But ask anyone who has the slightest knowledge of the subject about the question of the same Confessor to husband and wife, and I am sure he will confirm what I say.

To B. W. July 27th, 1850 (our 8th Wedding-day). S. C.

. . . I have written a short paper *à la* "Few Words to Churchwardens." "Plain reasons for plain people why a man may not marry his wife's sister." I intend to offer them on Monday for No. I. of South Church Union papers. We must do something.

Laetitia Russell is going to be married to one Walter Lea¹ of Wadham. They say the delegation system is not illegal, if we subscribe, say, 10s. to the County Union, of which 6*d.* goes to the Church of England Union. But clearly it is anyhow not more illegal than Westminster Conference or Anti-Corn Law or Protestant League.

¹ John Walter Lea.

To B. W.

Aug. 2nd, 1850. S. C.

Proposed
book of
Breviary
prayers.

I quite agree with you about the desirableness of having the Gregorian Hymns well sung before all are printed off. But it will be much more useful for correcting what is written than for the first translation. When I have a dozen or so ready I should like to come over to you and try the Latin and the English. Then whatever is less accented in the latter can be altered. It would be well if at that time you also asked Helmore (who you know is at Withyham) too. While I have the Breviaries round me, I should like to do something about the *Ordo Commendationis*, the which I talked of as a part of your series of Church Offices which we were to get up. One may never have such an opportunity. I find many excellent prayers in Breviaries, especially circ. 1480, not in the Roman. Now do let us do this, and divide the work thus. You translate the present Roman Office—merely making such changes as are absolutely necessary to give the book any sale; I will make an Appendix from other Offices. And so, for 2s. 6d., there is a complete *Ordo*. No one can translate that sort of thing better than you, as you have shewn in the translation of the “Mystical Mirrour.” I only have the Breviaries for a month longer.¹

And not only did he test the Gregorian hymns by having them well sung, *i.e.* with good choirs, but later on he tested the possibility of their use by an untrained, or little trained, choir, by having the children of the Orphanage taught to sing the Alleluistic Sequence to its own melody. An afternoon’s holiday in the woods, where the children were to sing it, was the promised and appropriate reward for the accomplishment of this.

“The
strain
upraise.”

One can understand his detestation, often expressed, of Troyte’s Chant for “The strain upraise.” To confine that glorious hymn, with its irregular metre, within the bars of a four-lined chant, must have seemed to him like putting a lark in a cage, or accompanying its song with a sixpenny accordion.

¹ *Christian Remembrancer*, xx. 285–331. The Breviary.

To B. W.

S. Matthew (Sept. 21st), 1850. S. C.

No, I went as far as I could before. If the plan you propose were carried out, the next *Ecclesiologist* would be delayed with nonsense from Hope and others: and for these two reasons my theory would have no chance. 1. Because there will always be more on the wrong side than the right. 2. Because people had better have no rules than any rules; and 3. Because if rules there must be, any rather than Roman. 4. I don't like Tentative papers. I would never write anything till I was sure of the principle: and being sure of it, why should I, or you, pretend to be doubtful? So I withdraw the paper. But, as this may put the *Ecclesiologist* to inconvenience, you are very welcome to have the paper I read at the Oxford Architectural Society. Half, perhaps, would come in this time; and if it supplanted the French notes, which only prejudice people against us, I should be very glad.¹

Tentative
papers
disliked.

To B. W.

Michaelmas Day, 1850. S. C.

I think that, nevertheless, I shall write my paper for the *Ecclesiologist*. I look upon Dickinson's idea as rank Oratorianism;² but let that pass. The question is, not what might be the best system, but what we can best do with the present order of things. Latin as a standard there is no present, I fear not much future, chance of getting. But we *now* are called on to give English Hymns; we soon shall be to give English Offices, and the question is, whether in popular, or in Ecclesiastical language. Here I apprehend D. would agree with me, and say, If we must have English, don't let us have everyday popular dialect. The other question, what language we should employ if the whole English Offices were put into our hands, is an open one. But in the hymns the question is an immediately pressing one: *e.g.* why we should always say *his*, and not *its*; why never join the active and passive participles, as *being glorified*, in the *present* sense, only in a past, as *He, being exalted*, *i.e.* He, forasmuch as He has been exalted; We,

The lan-
guage for
hymns and
offices.

¹ *Ecclesiologist*, xi. 217-226; xii. 3-11.

² *Christian Remembrancer*, xxi. 141-164.

being persuaded: i.e. We, forasmuch as arguments *have* been brought forward which convince us. Again, why we should never say *Let* in a precatory sense, as *Let them rest in peace*, but only in an imprecatory, as *Let their habitation be void*; or an imperative, *Let us pray*. The only expression in the Prayer-book which seems to be on the other side, *Let Thy merciful ears*, is really, when considered, very strong on mine. I was led to consider this subject when I was learning Slavonic and Russ together; before which, in translating mediaeval hymns, I avoided modernisms rather by instinct than by rule. And since that time I have been thinking much of it. However, I don't want it to be an Editor's Article, but I should like it to be put forward as a general idea of Helmore's and my theory with respect to the Hymnal. At all events, you will confess it is a curious subject.

"Hymnal
Noted."
Office
hymn for
the day,
"Tibi
Christe
Splendor
Patris."

I wish I were with you to-day. We shall have uncommonly little here about

"Michaellem, in virtute
Conterentem Zabulon,"

two of the finest lines, by the way, I think, in mediaeval hymns.

I quite agree with you about Helmore, but you can do it better than I. For he will think *me* intruding into those things which I have not seen, vainly puffed up in my fleshly mind.

All good success to you on Tuesday.

To B. W.

Sept. 30th, 1850. S. C.

I had, anyhow, to go to London yesterday, and am very glad that I was at Committee. There seemed no possible hesitation in any way about the desirableness of the Hymns appearing. Helmore and Sir John Harrington gave them in prodigious style. Crompton, indeed, has rather a penchant for reducing Gregorian music to time; but even he does not think that could be done at present or popularly. So that matter is settled: that they are to come out under the general sanction of the C.C.S., like Miss Blencowe's things. Also we agreed to send a copy of the "Noted

Psalter" to Janssen, asking for his opinion on the matter ; I am to write to him in Latin.

Of course, there is every reason why you all three should come on Monday. Maberly is going to bring on the question of lectures ; I have advised him to move that it be referred to the Sub-Committee, himself being added to it ; and if you come, I think that this may be carried. But if you do not, I have no hope that it will be. . . . It was also carried yesterday that it would be desirable for Helmore to write a short paper for this *Ecclesiologist* on the advantages of the four-line stave ; and that I should say something on vernacular Translation, which I can illustrate from the Glagolita book. For this, therefore, you may look.

To B. W.

Oct. 19th, 1850. S. C.

I don't entirely agree with you about the Roman Hierarchy.¹ I can't think it a blunder. Consider how often we have girded at them for having Bishops of Hippopotamus, etc., how un-English and unreal we have said it was. Surely, therefore, it cannot be a mistake to do now what we have always said they ought to do. It enrages me to hear of a man not being able to speak. Why not ? What will be the use of anyone in Convocation if he cannot ? One excuses, and truly excuses, *writing* in Pusey, but not in anyone else.

The
Roman
hierarchy.

I rather take to my sermons for Cleaver, not as sermons, but as essays,² on some points I have thought a good deal about. I rather think of these among others : Unions, Field preaching, Laity in Convocation, Funeral Guilds (which will not in the least interfere with—but rather the contrary—the *Ecclesiologist*), and Direction.

Anderdon, as I suppose you hear, has given up S. Margaret's, and will be led by his revered uncle. That's a pitch of trusting a man at which I shall never arrive. I think *you* would do as much as could be done to me in such a case. That is, I feel pretty sure I shall never go over while you stay, and I should pack up my heavier

¹ See *Christian Remembrancer*, xxi. 200–222.

² See "Lectures on Church Difficulties." Cleaver, 1852.

trunks if you went, to be ready for a start, but that would be all. I think some things not generally known may be told people with reference to Wiseman's appointment, I mean as to the first Anglo-Roman Church. The Committee had not a spark of Protestantism on the subject, and were not for a moment disposed to talk *à la* Bickersteth (or Bickersted rather, as he is past). As to dying in the Communion of the Church of England, I can have no objection to saying that I hope it; if in the Church of Rome also, so much the better.

To B. W.

Oct. 30th, 1850. S. C.

The Anti-
phonal.

. . . Indeed you are mistaken about the Antiphonal. Every Antiphonal must have three parts: the Vespéral, for Vespers and Compline; the Gradual for Mass; and the part in question for Matins and Lauds (which involves the little hours). If there were no music for these the most beautiful thing in the Breviary, the responsories to the Lessons would be left without it—and half the hymns. But I have often abroad seen the Antiphonal for Matins, and seen it used; though whether it is published separately so as to be got here, I doubt. Why, the melody for *Custodes hominum* is properly speaking a Matin melody—for it is that of the *Sacris solenniis* of S. Thomas, but what this book is called, whether a Matutinal, or not, I must enquire.

You will have a proof of my two first sermons in a day or two, if you won't mind the trouble of reading them. The first is intended as a sort of addition to Newman's Lectures—the tendency of the movement of '33 not to Rome, which is most remarkably true.¹ The second on Church Unions. Cleaver is in such a hurry for them, that he goes on printing as I go on writing. I have been reading the "*Historia Ecclesiae Slavonicae*"—*i.e.* the Protestant sects of Bohemia, Poland, and Lithuania, by one Wengersi, which contains some very funny things. It appears that the Moravians actually got a Bishop consecrated by the Armenians. I never knew till the other day this, about the denial of the Chalice. There is some degree of shadow

¹ See Lectures I., II., III., in "Church Difficulties."

of sense in denying it altogether, because of irreverence. But what say you to this? If a man of the Latin Rite in Russia attends an Uniat Liturgy he does not communicate in both kinds with the other communicants, but in one kind, at the end of the Mass by himself. This I really call atrocious.

To B. W.

Nov. 7th, 1850. S. C.

This Roman move will have thrown us, I am afraid, Roman hierarchy. five years back. I am quite willing to believe all you say about the difference between an internal and external attack; also Englishmen will always understand a fact better than a doctrine; and no doubt the Pope might have consigned us all to hell without causing any particular row. But still, see how the Bishops are taking the matter. Did you ever see anything meaner than Gloucester and Bristol in hindering Pusey from preaching—of course, because of the [*illegible*] affair? In fact, I am half disposed to shut up shop.

To B. W.

Epiphany, 1851. Sackville College.

It would have been quite impossible for me to come. I did not get up till nearly twelve: and have not been to Chapel these three days. However, having got rid of my sore throat, I hope I have broken the cold's neck. What I should propose is this: that we print at once sixteen pages of hymns, in the cheapest and nastiest way possible, to sell, if it may be, for 1*d*. We have very nearly enough for this. Then, when we have sixteen pages more, we will get them out in the same way, paging on: and the order will not be the least matter, because we can have an Index. Now, write me by return, whether I may venture on my own authority to have sixteen pages set up for approval by the Committee. This can be done in time, if I hear from you. I plainly see that, till we give Masters an interest in it, he never will help the sale of the Noted part. The hymns would be—

Eterne Rerum Conditor

* *Jam Lucis*

Nunc Sancte Nobis

Sunday Morning.

Sunday Morning.

Sunday Tierce.

Beginning
of the
"Hymnal
Noted."

* <i>Rector Potens</i>	Sunday Sexts.
* <i>Rerum, Deus</i>	Sunday Nones.
* <i>Lucis Creator Optime</i>	Sunday Vespers.
* <i>Te Lucis ante Terminum</i>	Sunday Compline.
* <i>Conditor Alme Siderum</i>	Advent Vespers.
* <i>Christe, Redemptor.</i>	
* <i>A Solis Ortus Cardine</i> }	Christmas Morning.
<i>Veni, Redemptor Gentium</i>	
<i>Audi, Benigne Conditor</i>	Christmas Evening.
<i>Ex More Docti Mystico</i>	Lent Morning.
* <i>Vexilla Regis</i>	Lent Evening.
* <i>Ad Regias</i>	Passiontide.
* <i>Deus, Tuorum Militum</i>	Easter.
* <i>Celestis Urbs Hierusalem</i>	Common of Martyrs.
* <i>Urbs Beata</i>	Dedication.
* <i>Angulare Fundamentum</i>	Dedication Morning.
* <i>Salvete, Flores</i>	Dedication Evening.
<i>Pange, Lingua, Gloriosi Corporis</i>	Holy Innocents.
* <i>Pange, Lingua, Gloriosi Praelium</i>	Holy Communion.
	Passiontide.

This will make twenty-four pages, I see. If you think I may venture it, they shall go off on Wednesday night, which will give plenty of time. Those marked with an asterisk are done. I have written to Novello, urging him to advertise more. I wish you would do the same.

I shall propose at next Meeting—

(1) That the Society give Helmore and me each an Antiphonal, which it is not fair to make us buy, as we get nothing by the hymns, and without which we cannot do the morning ones.

(2) That we each be authorized to distribute, at the expense of the Society, fifty copies of the first batch.

Old Gream fights the matter out. I write to-night to comfort him.

Now, when will you come over? I do horribly want you to see the Chapel, which will to-day be completely finished. We had quite a sick house yesterday, but all seem better to-day. "Sic, O sic," as Virgil hath it. Corny, finding a great P. on the table, says, "P. stands for Piphany, I suppose." My first idea of Saints' Days was gained on this day, twenty-eight years ago, also a Monday.

¹ See *Ecclesiologist*, xii. 378-383.

Don't forget that I want three things in the *Ecclesiologist* :

(1) S. Ninian's.¹

(2) Broughton.²

(3) I want to answer the question why old translators seldom do for us French hymns.

Ever yours affly.,

J. M. NEALE.

I have written as strongly as ever I can both to Gream and West, not to give way : and have told the latter that if with all his rank, influence, and money he surrenders, "it will be something very like betraying us." Take your change out of that, as Hope says.

To B. W.

January 10th, 1851. Sackville College.

As to intoning, I have got hold of a book which throws Intoning. more light on the subject than anything else, Sheridan's "Elocution," published in 1713. From this it appears that intoning, if not universal then, which the words imply, was certainly the prevalent thing, and the aim of the book is to get people to change it for the "French System of reading." I am glad you like the form of the Hymns. Remember that this is a Collection, not a Selection, between which things there is all the difference in the world.

To B. W.

January 23rd, 1851. Sackville College.

I am glad you wrote to the people concerned in an Appeal to the East.³ If they are going about this without having taken into their consultation someone at least who has had actual experience of the intercourse with Eastern Prelates—W. Palmer, or Blackmore, or even G. Williams, or myself—all I can say is, that they will make the most thorough mess that ever was made. I suppose that no one, who has not tried it, has the least conception of what we in the West should call their crotchetyness. You know something of it from having seen Mouravieff's letters. I owe Mouravieff an answer to his last : and I think I shall ask him how best such a thing might be done, though I

¹ *Ecclesiologist*, xii. 24-29.

² *Ibid.*, 45-49.

³ Encyclical of Pio Nono. See *Christian Remembrancer*, xxii. 209-249.

fear we shall gain nothing by it. That is a capital paper of Scott's; I have not made any alteration in the Spanish, because I daresay he can correct it as well as I could, or better. Why does he, contrary to all precedents, put his name to it? Reading in Gerbertus, I found a *memoria technica* for Gregorians, which I translated. It may be well known, but I never saw it before.

To B. W.

January 30th, 1851. Sackville College.

Petition
to H.G.
Synod.

I don't see much to object to in the form of the petition; except that it should state more plainly what we want. No one can say whether we are asking them to consecrate us Bishops, or to receive us to Communion without Bishops. I would omit the part about Old Style as a mere detail; and would add to the last after "joining with us,"—"Thus exhibiting to our weaker brethren the same Apostolic forbearance which the Holy Governing Synod enjoined to be displayed towards the members of the Uniat Communion when, in 1840, they returned to the bosom of the Orthodox Church." But I think that the letter might be much better done. It is so thoroughly English. Fancy a "dubious theory of development" in Greek. The way should have been to write in Greek and then translate into English for the subscribers' benefit. Then again, no one in their senses will give names till the authors of the scheme give theirs. It would be a work of immense correspondence. The H.G. Synod will not decide for themselves; and who is to carry all this on? In my judgment it cannot answer; but that makes no difference if it is right to try. The *Filioque* will upset it. I suppose that Blackmore, Palmer, and I are the only men in the English Church who are thoroughly convinced that the Latin doctrine is grievously erroneous, suspected of heresy, and even (if logically carried out) heretical. Half our men would never "alter the Creed," as they would call it. The Bishop of Brechin is very strong on the point. This mysterious nonentity of the carriers-on must first be put an end to, and it, of course, must be managed by a Committee. One can think of a dozen names that ought to be on it. It is most highly

important that the correspondence should be in Greek, not in Russ, nor in English. I will write to Mouravieff, all well, in a day or two, and perhaps to Philaret, of Moscow, and you shall see the letters.

What do you think of this or a like resolution being proposed at Southern Church Union General Meeting?—

“We, the undersigned Priests and Deacons of the Church of England, having heard that it is designed to propose a revision of the Book of Common Prayer, to be carried into effect by means of a Royal Commission and an Act of Parliament, declare that we will never accept any revision so made, and that we will continue to use the present Book of Common Prayer until, should such ever be the case, its revision by a free and lawful Synod of the English Church.”

I should like to propose this.

To B. W. Tuesday in Holy Week, April 15th, 1851. S. C.

Dickinson seems to think that Confirmation would hardly do to come early in the papers:¹ and that I had better settle with you what to write. I think that *Frequent Services* might suit me, and would not be inappropriate to come soon. If you like to settle that so to be, write me so at once, that I may fall to work.

Yes; is not the Hymnal a poor tame innocent-looking little creature? and to think that such a venomous asp of a beast should lie hid in it!

Try and introduce at least the *Ad Coenam* next week. The music is just out.

To B. W.

Undated (1851).

I am going to do what I can about the ²Marriage Bill here, but just now we are in great tribulation with a vehement Anti-Popery howl, about our funerals; and Harward, like the little busy bee, improves each shining hour on such occasions. Certainly Tractarianism, if anything ever was, is unpopular.

¹ Published in “Lectures on Church Difficulties.” Cleaver.

² See *Ecclesiologist*, xii. 86–90.

I have written to Brechinensis, and asked him what the Scotch Bishops mean to do. I have a letter from a Priest to-day, saying that he has been convinced by my Essay on the *Filioque*,¹—wrote to J. B. Cant: for advice. Cant: recommends the Bible. Priest wants me to tell him what to do. What you call a mess.

The following letter, and other records of long past troubles, are inserted for the sake of shewing my father's and mother's brave spirit in facing any persecutions, whether great or small. It was addressed "to the inhabitants of East Grinstead."

March 15th, 1851. Sackville College.

GENTLEMEN,

Now that the unhappy excitement which has recently prevailed in the town seems in some measure to be abated, I think that perhaps a few words of comment on, and explanation of, late circumstances, may not be out of place. And therefore I adopt the only method in my power of addressing you,—namely, a printed letter.

"Letter to
the inhabit-
ants of E.
Grinstead."

I shall be very glad if you will spend a few minutes in considering with me *what* has lately happened,—and *why* it has happened ;—the facts, and the reasons.

The *facts* are these : That on a certain Tuesday night a mob of about 150 persons, many of them disguised, paraded the town ;—that they carried torches, firepans, oil, shavings, straw, and other combustibles ;—that they disturbed the place with their rough music ;—that they came up to this College, burnt a bier, a pall, and crosses in our field ;—smashed many of our windows, the stones being thrown with such force as to indent the wall on the opposite side ;—lighted a fire against our house, which absolutely melted the lead of one of the windows, and the flame of which was seen above the roof ;—that the mob retired two or three times, and returned to the assault, after having had beer in the town ;—that, when I went out to speak to them, they first attacked me, and had afterwards the cowardice to attack Mrs. Neale ;—that this took place when my children were, and were known to be, lying seriously ill ;

¹ Cp. p. 131.

and that their illness was very much aggravated by the fear and excitement, and the dense smoke with which the house was filled. The fact also is that, during this riot, which lasted nearly three hours, of the thirty or forty respectable tradesmen in this town not one volunteered to come to our assistance.

So much as to *what* happened:—now, *why* did it all happen?

Some of you will say, perhaps, "Because of the shameful proceedings which had taken place that day with respect to the funeral from the College":—some of you may answer, "Because we are determined to put down all Popery and Puseyism."

Let us take the first reason first. You know that a certain mode of burial (never mind at present whether a bad mode or a good mode) is in use at the College. You know that in that use the inmates here (admitted since it *was* our use) are pledged to acquiesce. *They* came for a certain benefit: *we* exacted certain conditions; and this is one of them. If they did not like the conditions, no one forced them to accept the advantage. But,—I speak to you as to fair men—is it honest to avail oneself of the benefit, and then to cry off from the terms? I am now looking at the matter in the light of a mere bargain. If a man so acted in your market, he would never again dare to shew his face there.

In the present case, Mrs. Aulchin, in asking for a room in the College, entered with a full understanding of the stipulations under which she held it. One of these stipulations was broken for her by her relatives after her death. Was I wrong, as an honest man, in resisting a breach of contract?

But Mrs. Aulchin herself had twice expressed a particular wish to be buried in this same College manner;—and had requested me to see that all was right after her death. What, was I to act in express opposition to the wishes of the deceased, because two of her relatives had a fancy that her desire should not be carried out? I think, and I hope *you* will think, that I should have behaved

most unworthy of a Christian and a Clergyman, if I had not spoken and acted for one who could no longer speak and act for herself.

But now, what refusal had the relatives to complain of? It seemed, on the best consideration that could be given, that, while there was not a shadow of moral justice in their claim, it might *possibly*—for this was doubtful—be borne out by the bare strict letter of the law. Lord De la Warr's advice therefore was that, for this once, and under protest, it should be conceded. I was prepared to let the relatives manage matters in their own way: but, when they came up, the College was surrounded with a perfect rabble of people; and neither with decency nor safety could all have been admitted. I requested the relatives to enter: but they refused to do so without the presence of others, whose entrance would have been highly improper. As they therefore refused to come to the coffin, I was obliged to send it out to them;—and the way in which the bystanders rushed upon it proved the prudence of their exclusion from the College. Having thus obtained what I had never wished to deny, they went through the sad farce of opening the coffin at an inn, to make sure that the body of the deceased had not been abstracted from it.

I think, then, we come to this point: that, for the sake of honesty, I was bound to resist a breach of stipulation; and, for the sake of respect to the dead, to prevent, as far as in me lay, a departure from her wishes.

Well, a stranger might say, "But this mode of burial stipulated for from, and wished by, the deceased, may have been so very offensive in itself as to palliate, if not to justify, the behaviour of the relatives."

What, then, is this mode of burial which is so peculiarly obnoxious? And remember, first, that, whatever it be, it is not pressed on,—it is not even offered,—to any of the inhabitants. Were I your Vicar, and endeavouring to make it the parish use, you might have a perfect right to express your opinions on the subject. As it is, it only applies to a private establishment situated in the town, with the arrangements of which you have no more to do

than with those of Abbot's Hospital at Guildford. You have as little right to interfere with us, as we to interfere with you.

This peculiar method of burial embraces two things,—
 a bier, and a pall. To the bier, no one in his senses would make a religious objection. It is simply a sanitary question. Those who have studied the subject,—which perhaps none of you will ever profess to have done,—have long seen how very unhealthy and indecent is the plan, prevalent in this part of England, of carrying the coffin on the shoulders. Long before the appearance of the late Report on Intramural Interment, I, in common with others, had called the attention of those in authority to the consequences, sometimes dreadful, always offensive, of the present system. And the report itself of that Commission uses the very strongest possible language against it. I suppose you will allow such men as Lord Ashley, Dr. Southwood Smith, and Mr. Chadwick to be fair judges on a question of this kind; and the manner in which their report was received in Parliament is ample confirmation of their judgment. To anyone who wishes to satisfy himself on this subject, I will willingly lend that report.

Use of
the bier a
sanitary
question.

To object to a bier, then, is simply a proof that, in knowledge of sanitary requirements, the objector is behind the age.

I proceed to the pall. The only difference between ours and that ordinarily in use is this: an undertaker's pall is black, with a white border: ours is dark purple, with a yellow fringe, and a plain and most unobtrusive Cross, precisely that of S. George's flag. I think I may assume that it was the Cross only that offended you. If, indeed, it was the colours, I would willingly alter those (though the more proper ones) for the sake of giving pleasure where I can conscientiously do so.

I am not going to enter into a religious controversy. I will rather quote what your Bishop says on a similar subject, I mean the use of a small Cross, carried by the Sexton before the Priest, in Westbourne Church: (a thing, I remark in passing, for which there seems to me less

Use of the
Cross;
and the
Bishop's
dictum.

authority than a Cross on a pall). He says,—and we should all do well to lay his words to heart: “There is no direction for this. But neither is there a prohibition. And is it indeed true that we live in times so unhappy, that the pure and religiously minded among us are rightfully scandalized, because a representation of that Cross, by His death on which the SAVIOUR redeemed us, is presented to our eyes, there being no setting up of it for any reverence or honour to be done to it? Is it seen nowhere but at Westbourne? It is embroidered, issuing from the centre of the sacred monogram, on a very large number of the pulpits and communion table cloths throughout the kingdom. Somewhere or other (often in more places than one) it is found on the outside of all our churches. And in the very way in which you have it at Westbourne it is used in most cathedrals, if not in many other churches, including the cathedral near which I write. I trust I am not superstitious, and sure I am that I have no leaning towards the doctrines and practices of Rome, but I cannot prevail upon myself to take any step toward the removal of that simple emblem, so simply used, of that cruel death and sacrifice by which a lost world was redeemed. He who suffered upon the Cross has left upon record His warning, that He *came not to send peace upon the earth, but a sword*. Alas for the corruption of our nature that such should be among the consequences of His mercy and His love; woe to them through whose sin the prophecy is anywhere accomplished. May the parishioners of Westbourne, henceforth, as they look upon the Cross in question, regard it as reminding them of this denunciation, and as a warning to each to take care that he be not the one through whose sin it shall be fulfilled.”

To this I will only add that the Westbourne parishioners could not help seeing the Cross which the Bishop here defends, if they did their duty by going to church; whereas our Cross need offend nobody, since nobody is obliged to be present at one of our funerals.

Thus, then, we stand. But, you will observe, while I do not pretend to dictate to you what you should believe,

and how you should act (for that is none of my duty), you do pretend to dictate to me what I should think and do ;—and some of you have had recourse to the last resource of a bad cause—brute force. You hear much and talk much of Popish bigotry, intolerance, oppression, and persecution ; did not the riot of last Tuesday week prove that these things can be practised by some who are loudest in exclaiming against them ?

And this brings me to the second reason which might be alleged for the riot—that it was merely a demonstration against Popery and Puseyism.

Now first, observe that the man who assigns this reason boldly avows the whole principle of persecution. If, in his zeal for Protestantism, he may break my windows,—by the same rule he may break my bones ;—if he may heap straw against my house, and endeavour to set it on fire, he may heap faggots around me, and burn me at the stake. The more or the less of persecution does not affect the point. Such acts defend the principle of the Spanish Inquisition, or the fires of Smithfield. You cannot consistently condemn these things and practise the like : you cannot persecute and yet applaud toleration. Talk of liberality if you will,—but then practise it ; or, if you are yourselves justified in persecuting, boldly avow that others also are.

Let what *you* call Tractarianism, Puseyism, Popery, but what *I* know to be the Faith of the Church of England, heartily held, and honestly expressed, be as bad and dangerous as it may ;—is this a likely way *to put it down* ? Is it not certain that such outbreaks must strengthen it ? Must they not necessarily confirm the sufferers in that for which they suffer ? Will they not lead others to say, “There must be something in these doctrines” ? Will they not induce all fair men to regard with suspicion principles allied with a disguised mob, and supported by a riot ? There cannot be better advice than that of Gamaliel—“And now I say unto you, Refrain from these men, and let them alone ; for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to naught : but if it be of GOD, ye cannot overthrow it : lest haply ye be found even to fight against GOD.”

Religious
persecu-
tions.

Call to
mutual for-
bearance.

And now in conclusion, it is my hearty wish that what is past *may* be past. I am only sorry that the postponement of the trial of those who were committed for the riot must keep alive, till August, some soreness on their parts, and on that of their families. But, for the rest, I trust that we have seen an end, not only of open deeds of violence, but as far as may be of hard thoughts and bitter speeches : at all events, an end of calumnies which, if persevered in, will oblige us to bring their propagators to legal punishment. Give me credit for every good wish as regards yourselves—for the most perfect determination in no way to interfere with the concerns of the parish—and an equally resolute determination not to suffer any interference with those of the College. I at all events have some claim to your forbearance. I might remind you that this College was never before the ornament to the town that it is now :—that it never was so full ; and that a larger sum of money has been laid out in its reparation, and among you, during the five years that I have been its Warden, than during the preceding century. Let us try, therefore, to exercise this virtue of mutual forbearance : you, perhaps, seeing some things among us of which you disapprove, but which you are not called to mend ; I, perhaps, viewing in the same light some things done by you, but having no business to interfere. And, in the meantime, we may at least, on both sides, pray that “whereunto we have already attained, we may walk by the same rule, we may mind the same thing” ; and that “if in anything we be otherwise minded, GOD may reveal even this unto us.”

I have the honour to remain, Gentlemen,

Your faithful Servant,

J. M. NEALE.

To his friend he wrote—

You have no idea of my wife's courage, for she persisted in speaking to the rabble, even after they had pelted her, and at last they listened.

CHAPTER XII

1851

"HYMNAL NOTED"—"MORNING CHRONICLE"

If they who fought themselves the fight,
If they who ran themselves the race,
Are circled with the crown of light
And see their Master face to face :
What guerdon his, who others too
Arms, aids, encourages in strife ?
Who keeps their country in their view,
And points in midst of death to life ?

IT was about this time, 1851, that J. M. Neale began to take "his place in the forefront of modern hymnologists, as discoverer, translator, and composer." Of his translations Dr. Overton, in the "Dictionary of Hymnology," writes : "It is in this species of composition that Dr. Neale's success was pre-eminent, one might almost say unique. He had all the qualifications of a good translator. He was not only an excellent classical scholar, in the ordinary sense of the term, but he was positively steeped in mediaeval Latin. . . . Again, Dr. Neale's exquisite ear for melody prevented him from spoiling the rhythm by too servile imitation of the original ; while the spiritedness, which is a marked feature of all his poetry, preserved that spring and dash which is so often wanting in a translation."

Many of the following letters show the details of the method by which the "Hymnal Noted" came into being under the auspices of the Ecclesiological Society. These details, showing so much critical care and research, will be specially interesting to those who regret the frequent alterations which mar so many of Dr. Neale's translations in modern hymnals. With the appearance of the first part of

the book in 1851 he wrote an article for the *Ecclesiologist*, in which he says, speaking of the difficulties of a "Noted Hymnal" and the "Gregorian note"—

Article in
Ecclesiologist, xi.
175-179
and 251.

"We do not conceal from ourselves that it is *periculosae plenum opus aleae*. Our hymnology is confessedly the weak point of the English Church; heterodoxy in words, and vulgarity in music, will still find their way into Churches where, with this exception, the Office has ritual propriety, and even dignity. It is not wonderful that of the three requisites to a Hymnal—theology, music, and poetry—scarcely even two, much less all, should be found together. If we escape such heresy as

"When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,"

or

"Bold shall I stand at that great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Completely clothed in CHRIST alone,
And all my filthy garments gone,"

then we fall into such poetry as—

"Oh, pluck them out, and be not slow
To give my foes a rap."

Or, if we, by great fortune, escape heterodoxy and doggerel, then we have *Sicilian Mariners* or *Cambridge New*.

The proposed Hymnal, it need not be said, will be entirely from ancient sources. The hymns will be taken from those in general use through the Western Church, before the so-called Reform of Urban VIII. And the melody will be that of the best books, and the most correct Churches."

And again, in writing of the Second Part of the "Hymnal Noted," he says¹—

"We have been more than once asked, why, with so many already existing translations of the Breviary Hymns, we have found it necessary to attempt one more in the work of which we have now issued two parts? In the following paper we purpose to reply, as briefly as we can, to this very reasonable question.

¹ *Ecclesiologist*, xii. 11-16.

And, first, we will say that we do not bring forward a new version because we think all that have hitherto been published unworthy of the original. Still less because we hope to make so decided an improvement on all as, by means of superior excellence, to make ours the standard version. If we really believed either of these things, we might justly be charged with most insufferable arrogance.

Notwithstanding, a new version was necessary, and that on the following grounds:—

1. We profess to give the only hymns which we believe the English Church, without the act of a general Synod, to have a right to—those, namely, of the older English Office books, and principally that of Sarum. Now, to say nothing of the many translations afloat from the Paris Breviary, with which we, as *English* Churchmen, can have nothing to do, except as matter of curiosity, the hymns that have been translated into English are from the modern Roman Breviary. But the hymns contained in this are—it can never be too often repeated—a mere revision of the older compositions, common for the most part both to Rome and to Sarum, made by the *literati* of the court of Urban VIII. These men bound themselves down to those classical chains which the Church had deliberately flung away, and sacrificed beauty, piety, fervour, poetry, to cramp the grand old hymns into the rules of prosody. . . .

2. But, it will truly be said, many of the reformed and unreformed hymns are so nearly the same, that in them, at least, former translations might in great measure be adopted. We come then to the second reason which forbids this: the excessive rarity of translations made in the metre of the original; a point, to us, of clearly absolute necessity.

We should gladly, if we might do so without invidiousness, add a few words on the difficulty of translating Latin hymns. Most people seem to think that there is nothing more simple; and, so the general meaning is preserved (and that is not always the case), they trouble themselves with nothing further. But now, to take the first verse of

Hymns
from
English
Office
books.

Difficulty
of trans-
lation.

The
Vexilla
Regis.

the *Vexilla Regis*.¹ Probably many persons would think that it was to be read off without a thought ; but may not these questions fairly be asked ? Does *Fulget Crucis mysterium* simply mean, The visible Cross, with all its mystic meaning, glitters before us ? or, The deep mystery of the Cross, so long concealed, is now made manifest in full light ? And, as connected with this, do the last two lines mean, By means of which mystery the Maker of flesh was in flesh suspended on the place of punishment ? or, In which place of punishment the Maker, etc. ? . . . ”

The “Mediaeval Hymns and Sequences” was also published in 1851, and dedicated to the Rev. T. Helmore “as a mark of gratitude for his labours in the reform of Ecclesiastical music.” A second edition, with very numerous alterations and corrections, was brought out in 1861, and a third in 1863, after the publication of “Hymns Ancient and Modern,” and of other hymnals, all of which had adopted more or fewer of Dr. Neale’s translations, but with alterations. With regard to this subject, he wrote in the preface to the new edition :—

“It would be, I think, merely unthankful to Him from Whom all good things come, did I not express my gratitude for the great favour He has given so many of my translations (both in this and other works), in the English Church ; and more especially, ‘Jerusalem the golden,’ ‘To thee, O dear, dear country,’ ‘The strain upraise,’ ‘Christ is made the sure Foundation,’ and ‘The Royal Banners.’ That they have been a good deal altered in their various transcriptions was only to be expected ; and I hope that the remarks which I have here and there made in the following pages on some of these alterations will not be taken, as I am sure they were not meant, unkindly. In some instances I thankfully acknowledge them to be improvements ; in some I think that, had the reproducers studied the Com-

¹ *The Royal Banners forward go.*

“*Vexilla Regis prodeunt,
Fulget Crucis mysterium,
Quo carne carnis Conditor
Suspensus est patibulo.*”

mentaries of Clichtoveus and Nebrissensis, they would have left the original as it was." (And here examples are given.)

Hymnology can hardly be considered at the present time the "weak point" in the English Church, and it would be difficult to over-estimate John Mason Neale's work in this particular line. Perhaps his hymns have a more widely spreading influence than any of his other writings, whether it be his sermons, his Commentary, his "History of the Eastern Church," or his "Church Tales." There is probably no modern hymnal, Anglican or Non-conformist, where his hymns are not, and in some collections they form a very large proportion. For instance, in one of the editions of "Hymns Ancient and Modern," not less than *one-eighth* of the hymns and translations—61 out of 473—came from his pen. In the "English Hymnal" more than *one-tenth* are his: 72 out of 656. In this later book it is gratifying to find that, as a rule, his translations are given word for word as he wrote them, and that therefore at the great Church Pageant this year (1909) his translations, unaltered, were used of the glorious hymns, *Urbs Beata*, *Angulare Fundamentum*, and *Dies Irae*. (It would have been still more gratifying had his name as translator appeared in the Pageant book: the omission was surely strange: "Let us now praise famous men, and our fathers that begat us.")

Proportion
of his
hymns in
"Ancient
and
Modern,"
etc.

Church
Pageant,
1909.

To B. W.

March 19th, 1851. S. C.

I quite agree with you that we should have a Committee next week for the Hymnal only; and so summoned, in order that those not interested in it might not attend. I wish you and the Committee knew how very little I care whose translations are adopted, so they are the best, and I very much hope that you will be able to persuade Chambers to bring his, next time to the Committee (if he does not like to let me have them in the meantime, which would be infinitely more useful). I think any kind of feeling about whose version is best, and whose worst, and what is to be corrected and by whom, is all uncommonly childish: and I have no sort of sympathy with it. I feel two things, however; the one, that there is much more mechanical craft in verse-making than the Committee

Craft of
verse-
making.

seems inclined to believe, and that may sometimes make me seem pig-headed in not falling in with an alteration ; and secondly, I see, by one thing that you now tell me, that Chambers has very little studied Hymnology. In answer to my question about *providi*, he says it must be the nominative. Why? Because in one of those Architectonic hymns that people amused themselves with in the 15th century, *providi* certainly is the nominative. Now, anyone who has studied the subject, knows that the very gist of those hymns was to bring in the words in the most extraordinary sense,—if quite different from the original, so much the better. The passage he referred to is, I suppose, in the hymn on S. Anne—

“ Ut transferamur candidi
Ad Coenam Agni providi ”

(which, by the way, is not in the Sarum Breviary, but in the Halberstadt). Now compare this, it is from a hymn on S. Francis' Day :—

“ Pro terrenis
Votis plenis
Reportat dona gloriae
Quem decoras
Quem honoras
Summe Deus clementiae.”

Here *summe* is the adverb. But no one in their senses would argue that in the hymn beginning *Summe Deus clementiae* it is therefore an adverb. I could give you plenty more instances of this. Was there no one in the Committee who knew what the nature of those hymns really was? So much for that. But let us have a Committee on Monday or Tuesday.

S. Benedict (March 21st), 1851. S. C.

MY DEAR WEBB,

I have written to Helmore, asking him to fix Tuesday or Wednesday. My cold is a good deal better.

There seems some chance of S. Oxon. making this the Hymn Book of his Diocese. If this be so, we must take great care not to insert anything in the first part which might offend.

What you say about something in *Ecclesiologist* on the Synopsis is true. So I send something.

In my article for *Ecclesiastic*, I spoke of "sampling a house by a brick." They printed, "a horse by a kick."

Keble wrote, that he knew none of the Sarum Hymns, but he would get a book, and see what he could do. Why, no man should attempt to translate any till he has the whole at his fingers' ends. I think Masters hardly behaved well about Chambers. He should not have mentioned names. I only criticized that, as I should have done any other book. I did not even say, though I felt it strongly, that I am afraid this whole translation of the Breviary will be *ne sutor ultra crepidam*. A man cannot take up a work like that, as a *parergon* from the studies of a life. But people will intrude into those things they have not seen. So much as he might have done usefully and better than other men; and he will take this! What would he say if you or I came out with a treatise on mediaeval canon law?

To B. W.

March 28th, 1851. S. C.

It strikes me that you have the opportunity of getting both "The Royal Banners" and "The Lamb's High Banquet" (N.B.—I now make a point of calling them both by their English names) for your congregation without expense. Masters, you know, is printing one in *'stic* (*Ecclesiastic*) and one in *Ecclesiologist*, and he could strike you off as many as you like. I wish you would do this and begin "The Royal Banners" on the Eve of Passion Sunday. I have been very hard at work on the Hymnal—have got it into form—and intend going to town again to-morrow to get through it, if possible, with Helmore. At all events, we can get two sheets ready for press. I have an idea about it which pleases me. Did you ever see Clichtoveus' "Commentary on the Sequences"? Well, I should like to advertise "A Short Commentary on the Hymnal (published by the Ecclesiological Society), principally intended for the use of the poor. By a Priest of the Church of England." This might attract notice to the Hymnal itself; has a sort of

Keble
and trans-
lations.

Proposed
"Com-
mentary on
Hymnal
Noted."

"improving the subject" air, which will take with Anglicans ; while, on the other hand, nothing requires more bringing out than the references in the hymns. And it would have this good effect : to shew how much there is in these hymns, as compared with others. I should make it a 1/6 book, or so. Let me know what you think of it ; and keep my counsel as to the writer. I have a good mind to advertise it to-morrow.

To B. W.

July 22nd, 1851. Sackville College.

I am sorry Helmore has persuaded you to the *Eterna* in harmony. That sort of thing, I fear, will be the wreck of the book. Very few choirs are capable of it ; and then people get disgusted at a needless difficulty.

I have sent off a few notes on some of the Dutch rood-screens.

Laity in
Convoca-
tion.

Yesterday we proposed for one of the Resolutions at General Meeting, "that it is not desirable for laymen to have anything to do with doctrinal questions in Convocation."¹ I wanted it to be, "to have any voice in Convocation at all." Everyone agreed with me ; but it was thought most prudent to limit the thing to doctrinal questions at first.

To B. W.

Trinity Sunday, 1851. S. C.

. . . I was reading to Agnes (aged 7) to-day about the Council of Ephesus. When I was explaining to her that the excuses of John of Antioch for stopping six days' journey off through heat and fatigue were mere pretences—"Yes," she said, "for if he had been in earnest, he might have come by the next train."

The following letter is in reference to a post he was offered on the staff of the *Morning Chronicle*. He was to write three leaders a week, on favourable terms, and when Parliament was not sitting was free to choose his own subjects.

This engagement was terminated in 1853.

¹ See "Church Difficulties."

TO HIS WIFE.

July 23rd, 1851. S. C.

I was glad to find your note when I got back. I can't help thinking how pleased you will be with my news to-morrow. Ten guineas a week equals £546 a year; which more than doubles our income, you know. The only possible drawback would be that, in the very rare case where an article is absolutely required (say) for Tuesday, and I, getting the materials by morning post, cannot finish it in time for the coach on Monday, I must send a man over to Three Bridges. I saw the Great Globe to-day, and was very much edified by it. It is really very grand. It corrects one's ideas wonderfully in two respects: first, as to comparative size, for England is not much larger than a fair-sized map, whereas Africa is gigantic; second, as to one's Mercator projection ideas, for Greece here points towards India, not towards Egypt. The upper part is very hot. But the vast extent of sea, the quivering motion of the rarified air from the gas, before it, and the vibration of the Galleries, would have made me quite seasick in a little while.

The *Morning Chronicle* money is to be paid fortnightly. I could not get one to-day to forward you. Corny has taken to his singing again. To-morrow, all well, I will write to Agnes. Don't hurry back; when you are out you may as well enjoy yourself; and you may as well stay a few days at the Observatory. I am to have an article, all well, in the *Christian Remembrancer* this time, on Rohrbacher's "History of the Church" during the two last centuries. They wrote this morning to ask Miss Baker to go to Croydon, not for her benefit, but theirs. Susanna has not at present told her it was to excite both my mother and Cornelia by means of a visitor. Corny sleeps, with great edification, in our room. He offered some observations this morning on the exact time that daylight may be said to begin.

TO HIS WIFE.

S. Anne (July 26th), 1851. S. C.

To-morrow will be the first wedding-day which we shall not spend together. However, I am far more glad that you should be where you are, and enjoying yourself, than

S. James'
Day and
S. James'-
tide.

that you should be here. S. James'-tide, you know, has always been a fortunate time for me.¹ First, and chief, we were married in the Octave; then the Altar case, for us, on S. James' Day; then the Bishop of Brechin here on S. James' Day; then the great party of choristers from Withyham, on the Octave. The Chapel begun on S. James' Day; and now this arrangement with the *Morning Chronicle*. I am glad to see by your letter I have just had, that you perceive the great advantage of it. This morning comes over a parcel from Cook; I shall have a leader on Monday on "Extramural Interment." That will make the first ten guineas due. Corny does not seem the least tired after his exertions yesterday, but particularly merry. He now knows, "Come, Holy Ghost, with GOD the Son," to Gendelli's Ember melody, very prettily, and is beginning to learn *Eterna Christi Munera*. I think Mr. Phelps must be coming here to-day; a letter came for him this morning and another this evening. I should be almost afraid to take two services in such a large church: else I should have liked very well to come. But you might as well stay out, when you are there, as long as you can. Not, my dearest Sarah, that I do not very much wish you to come back; but you don't often get a holiday. They say, from Croydon, that May is very happy, and so is Ermy here; and Corny is very good. I hope you will have a good sight of the eclipse. There is no doubt that, if you know where to look for them, you may see stars of the first magnitude; and Agnes can notice the birds going to roost. I hear that the Apology was signed yesterday (S. James' Day again), but I have not yet seen Mr. Burt. Dinner is ready, so I leave off. I hope you will see Peterborough before you come back. Here is the baby playing at taking things out of my paper-basket and running out with them to shew to Abigail. On Monday afternoon, all well, we are going to Felbridge Water, according to a proposition of Miss Baker's! As to what you say about the time taken by the *Morning Chronicle*, it will not be much: because, you see, the leader must generally be written between 12.30 and 2.30. Now all the world is come into the study talking.

¹ See p. 368.

To HIS WIFE.

July 30th, 1851. S. C.

Enclosed is a letter from one Harper to you. As he ^{Leave} seems to expect you to answer, you can tell him : 1. That he may take anything he likes out of my "Mediaeval Hymns," and may mutilate it in any way he pleases. 2. But that he may not take anything at all out of the "Hymnal Noted"; nor the things in the "Mediaeval Hymns" which are in the "Hymnal Noted." As he has got both, he can see which these are.

We are going, all well, to Felbridge Water this afternoon: May and Ermy and two servants in donkey-cart; Corny and we in the coach. Wombwell's menagerie is coming to-morrow. I should like to have seen May with the beasts; however, I must be at Brighton, so they will have to go without me. I hope the little petkin does her lessons better. A great many kisses to her.

To B. W.

Aug. 17th, 1851. S. C.

I have only written as yet seven leaders for *Morning Chronicle*, but they were all on Ecclesiastical subjects, ^{*Morning Chronicle.*} except one, concerning the accident on the Brighton railway. As to politics, I neither know nor care twopence about them. I must write another, all well, on Monday. I find they serve as a sort of whet to do my favourite business; and don't bother one more than a game of bowls will set to rights.

Here is a S. Augustine's man staying with us. That is ^{St. Augustine's,} the most wonderful Institution I ever heard of; the business ^{Canter-} is all but miraculous. The students are so delighted with Helmore's Psalter that, for their own pleasure, they sing it daily; but are not allowed in Chapel to chant, much as they wish it, and have asked for it.

Did you know that Monro's boys offered to strike, if he forced it on them? That does not speak much for Master Monro's training in a moral point of view.

Aug. 24th, 1851.

I am rather pleased that you cannot make out my articles in the *Morning Chronicle*. There was one on

Friday ; and will, I believe, be another to-morrow. Now try. I find it uncommonly little trouble.

To B. W.

Aug. 27th, 1851. S. C.

Jansenism.

I have just finished the Dalmatian History, and a great folio book it is, and a great many funny things it contains. Among others, that Jansenism¹ is the second beast, who compels men to worship the first beast, Calvinism. Dickinson is going to send me a great many Jansenist books for my article in the *Christian Remembrancer*.

This is worth knowing. When poor De Dominis took possession of his See, he determined to preach whenever he thought fit, and not only at Mass. This was so extraordinary a thing at that time, that the Sacred Congregation of Rites had to be consulted as to his vestments.

To B. W.

Aug. 30th, 1851.

. . . I would myself take in J. B. C. (Archbishop of Canterbury) and provide a keeper for, say, £1000 a year. I could not do it any cheaper. His ravings will be dreadful. There was a Patriarch of Alexandria who went mad : and when he began to blaspheme, his Bishops smothered him without more ado. A similar commission might now issue to H. E. (Bishop Philpotts of Exeter). I could assist at the operation.

To B. W.

Nat. B.V.M. (Sept. 8th), 1851. S. C.

Jansenists
and
Jesuits.

I have been reading a good many more Jansenist books since I wrote those letters, and am just now in the middle of the Abbé Bellegarde's "*Histoire de l'Eglise Utrecht*." ² Of course there are weak points in the Jansenists ; but their *weakest* point is strength compared with the Ultramontanes. Granting all that their adversaries said, it comes to this, that, in times of great difficulty, one or two proceedings were a little irregular ; whereas the Dutch Jesuits are found to lay down this principle, that, where there is not a Catholic monarch, there cannot be Diocesan Bishops. Is not this Erastianism of the worst kind ?

¹ See *Christian Remembrancer*, xxiii. 89-152.

² *Ibid.*, xxv. 328-344.

The giving up of some services in Dr. Mill's parish of Brasted, where Mr. Webb was curate, seems to have been the cause of the following remonstrance from his uncompromising friend. The remonstrance was effective.

To B. W.

Oct. 4th, 1851. S. C.

It puzzles me more and more what is the use of going to Derby to pass a series of milk-and-water resolutions. However, I suppose it will do no harm. The *Sussex Express* negotiation failed this morning. We must set another on foot. . . .

What a pity that a man like Mill should have such a battle to fight! Now, to me it would be meat and drink.

Oct. 7th.

I am just starting for Derby: therefore I cannot answer your letter at any length. But you cannot convince me the least but what you have all made a very grievous mistake. There is no possible extrication from this dilemma; either, you did not know whether you were right in your services, in which case you ought to have given them up long ago; or, you did know that you were right, and then there is no excuse for giving them up now. As to what you say about Badely, what has he, or can he have, to do with the matter? or what can any lawyer in the present state of things know more of the rights and wrongs than you do? You say you would have done differently yourself; but in the same breath you say that Mill could not have done otherwise: which I cannot understand. At present I would rather have done as West did than as Mill has done. If I must give up a principle, I would rather do it for the sake of keeping people in the Church, than of submitting to the tyranny of an heretic. I would rather satisfy the public than an Episcopal bully.

A remon-
strance
against
services
given up.

As to what you say about my not liking the trouble, I might most safely ask you, or anybody else, when I ever made a trouble of writing anything that could have the slightest chance of benefiting a good cause. But yours

is not a good cause—is not a cause at all—till you restore what you have given up. Tell me you have done that, and I will write or do anything, or go anywhere that could have a chance of serving you.

To B. W.

Oct. 20th, 1851. S. C.

Services
restored.

I am rejoiced to hear that you did begin again yesterday. At the same time, I neither do, nor ever shall, reproach myself for not helping when there was nought to help. In one sense, Mill has done better than if he had never yielded, because it requires so much moral courage to retrace one's steps. But in another, of course you are not, as regards yourselves, on the same vantage ground; and as regards others, many will follow Mill, like Peter, in his error, who will not follow him in his repentance.

To B. W.

21st Sunday after Trinity, 1851. S. C.

Jansenism.

I hope that my article on the Jansenists will be the best thing I have done for the *Christian Remembrancer*. At all events, it takes time enough. One satisfactory result I come to, which is, that our articles are much less Jansenist than some of the Jansenists'.

Will you come over to the S.P.G. jubilee here to-morrow? Harward (the Vicar of East Grinstead) in the chair. "But me thy servant, and the mighty men thy servants, hath he not called."

To B. W.

Nov. 4th, 1851.

First men-
tion of
Sister-
hoods.

I begin to think these Sisterhoods more real than I did. At all events, there ought to be an Order, for twenty good reasons.

To B. W.

March 22nd, 1852. S. C.

You must not allow yourself to be led away by Hope, who, however unintentionally, seems quite to have misrepresented what Newland has done and is doing. I quite agree with the end Newland had in view, but I don't, as I tell Hope, justify the means. He clearly had no

business to write to the four Western Unions, and stir them up against *Morning Chronicle*—(if he has done so, *Morning Chronicle* and Free Trade. for this I only gather from Hope's letter). But he has no silly antagonism against *M. C.* for Free Trade principles: all he sees is that if the paper allows itself in, not the principles themselves, but the gross and ungentlemanly personal attacks on Lord Derby with which it has lately been full, it will ruin its own circulation among the country clergy. This Newland sees, and energizes, not very wisely perhaps, but with a very good intent. Hope, who knows as much of country clergy as I do of members of the House of Commons, will not, or cannot, see the danger. But I am positively certain, from my mere motion and certain knowledge, as they say in the Bills, that if the *M. C.* continues in its fierce mood six months longer, it will not have a single subscriber in Sussex, except some members of our own Committee. It is this consummation which Newland wants to prevent. I daresay he spoke strongly, and Hope is angry with him for doing so: and writes to me that he wishes his feelings on this point to be no secret. But this is all very silly. Remember, if I a Free Trader, and hating Lord Derby, can see a good deal of force in the general feeling, what must those who see in Lord Derby not only their own politics, but (as they think) a Church Ministry—what must they think of this? Your comparison about *Brighton Guardian* is not to the point, because we are absolutely responsible for nothing but the Sussex Church Union, whereas in the *M. C.* we are responsible for much more—especially when the Church is brought forward in a political article—*e.g.* in that offensive one persuading the clergy, *from their pecuniary interests*, to be Free Traders.

Depend upon it, the wisest thing you can do is to press this seriously on Hope. Neither he nor *M. C.* is infallible, and he speaks as if both were. I shall write to him again about it. What is true of Sussex is true of other agricultural counties. I know it to be true of Devonshire. Say the feeling is stupid. But we cannot force men to be wise. We cannot compel them to buy the paper. They gulp

down a great deal because essential to *M. C.*'s interests. But they will not, and ought not to be expected to gulp down what is not essential.

I plainly see I shall be between two fires. Hope will be disgusted that I don't swear *by* the *Morning Chronicle*; Newland, Gresley and Co. that I don't swear *at* it. I must do what I can to keep the peace,—a new office for me.

CHAPTER XIII

1852-53

LECTURES—TOUR IN DENMARK—BISHOP OF LONDON'S INHIBITION

Ye who are fighting the battle for England's Church and her glory,—
Time there will be, there *will* be, though we never shall see it in this
world,

When by the hands of the men that come after us GOD shall upraise
her ;

She whom we fight for now be no more despised and rejected,
But an eternal praise, and a joy of all generations.¹

THE lecture delivered at Brighton, of which the next letter speaks, was published afterwards under the title of "The Bible and the Bible only the Religion of Protestants."² (Masters.)

To B. W.

Feb. 20th, 1852. Brighton.

I made a great hit last night. The room (in spite of a fire close by, which obliged the engines to be taken through where we were) was crowded ; and there was a good deal of manifestation of feeling both ways. The subject was "The Bible the Religion of Protestants" ; and it was a great thing to pledge men like Gresley and others to anathematize that word. There was one scene. Some fellow stood at the door, handing about papers, calling on the clergy to defend the Bible against false doctrine. So when I got up I read that, and told the assembly that was exactly what I came to do, for I was there to defend the Bible against Protestantism, which made an uproar.

The word
"Pro-
testant."

¹ The author's latest published words, dictated on his deathbed, see p. 367.

² See *Christian Remembrancer*, xxiii. 507.

A fellow nearly made me laugh. "Let me tell you," I was saying, "what the Eastern Church says of Rome." He bellows out, "He that believeth not shall be damned." The doctor was in the chair. He lectures again on March 12th.

To B. W.

March 31st, 1852. S. C.

I intend, all well, to write my sermons next week. Would it be any help if I send you Monday's or Tuesday's? I suppose the mental powers of our respective congregations are about on a par. I preach twice on the Hymns "Sing, my tongue," and "Thirty years," and you can't think what good texts they make.

Wednesday in Easter Week, 1852.

. . . I did not send you any sermon because I afterwards remembered that all your old ones would tell there (Webb had just gone to Sheen), and be probably more to the purpose than mine.

Laydom.

Depend upon it, you are wrong in not resisting laydom. I believe with you that it will come in: but the more we resist, the less obnoxiously shall we be infested with it. The Scotch Bishops meet in Synod on the 20th about it. Brechinensis tells me that they stand thus—

For laydom.

Against.

Edinburgh.

Primus.

Glasgow.

S. Andrew's.

Argyle.

Brechin.

Moray doubtful.

But as Aberdeen is timid, and S. Andrew's cannot be there, he fears it will go hard with him. I confess I cannot see why you are disposed to take this quietly. I doubt if it be not a greater departure from discipline than the denial of the Chalice. If we are to give up everything in which we seem likely to be beaten, where shall we stop?

I think, all well, to go into Denmark the 10th of next month. Then I shall hope to see what the movement

really is there. I hope to go over Jutland as well as the islands.

To B. W. SS, Philip and Jacob (May 1st), 1852. S. C.

I have two plans in my head, in both of which I want you to join me. (1) I want that we should bring out a Calendar for next year—beginning from Advent, which will give us a start of others—on Sarum principles, and get what Bishops we can to authorize it. These we might get at once: Exeter; Bath and Wells; S. Andrew's; Brechin; Capetown; Frederickton. (2) I want to bring out a series of Supplemental Offices for the Church of England: *e.g.* Compline, Dedication of Church, Reserved Sacrament, Laying First Stone, Dedication of an Altar and of Altar Plate, Commemoration of Saints, Mass at Funerals and Marriages, etc., etc., etc. Convocation will soon meddle with these things; and though we may not get all we want, it is well that we should direct attention in the right channel. The first is the most urgent. Will you join with me in it? If so, I will do a month, and send it you as a specimen for your correction. J. H. Parker might be a good publisher.

Supple-
mental
Offices for
Church of
England.

I enclose part of Alleluiatic Sequence, which I want to try at Anniversary. I think you will like it extremely, especially where the B flat comes in.

In June he started on a tour through Denmark.

To B. W. June 2nd, 1852. Cologne—Ostend line.

I daresay that I shall find enough to do on first getting back, so I write to you now. I left off at Copenhagen. On the Monday I crossed to Malmö, in Sweden, and so on to Lund. The Metropolitan Church is one of the finest Romanesque buildings I ever saw; the crypt beats Canterbury; and the stalls are the most delicate Middle Pointed. In the evening, back to Malmö; Tuesday, crossed to Copenhagen, and at night by railway to Roeskilde. This Church, you know, was quasi-Primalial of Denmark, wonderfully stern Romanesque, and has very

Church
tour in
Denmark.

interesting monuments. Wednesday, through Zealand. A very lovely island; Ringstøed Church grand Romanesque, and all the village churches of the same date and excellently worth seeing. At the Academy of Sorø, and at Stagelse, I had introductions; and everywhere met with the greatest kindness. It was lucky for me that I had read a good deal of German in the course of last year, so as to be able to converse in it. Every educated Dane speaks German, but scarcely anyone French. At night, very late, I came to the West point of Zealand, Corsør. The next day crossed the Great Belt in a steamer; and so to Nyborg, in the Isle of Fünen, and so by diligence to Odense, the capital. The Cathedral is interesting, but not very fine.—(These tunnels bother one; but I more and more wonder that you can call the line between Cologne and Aix dull.)—Well, that afternoon I went to Middelfart, the extreme West point of Fünen. Next day crossed the Little Belt, here a mere stream, and began the Jutland part of my tour. At Copenhagen, everyone stared when I spoke of going to Jutland; said that nobody ever went, that there were no roads, that the people were absolute savages. The Secretary of Legation told me that, though he could speak Dansk like a native, he would not trust himself there alone. I was there three days; and certainly I never saw, nor could conceive, such wildness. I travelled on foot or on a basket waggon almost night and day—for here you can “take” Churches from 3 a.m. till 10 p.m. easily, and the people seem always up. The Churches are all Romanesque, and all brick; the brick mouldings most interesting. The Cathedrals of Ribe, Viborg, and Aarhuus are glorious (Aalborg I did not see). The roads they did not exaggerate at Copenhagen; generally there are none. You can almost always see from Church to Church, and you walk right across the heath. Here German is no use, and the *patois* so excessive that even Danes find it difficult. I was almost reduced to pantomime. Nothing to eat but sour black bread, and a kind of smoked cheese. The last day, I confess, I was nearly worn out (and you know it takes a good deal to do that

In Jutland.

to me). However, I bagged Churches right and left. On that day I hired a basket waggon, and though I and my knapsack are no great weight, and we were on the best road in Jutland, three horses were absolutely necessary. When we were not going over the heath, the wheels were often up to the axles in sand. On Whit-Sunday I came to Aarösund on the East coast; and thence a steamer took me to Kiel, and so to Hamburg again. Thence, directly to Lübeck, the most interesting city, except Cologne, I ever saw. The Cathedral and the Marienkirche are unrivalled brick buildings, and the Heiliggeist Spital has a choir 324 feet long, which forms the Hospital, like that of which I can't remember the name—that we saw once in Northamptonshire. So back to Hamburg, yesterday to Cologne, and to-night I hope to be in Dover. Here endeth my tour, from which I learnt more than from any 25 other days of my life—and, I think, worked harder. As to the Danish movement, it is all humbug; there is none. There are about ten men of influence who are dissatisfied with the state of things, and wish for something better, though they are not agreed what. They, of course, have their followers; Grundtwig is the best, and in his way (but what a way!) learned. Rudelbach, I think, comes next. But these men defend Presbyterian Ordination tooth and nail. Grundtwig says that *nothing* could make him doubt his own orders. Now as to G. At the age of 69 he lost his wife. Within nine months he married again—a widow—on the avowed principle that he was so much in love he could not help it! and *that* for the leader of the movement! I don't want to be hard on the man, but what sort of a being must he be? Again, the Danish Prayer-book enjoins Confession. It has, practically, become obsolete; that is, before the so-called Eucharist, the Priest exhorts Communicants to confess; then, they kneeling at the altar, he lays his hands on their heads, and absolves them in nearly the Roman form. These men have not reintroduced Confession, or scarcely, and don't seem to care about it. In fact, it comes to this, what we call Christian they call Catholic. They do wish to be *Christians*, they

Danish
Prayer-
book, and
Confession.

do believe in the Incarnation, and in the Trinity, and in the Real Presence—and that is about the amount of what they mean. All this I must dilate upon in *Morning Chronicle*. It will not please Hope, I am afraid. However, I have now quite made up my mind about the Danes, and will fight against them to the knife.

Many of the following letters relate to the second part of the "Hymnal Noted," which was published in 1854.

To B. W.

Vigil of S. Peter (June 28th), 1852. S. C.

"Hymnal
Noted,"
and
payment.

I told you this morning that I had sent off the Synopsis. I have been thinking a good deal over the matter, and it seems to me but fair to say something more. There are sixty-seven hymns (and probably will be more). Of these, some sixteen are Chambers's, and about nine are my own, taken from my "Mediaeval Hymns." I shall, I reckon, have forty-five to do, a greater number than all those in the first part together. I daresay we shall have help : but it is just as much trouble to recast as to write, and some of Chambers's, also, if used at all, must in some measure be recast. We cannot have such rhymes as *Paraclete* and *Infinite*,—*course* and *cross*, etc. Now I reckon that a hymn takes me an evening to do : some may take less : but others take more. The first concoction of the book will take forty-five evenings : and the trouble of correction, proofs, etc., will be probably just about double. Now you very well know that no one cares for labour less than I do ; especially when, as now, it is a kind that I like. But I very much doubt whether, unless the Society in some degree pays, I can really afford this. You see it cuts both ways. Not only I give up the time that I might spend for myself, but I also, in some degree, give up my tools : and the loss is serious. Of course, anyone will say that you ought to be paid, and that Helmore ought. That you are not is undoubtedly a most grievous shame. The only difference I see in the case is that there is not such an influx of business upon you at any time as, with the Guilds and the Hymns, there will now be upon me. Except *Morning Chronicle*, I shall hardly be able

to do anything else. Helmore ought undoubtedly to be paid : and if it is proposed for me, it must be for him. But here again I see some little difference : namely, that if his time were not spent for us, I doubt whether it would be spent in any way lucrative to himself. I will tell you what I think would be fair, and the Society, we know, can afford it. We ought to have £20 apiece for the second part. It will not, of course, pay for the time, but we must take what can be given. Of course, if you don't think this can be proposed, I must work for nothing, and will. I only tell you what I think it would be fair for the Society to do : if they don't think so too, I am sorry for it, and must go without the money.

I send you the only two translations I have yet made. Return them to me with any remarks. I will continue to send them—and it will be easier for you to read them one by one than in a lump. If your wife will try them, she will do good service to the Hymnal.

The next letter was written on his way out to Aix with his mother, who was an invalid.

To B. W.

Aug. 9th, 1852. Tirlémont.

You have no idea what an undertaking it is, the getting my Mother to Aix. Five days' travelling have brought us here, which, as you know, is a good bit on your side of Liège : but I hope to be able to get them to Aix to-morrow. The advantage, however, is, that I have seen, in the mornings and evenings, almost as much as if I were by myself : and we came a (to me) new way. What I principally saw were the Cathedrals of S. Omer and Tournay ; the latter one of the grandest Romanesque buildings conceivable, with apsidal transepts ; and some very good Churches in Tournay. At Brussels, where we spent Sunday, I went to the College S. Michel, where the Bollandists are now located. I found them exceedingly civil,—Father Bosser especially. He took me all over the Library ; shewed me a good quantity of letters of ancient Bollandists, Bellarmine, Maldonatus, and others. Then I sat with him for some time

Bollandist
Library.

Sequences.

Béguinage
at Mechlin.

in his room, and he shewed me their last proof: they are at page 500 of the 55th volume, and it will consist of 1000 pages and embrace four days. I looked over their Missals for Sequences: and what I wanted they promised to copy themselves. Their collection of Missals, as being of little use to them, is not extensive: they had only three, Constance, Nuremberg, and Pecsvar in Hungary, that I did not know: but that of Breviaries is exceedingly fine. They have more than fifty before 1530. I mean of more than fifty different Churches. They knew my name, Father Bosser having been twice in England. This morning, I was some time at work in the Burgundian Library at Brussels; they have a fine collection of Missals. I got some good Sequences out of one of Cologne, and one of Maestricht (1239). At Mechlin a droll thing happened. My Mother had a great desire to see a Béguinage: thinking it, I suppose, the most Protestant sort of nunnery. Accordingly we went. The Superior was all courtesy, and my Mother much pleased for a minute or two; at last said the Superior, "Est-ce-que vous avez envie de vous vouer, Madame?" whereat my Mother experienced much horror; and speedily retreated. There are two very good Churches here, but it was too dark to take them: I shall have time, all well, to-morrow. One thing I hope: to write "The Churches of Maestricht" for the *Ecclesiologist*. I believe they are good, and they are seldom visited. I shall make an effort for Roermonde Cathedral, a place which is not even mentioned in the guide-books. At this moment I am completely ignorant whether Maestricht is Protestant or Catholic. I went over a very well-arranged house of Sisters of Charity at Tournay, and to be sure the contrast with Miss Sellon's Obedience is curious. Just now I bought a book of vernacular Flemish Hymns with the tunes, approved by the Vicar-General of this Diocese: we may make something of that. I heard a very solemn High Mass at Tournay; but that at Brussels was horrible; and the *clôture* of the Octave of S. Alphonso Liguori in the new Church of the fashionable Quartier Leopold last night, and the *Te Deum*, was a disgusting specimen of organ-loft singing. I want to see how they

manage the difficulty of the Walloon language in the Southern Dioceses: and as I shall probably return by Namur, I shall have, I hope, the opportunity.

Aug. 18th.

There is just now a perfect rage for church restoration in Belgium.

To B. W.

Sept. 6th, 1852. S. C.

Helmore works well, I think, at the Hymnal: but Chambers is very impracticable. He won't correct my Hymns; and I don't think he likes my correcting his. What he ought to see is, that, if he publishes another part of the Sarum books, he and we ought to have the same version of the Hymns; and ought to work together. My own theory is this: we ought both to translate all the Hymns. Then, I sending him a copy of mine, he corrects it by adding what he thinks the best part of his own; I do the same by him: then we compare the two corrected copies, with the intention of making them the same: if we disagree on any subject, refer to the Committee, whose decision is to be final. But Chambers has a mighty idea of doing everything by himself. It is a great pity. I wish you would try and persuade him to be more conformable: e.g. He has done *Collaudemus Magdalenae*, but I cannot get him to shew me his version—nor can I get him to look over mine.

"Hymnal Noted."

Arrangements for translating Hymns.

How have you liked my leaders on Convocation¹ in *Morning Chronicle*? The lists were also my doing.

Sept. 18th, 1852. Sackville College.

MY DEAR WEBB,

You promised, you know, that as soon as your consecration was over, you would set to work in earnest about the Hymns. Yet you have had the *Aestimavit hortulanum* and the rest a fortnight. There is no use sending more till I get those back.

I have reviewed the new Hymnal for *Ecclesiologist*, and

¹ M. C., July 28th to August 25th, 1852. See also *Christian Remembrancer*, xxiv. 342-384.

would have got the Synopsis ready to-day, but that I am going over to Brasted, Mill being alone to-morrow, and not well.

Chambers, I think, after all, will work with us. Scott clings to the idea that it is best for him and me to send in our separate translations to be judged of by the Committee; whereas, of course, the only right way is to compound the best parts of the two into one. Of course, there must be one Editor, and that being so, such a plan as Chambers's would make dreadful confusion. But I doubt not that he will come round. Now do send those hymns back.

What follows, if you do not already know it, you must keep to yourself. What Cook may have told Hope, or Hope heard for himself, I know not.

Cathedral
abuses.

Government are pledged to a Commission into the abuses of Cathedrals. The Bishop of Oxford's idea—which I have from him through Newland—is to turn this to good account by getting Convocation in their address to petition the Queen for such a Commission (before the intention of Government is publicly known), and that it may report to *Convocation*. This he wished worked in the Church papers. On this I wrote to Cook, sketching out the plan of working it,—which he approves. I shall work very cautiously up to it,—beginning on Cathedral abuses.¹ You will see that leader, I hope, on Monday or Tuesday. This, I think, may be made something of.

Just now I scarcely know which way to turn, the disgusting Seatonian sitting on me like a nightmare.

To B. W.

Sept. 23rd, 1852. S. C.

I have your Hymn, which I much like—also Chambers's *Aestimavit* and *O Maria*. All you have marked as wanting alteration in mine, or nearly all, I agree in: and I will, all well, return them as soon as I can satisfy myself a little better. We cannot take too much pains with them, and there is not now the violent pressing hurry there was for the first part. On Monday I hope to have finished the disgusting Seatonian, and then have at the

¹ See *Christian Remembrancer*, xxix. 332-368.

Hymns. My leader to-day in the *Morning Chronicle* was written at Brasted. I have the others in my head. Just you bear in mind what I said about your services; and content yourself, while so far from the Church, with going, as a rule, once a day.

Attending
Daily
Services.

In a previous letter he had said—

I think you are wrong to try and go yourself to every service. You and Heygate ought to divide the thing. It is not only running the risk of laying yourself up, but it must also put a stumbling-block in the way of the neighbouring clergy, who, if they think daily service¹ so absolute a burden as you make it, will naturally shrink from it all the more. When you get close to the Church, of course it will be a different thing.

The Bishop (Blomfield) of London had inhibited J. M. Neale on account of a passage in one of his sermons in "Readings for the Aged" on the doctrine of the Real Presence. He referred the Bishop to the teaching of the Primitive Church as expressed by S. Cyril, and to the Catechism. The correspondence on this difficulty includes a letter from Dr. Newland, whose advice he had sought.

To B. W.

Undated. S. C.

I have hit on a line about the "Readings for the Aged" that I think you will approve. The enclosed is to the Bishop of London. I have embodied the same thing in a letter to Newland, which I substitute for that I sent you yesterday. You see the dilemma. He cannot now condemn me without condemning S. Cyril, that is, the doctrine of the Primitive Church; and men professing to be orthodox must be on my side, when I use the words of the Catechism.

Nov. 8th, 1852. S. C.

I think S. Cyril's words are much more explicit than mine. He says clearly, "Which is *not* bread," and that I take to be the only thing of importance. In the difference between *not bread* and *not simply bread* lies I think nearly

Re his
Sermon on
the Real
Presence.

¹ See *Christian Remembrancer*, xvii. 335-347.

the whole question. As to substance and essence, etc., it is a mere dispute of words. We ought, of course, to keep from a dispute on this point, if we can. If we do come to it, we shall have this advantage, however: that we can bring forward such clear dogmatic expressions in the early Church, so much clearer than we could about Baptism or Absolution.

Winchester (C. R. Sumner), some two months ago, wrote to Harrison of Reigate that he heard he was using "Readings for the Aged," in which Transubstantiation was asserted, and that it should be used no longer. H. stood to his great guns, and answered that nothing but Anglican doctrine was contained therein, or he never would have used it, and that he should continue to use it. Nothing more happened.

November 9th, 1852.

I am very glad you approve of S. Cyril. The Bishop of London has sent no answer at present, and I do not think he will be in a hurry.

Fortunately enough, a new edition is wanted, so I need cancel nothing; and I can add a Preface with reference to the matter.

Nov. 10th, 1852. S. C.

MY DEAR WEBB,

C. J. L(ondon) will have nothing to do with S. Cyril, as you will see. It is curious how completely he pitches primitive doctrine overboard.

Now I want you and Mill to tell me what to do next.

Shall I write a pretty full preface to the second edition of "Readings for the Aged," making it separable from the book, and shewing—

1. That if S. Cyril held Transubstantiation, Rome has preserved and we have corrupted primitive doctrine?

But—

2. That he did not hold it?

Or what else shall I do?

I write before second post, and may have then something to add. I finished my last Danish letter last night,

and sent Ribe¹ to Masters, and so I am game for the Calendar.

Ever yours affly.,

J. M. NEALE.

Afternoon.

Comes a letter from S. Oxon., very civil and kind, but not agreeing with S. Cyril ; but I shall stick to him, nevertheless : and will alter my letter according to your and Mill's advice. I had myself thought that it would be best to add something about Transubstantiation. I have now 122 names to my petition. Having written my letter to Newland conformably with your and Mill's alterations, then do you think, if it depends on me, that it ought to be published or not ?

Do of your charity finish my December² that you have, for this Episcopomachy takes time.

From H. NEWLAND to J. M. N.

Nov. 11th, 1852. Plymouth.

DEAR NEALE,

I send you back your letter unaltered, in token that I hold with you and S. Cyril in doctrine, and that, as *omne majus in se continet minus*, if I hold by it as it stands, I certainly will hold by any modification you may make in the expression of it.

Now on the question of *discretion*. I wish our Puseyites, who talk about the "doctrine of the sieve," would practise what they preach, and not keep all the jaw to themselves and leave all the reality to the Evangelicals. My opinion is, that if you were to go to Alexandria with your "Readings" under your arm and S. Cyril's own quotations in it, that energetic saint, supposing him still on earth, would call you an Egyptian goose in the very best Greek he could muster, which would not be very good, and would pack you home again by the very first overland India mail, for giving his own sentiments, true as they are, to a parcel of ignorant fellows with a great Roman schism before them which he had never thought of. Indeed, I

Dr. Newland's
Letter re
quotations
from
S. Cyril.

¹ "Ribe Cathedral," *Ecclesiologist*, xiii. 416.

² *Ecclesiologist* for December, xiii. 367-444.

should not be surprised if he called *them* heretics, and got you *thrashed* by his Parabolani as a "factor," by way of a little fatherly correction ; for S. Cyril was apt to call things by their right names, and not to stick at trifles.

Depend upon it, if you get through these Symplegades of London and Chichester, it will not be without some little damage aft. Make up your mind to loose your old-fashioned Egyptian rudder, which is not calculated for our waters, order a patent steering apparatus from Oxford or Exeter, and depend upon it you will lay your course just as well and make a precious deal better weather of it.

In plain English, say, "I repudiate the Romish doctrine of Transubstantiation, I do hold with S. Cyril, etc., etc. ; but considering that these words are open to misinterpretation, and anxious to guard my readers from the Romish doctrine aforesaid, which I repudiate, and which I am convinced S. Cyril himself would repudiate, I say"—so-and-so, and then put in something which is not liable to be turned into Romanism. It is not pleasant for a man to say he was wrong—less pleasant for a man of mark than for any other—but you *were* wrong, and you *must* retract. It is a case of life and death with you, and you may be thankful that you can retract without retracting doctrine.

Yours,

H. NEWLAND.

To B. W.

Nov. 15th, 1852. Reading.

I have had a great piece of good fortune at Birmingham. One of Oldknow's congregation is a coffin furniture manufacturer (there are but nine in England). He is a capital sort of man, and most eager to unpaganize the trade. He spent yesterday evening with Oldknow, and to-day I have been over his manufactory. He throws himself thoroughly into our scheme, and will stick at no expense ; and he is very well off. I have therefore written to Street for designs (knowing that he has time to give his attention to the subject), and I shall have the dies made at once. Cooksey, that is his name, has convinced me that we ought at first to work in coffin metal, because

Funeral
reform.

only so can we rival the other things in cheapness. He has given me a pattern book, pattern plates, and a vast deal of information. Undertakers now will order no "Gothic" ornaments ; they not selling, being thought Popish.

His only son, a child of six, was at this time dangerously ill, and had been placed under homoeopathic treatment by his father's strong wish. The boy and his mother were at Brighton, staying with Mrs. Neale, senior, a sufficiently uncomfortable arrangement, as she herself was strongly opposed to homoeopathy. The treatment was successful, and my mother, who had been doubtful about it, became as firm a convert to homoeopathy as my father.

To HIS WIFE.

November or December, 1852. Three Bridges.

I cannot tell you, besides all the other sorrow about Corny, how much I feel for you, as regards this treatment. I hope you believe that I feel a tremendous responsibility of thus going against everyone, and that I do not shut my eyes to what everyone will say if things end otherwise than as we hope. But you must also remember, that if he were under any other treatment, and it were to end unfavourably, I should never forgive myself for having sacrificed him to save myself from responsibility. My dearest Pet, I do not believe but what GOD will have mercy upon us. And remember how very few trials we have had, and how happy we have been ; so that it would be most unthankful to complain now of this. Remember that there is nothing in the world to despair about ; to have one child dangerously ill after ten years of marriage is less than most people can say. My mother had had two at the very brink of the grave. We have a right to take comfort in this also, though we neither of us rest on such secondary considerations. Whatever we may be ourselves, and whatever we might expect as far as our own deserts went, still you know that we are both descended from more than one of GOD's servants ; Corny, therefore by two lines: and we will not believe that the promise of the Second Commandment is made null. And again we know

The
promise
in Second
Command-
ment.

how many people pray for us,—therefore for this very thing. Whether you should say anything to Corny himself is a difficult question. At his age, it would not have agitated me in the least, but he is much more sensitive than I was, and besides, it might directly affect the disease. On the other hand, we make the case no worse by looking on the dark side; if he is not now told, now that he is in danger, he may not be able to be told at all. Or if, as we trust, he is restored to us, it may strike him as strange that he was not told. On the whole, I would do nothing one way or the other till I had asked Dr. Madden what he would do if the case were his own. He is, we know, a good man so far as his light goes, and is certainly a better judge than either you or I can be. I think, to talk of an inferior matter, you must yourself be satisfied of Dr. Madden's wisdom in not attacking symptoms, as my mother now wishes him, and as I did wish him (about the cough), to do.

To B. W.

Dec. 7th, 1852. S. C.

Bishop of
London's
inhibition
withdrawn.

Corny, thank GOD, is going on very favourably; our accounts to-day were the best we have had. The Bishop of London has formally withdrawn his inhibition. The proposal was my own. I offered, without retracting, or qualifying anything I had said, to substitute another sermon: stating in the Preface that, as what I had said in that sermon had been, in my opinion unaccountably, mistaken, I had put another in its place. Now, I hope you do not think I have made any concession I ought not. To my mind, I have absolutely conceded nothing, but if you think I have at all betrayed the truth, I will retract at once what I offered.

I consider—

(1) That the Bishop is fully aware that I hold now exactly what I said before.

(2) That I have said the same thing in twenty other places, and hope to do so in twenty more.

(3) That there is a great difference between conniving at a man's preaching, and formally allowing him after inhibition.

(4) That with my "Church Difficulties"¹ poked into the Bishop's notice, his allowing me to preach is rather a great thing.

(5) That the Bishop has opened the door as wide as ever he could: he never even hinted at my qualifying in the Preface what I had said.

(6) That this doctrine² being so ticklish (?), we must escape a *dénouement*, if possible.

Still, if you think I have done too much, let me hear by return of post. I will take your opinion here against my own, for I am dreadfully afraid of seeming to give up a point.

TO HIS WIFE.

Christmas Day, 1852. S. C.

A great many happy Christmases to you, and no more away from me. I was afraid you would be rather in the doleful line: but when we have you back again you will forget all that. I am very glad, on all accounts, that Corny boy sleeps with Abigail. Last night we had the midnight service, to my great edification. Master Trice and I rang the bells, it having pleased Master Martin to go out after supper without leave—for which he shall receive a lecture. There was a full party at supper, and they devoured mincepies with great spirit [the old people at the College]. I am writing now whilst waiting for them to come in from Church. It is so mild that, if the weather continues fine, we are going out with the donkey chaise to look for primroses after dinner: and then I have promised to shew Mary some phosphorus. Baby is to dine in Hall.

Midnight
Service.

It was very stormy last night, at least very windy, and the effect of the Chapel when we came out in the midst of the night and the storms, was very lovely.

Poor "Master Martin" was another College worthy, a warm-hearted old man, and a great favourite with us all, in spite of his faults. Unfortunately, he possessed a weak head, and too many friends in the town to treat him, the result being that he was finally expelled from the College. My father used to lecture him and warn him;

¹ *Christian Remembrancer*, xxiv. 249-250. ² *Ibid.*, xxvi. 263-299.

my mother, with the charity and humility of a mediaeval saint, did her best for him, sending him off to bed when he came in noisy and quarrelsome—even sometimes taking off his boots for him herself, in order to keep him out of mischief. But the College statutes were appealed to by those who saw the offence, and would not see the extenuating circumstances, and were pleased by this means to gratify their enmity to the Warden: sorely against his judgment the old man had to resign his pension and leave his comfortable home.

The following may have been written at this time. Strange to relate, this is the only letter which my brother can give me. By an unfortunate accident, all his father's letters, including many written to him when he was at Rugby and Cambridge, have perished, whilst this trifle, indelibly printed on the child's memory, remains.

Sackville College.

MY DEAR LITTLE CORNEY-BOY,

I hope you are getting better, and will soon be strong and able to run about again.

Last Sunday we dined in the Hall and drank your health at dinner. We had the pig for dinner; but he was very fat, and the College people did not like him much. So I made the following rhyme:—

Master Wren grunted when
 He beheld the pig.
 Master Martin had a part in
 Making him so big.
 Master Everest, he could never rest
 Till he tasted it.
 Master Trice was too nice
 To devour a bit.

Give my love to Aunties and Grandmama.

Your loving Papa,
 J. M. NEALE.

To B. W.

Feb. 10th, 1853. S. C.

Don't you trust that the Montenegrine affair will eventually end in the division of Turkey between Austria and Russia?

First Sunday in Lent, 1853. S. C.

I plainly see that we shall get into a difficult position with *Morning Chronicle* if this Ministry stays in, and Gladstone proves, as I suspect he will, a scoundrel. Whatever other Scriptural command *M. C.* violates, it will keep that in the Epistle for to-day, "Giving no offence in anything, that the Ministry be not blamed."

To B. W.

Easter Monday, 1853. S. C.

They have been setting up a Mechanics' Institute here, in which I have taken a good share, thinking to do something that way. It was the first time that I ever practically acted on the Education line, and I am persuaded that it is the right one.

CHAPTER XIV

1853-54

TOURS IN SPAIN AND PORTUGAL—TABLE-TURNING —BISHOP GOBAT—TOUR IN HOLLAND

The game is got with little joy,
That's got without pursuing :
And if the maiden were not coy,
There were no bliss in wooing :
The victory that is lightly won
Will lightly be forgot ;
We'll say the more, "That shall be done,"
Which others say shall *not*.

IN May, 1853, and again in 1854, J. M. Neale went for a tour in Portugal, with the object, as usual, of studying Ecclesiology,¹ and also of writing a handbook of the country for Murray. His companions on the first tour were Bishop Forbes of Brechin, Canon H. L. Jenner, afterwards Bishop of Dunedin, and J. H. Rogers, M.D.

They must have been a noticeable party, for the Warden of Sackville College was the shortest of the four in stature, and he was only just under six feet.

The following description of them was written by him in the "dog" Latin in which he often amused himself by writing nonsense verses :—

QUATUOR VIATORUM DESCRIPTIO.

Quatuor Hispaniam lustrant viatores,
Insunt in his quatuor perdiversi mores ;
Medicus, Episcopus, Custos, (ne ignores),
Quique stat Canonicus inter juniores.

¹ See *Ecclesiologist*, xiv. 171-177, 247-264, 358-366, 381-391 ; xv. 37-43, 110-117 ; xvi. 16-21—under signature O. A. E.

*Praesul*¹ primam inter hos habet dignitatem,
 Lustrans sacerdotii, quae sit, pravitatem,
 Quae pars adhuc retinet incolumitatem,
 Quae jamdudum cecidit in iniquitatem.

Aliis dat *Medicus*² mentem speciebus,
 Et perdoctè disserit de naturae rebus,
 Cuncta scit quae aspicit variis diebus,
 Et à cedro Lebanon ad Hyssopum, Phoebus.

Sequitur *Canonicus*,³ nec se unum fatur,
 Partim illi, partim huic, cùm assimilatur ;
 Salomone doctiùs Flos ab hoc tractatur,
 Atque de Ecclesiis multa fabulatur.

Adstat *Custos*,⁴ ultimus, qui, scriptor librorum,
 Fuit (vera fateor) causa taediorum ;
 Hunc nunquam satietas coepit oculorum ;
 Heliogabalus est—helluo templorum !

Sibi semper Quatuor fiant in juvamen,
 In labore requiem, in malis levamen,
 Inter Lusitanicos latrones solamen,
 Atque tuti redeant—Dicat chorus, Amen.

The following letters were written to his wife and children, the letters of both years being grouped together. Dr. Oldknow was his companion on the second tour.

Monday.

Up at 4.40. Jenner and Rogers both ill. The Bishop and I started in a small diligence, hired for the occasion, for Azpeitia. This is the birthplace of S. Ignatius, and the only house in Spain the Jesuits now have. A glorious ride : like the *finer*, not the *finest*, parts of Wales. The pass, at its summit, about the height of Helvellyn, I imagine. A good deal of snow had fallen during the night in the mountains, but the valleys were bright with cowslips and primroses, and even in the higher part of the pass the willows were beginning to put out their leaves. Two horses to the diligence : two oxen, additionally, at the top

¹ Bishop Forbes of Brechin. ² Dr. J. H. Rogers.

³ Canon Jenner.

⁴ The Warden of Sackville College.

of the pass. Reaching the summit of the pass, and beginning the descent, the little brown town of Azpeitia stands at the rise of the opposite hill, and stretching away to the left is the vale of Loyola. The castle stands half a mile from the town—already, from the heights above, seen to be an elaborate piece of Renaissance restoration. This was the castle where S. Ignatius was born: the tradition, “assez respectable,” our guide said, is that it was in a stable at the bottom of the grand staircase.

Wednesday Evening.

Burgos.

I do thank GOD that we have seen Burgos Cathedral. On the whole, it is the finest I know—reckoning up all the interest of different kinds it possesses. We have also seen all the other churches in Burgos, about eight. As to difficulty in seeing churches, I never met with so much civility—at the cathedral in particular. To-morrow, all well, we start for Palencia, a seven hours' journey. As to our goings on, we have coffee or chocolate as soon as we are up, an *almuerzo* at one, and dinner after dusk. This room is a very good-sized one, with brick floor; two large sleeping-places open out of it; the Bishop is now lying on his bed in one: I am sitting at the foot of his room and discoursing with him, and it is striking eight p.m. We are presently going down to dinner. You can't tell how much I hope to hear from you at Valladolid, and how very anxious I am about your going on well, and the rest. . . . Now I will write to Mary. I hope Master Wren¹ reads that prayer from the “Itinerary,” though I did not tell him.

TO HIS DAUGHTER MARY.

MY DEAR LITTLE MAKIN,

Papa is now writing in the middle of Spain, and you can find the place on the map: it is called Burgos. Do you know that when people travel here the coaches are not drawn by horses, but by mules—ten or eleven; and

¹ The College porter, acting as Chaplain.

when they come to a very steep hill they put on ten oxen, and take off most of the mules. The man that drives has not a whip long enough to reach the foremost mules, so when he wants to do that, he ties the reins to the coach-box, jumps down, and runs along till he gets up to that mule, and makes them all gallop together, and then he jumps up again. He is always crying out and shouting to them, else they would not get on at all. I have not yet seen many shops of playthings; but I daresay we shall come to them by-and-bye. There are a great number of black sheep here, and goats too; and the cheese they eat is made of ewes' milk, and is very nice. I travelled all Monday night with a little boy and girl, and their mamma, and three sisters, and one of their names I don't think you ever heard before—Dolores. They were so very tired, and slept so soundly; and then the little boy looked something like Corny. The little girl was very much amused because I could not speak Spanish; for she thought that everybody must be able to speak Spanish, just as you would think that everybody is able to speak English. Now it is almost supper-time, and I hope you have been fast asleep in your little bed this hour and more. Good-bye, my little pet: and GOD bless you all.

Mode of
travelling.

TO HIS WIFE. May 12th. Fonda de las Frutas, Palencia.

We had a beautiful morning at last, and got down to the diligence about seven. The road to Valladolid is not a royal road, and the conveyances accordingly deteriorate. The country now becomes vast plains of grass, with low hills skirting the horizon; droves of mules meeting or overtaken; the road a succession of quagmires, but still getting down from the high plateau on which Burgos stands, and the vegetation, in consequence, each hour becoming forwarder. One pretty little church at Celada we had time to take: and at Torquemada we stopped for dinner. Here we had our first foretaste of what we may expect in Portugal. This is the frontier town of Estremadura, and we were glad enough to bid farewell to Castille, with its bleak, barren hills and cold prairies. The

Palencia.

river which divides the provinces is red, which gives an odd effect to the scenery. We had all intended to go to Palencia, for the sake of the Cathedral. But a Frenchman whom we met at dinner declared that there was nothing to see, and that the best inn was "horriblement mal." The latter assertion I had no doubt was true enough: the former I knew was a lie; but the Bishop got frightened, and accordingly we compromised the matter by his going with Rogers to Valladolid, while Jenner and I came across here. We were told that at a place called Magaz we should find a "little coach" to take us to Palencia. So we bade the others good-bye, and got down at a thoroughly Spanish pothouse. We "took" the Church, which has a most curious early Romanesque apse, and then we were told that the "little coach" was ready. So it was: a covered cart without springs, a tilt of reeds, a horse and a mule, yoked tandem-wise, and the mule absolutely without any reins whatever. We drove on full gallop where we could; the man that drove alternately smoking and perfuming the place with garlic, for six miles, and then we saw the towers of Palencia in the distance. A most picturesque place; bales of bright-coloured cloth hanging down the sides of each house (for it is a cloth mart), arcaded streets, in the most quaint and tumbledown fashion, and at last we got to this inn. Certainly it is "horriblement mal." We ordered "cena a las ocho"—supper at eight—and went out. First to the Cathedral, which almost rivals that of Burgos, but which we have not yet fully seen, then to San Francisco, a curious Transitional church, then to Santa Clara, a convent church, where the nuns, fourteen in number, were singing Matins. These churches are most excessively dark; the windows few, high, and small; wonderfully effective and religious, but exceedingly gloomy; a sort of Philip II. style of religion. When I went to take the outside such a crowd gathered round me that Jenner got quite nervous; but I am more used to it than he. They were perfectly well behaved, and we finished the church in peace. Then to the parish church, a Grecian building; and so back. This was our dinner:—1. Salad with rancid oil; 2. Two

boiled eggs (N.B.—No spoons); 3. A hind quarter of lamb, very stringy, weighing about three-quarters of a pound; 4. Three little trout in rancid oil; 5. Two cheese-cakes, and an abominable piece of sheep's cheese. We were quite in despair, and issued forth to find a pastrycook's, much to the amusement of the boys, who hooted and yelled at our hats. At last by good fortune we hit on one, and when I began, "*Est-ce que vous parlez français, Monsieur?*" he burst out, to my great joy, with "*Moi, Monsieur? Je suis Marseillais.*" So we had a chat with him, and some of his pastry, and some very good sherry: and it sadly made me feel how far we are from home that the mere hearing French should make us feel so near to it. If we have time to take the Cathedral first, we propose starting by the tow-boat to-morrow to Valladolid, at six a.m., down the river *Pisuergá*. It is about five hours' voyage. The beds here are so wringing wet that it is quite hopeless to think of undressing.

Whitsun Eve.

... I never saw a Catholic country that looked so little like one as this—closed churches, scarcely a cross, everything cold and degraded. In the evening we went to the Philippine College. This is a foundation of Augustinian Hermits, spared in the suppression as having been the school of clergy for the Philippine Islands. We were introduced to the Rector and Master of the Novices, and the latter took us over the whole. Some vestments, worked by the natives, are of most lovely details—the designs wretched enough. The sub-rector of the Scottish College walked about with us, and described the desecrated convents and so forth. They have about forty-four students for the Philippines; they sent out thirty-five last year. The quadrangle, with its lilacs, wall-flowers, and fountain, is very pretty. Then to the English College. Here they have now only fourteen. The walls are hung with contemporary portraits of the Roman Catholic martyrs in the reign of Elizabeth. They confirm here at the age of three; first Communion is thought little of. Some Jesuits are

now here, who are trying to make more of it. The popular images are very bad. The "Santo Cristo," as it is called, is vested from the waist in a kind of petticoat, and the images have sometimes real hair stuck on. This morning, to the Cathedral, the nave of an immense unfinished modern building. Then to the Library of the Museum. Here are an immense number of Spanish Ecclesiastical Historians, and a very fair theological collection, 14,000 in all, from the suppressed convents. There were no Missals, but I found a Palencia Breviary of 1545, and a Compostella one of 1569, and got some hymns from them. We also went to see the University Library—not so good as the other; the librarian—an ecclesiastic, too—not only spoke no language except his own, but actually could not understand a Latin sentence, when written down as plain as print.

May 20th. Bragança, Traz os Montes.

Portugal.

Here we are, fairly in the wildest part of Portugal, and having just concluded an engagement with a muleteer to take us to Porto, I begin to write to you. We left Zamora on Wednesday morning about nine, our cavalcade consisting of three mules and a horse—our first essay in muledom. Accordingly we mounted outside the city, and in my first two attempts to get on I was kicked off. Neither Jenner nor Mr. Rogers had a much better fate; at last we sent away the most vicious mule, and got a somewhat better one. The road lay over high table-land, covered with gum cistus in full flower, acre after acre; and in the barer parts, under every group of ash trees or elms, was the wild peony, and the whole landscape quite purple with a kind of lavender, with very large flowers. . . . We dined at a place called Ricovalle, but the country presented no very striking appearance till we reached Castro, the last village in Spain. Then our contrabandista friend, having, I suppose, reasons of his own for avoiding a more public road, took us across the most lovely country—something like the Chiddingly rocks, only on a much larger scale and with water—down to the little stream which here divides Spain from Portugal. We entered Portugal with great joy

at 4.30 p.m.; but when we stopped at the first village, Paradella, to get some wine, behold, my poncho had somehow slipped off the sumpter mule, and could nowhere be found. I offered the landlord a dollar if anyone would bring it on to our inn at Miranda, but with very little hope of ever seeing it again. We reached Miranda at dark, and had our first experience of Portuguese inns. Our beds ^{A Portuguese inn.} were in a passage with two little attics off it—a good deal worse, I should say, than any place in Pobgee's¹ premises: mules in the lower story; a kitchen opposite to us where the smoke found its way out of a sort of cavern. Here we got hard eggs, and ate them as well as we could in the midst of a rabble of people who had not seen an Englishman since the Duke of Wellington was here, about 1810. And as to the filthiness of the whole place, you can hardly imagine it. Just as we were going to bed—or rather, to lie down—there was a shouting under the window, and our Paradella friend came back with the poncho. Riding all day is an excellent soporific, or how we should have got through the night I can't think.

To B. W.

S. Alban (June 17th), 1853.

I did not tell you of my discovery at Lisbon. You ^{A Sequence discovered.} know that Thomas of Celano wrote two other Sequences besides the *Dies Irae*, which were supposed to be lost. One of them, *Fregit victor virtualis*, I found in a MS. Hours of some Franciscan convent. I have just sent it up for the "Sequentiae Ineditae."²

To Mrs. NEALE.

SS. Philip and James (May 1st), 1854. Tuy, Galicia.

. . . I never, in all my travels, got into any difficulty like that we are now in. You shall hear. We had a favourable voyage enough. On Sunday we sighted Spain, had prayers, Oldknow reading and I preaching, and about five we went into Vigo. Now no one seemed to know about quarantine. We found at Vigo that, that place

¹ A public-house at East Grinstead.

² *Ecclesiologist*, xv. 163.

Cholera
quarantine.

being itself suspected of cholera, there was no quarantine for us there; and that, though it was contrary to the regulations, we might slip into Portugal without much trouble. (At Lisbon we should have a three days' quarantine.) Two English merchants, returning to Porto, determined to land, and so did we, too. We then resolved to go out of our way to see Compostella; but this morning we found that the cholera was so dreadfully bad at Pontevedra, on the way to Compostella, that we did not choose to run that risk. The morning we spent in going about Vigo, which is beautifully situated, but not interesting; and after dinner, with our two friends, we came on four leagues, on horseback, through a lovely country, here. When we arrived—but you must get the map, or you will not understand—we found matters looking very serious. In consequence of a few deaths here, the quarantine lines have been strengthened all along the river. All communication from here to Valença is strictly forbidden, and so along the whole extent of the frontier. This being the case, we called a council of war. There were only three plans for us. One, to force the quarantine lines; another, to go back to Vigo, and so to England (for the English boats will not take passengers for Lisbon thence, because it would give them eight days' quarantine at Lisbon), and this, besides its absurdity, would give us eight days in Vigo, itself somewhat infected; or to go to Vigo and take the diligence to Madrid (a six days' journey through the heart of the cholera district), and so try to get into Portugal on that side. Our friends offered to take us with them if we liked to risk the attempt of forcing the lines. This requires very great caution, for the last man who did so was shot at three times, though not touched. As there must be some risk whatever we do, and this seems least, we are to try it. And this is how.

“Forcing
the quaran-
tine lines,”

At seven to-morrow morning the principal smuggler on the Minho—a very clever fellow—is to be ready for us with his boat. We are, all well, to embark, and to drop down the river as if we were going to Guardia, on the Spanish side of the mouth. When we have passed Caminha


(see the map) we lie to. A boat has been engaged to come out from Caminha with two men, and also drop down the river as if it were going out to sea. This boat will join us: we take one of the men on board, and our smuggler takes his place, and goes on shore without exciting attention. There he is to bribe the one or two guards we shall have to pass, so as to let us go by safely; and we are then to be landed in a lonely part of the sand. Here we must leave our baggage in some cottage, and walk on till we meet with mules, which can fetch it to us at Vianna, where we hope to sleep. This plan was arranged by the superintendent of the smugglers, who is a *woman*, and very famous here. I think it is very feasible, though of course the guards may refuse to be bribed—in which case I don't know what will be the next plan. We have just been getting our passports *visé* here for Portugal: the authorities here, of course, are not caring a straw about the Portuguese laws. *Our* difficulties, however, will not be over when we get to Vianna. Our friends, being residents, have no passports, and need none (their names, by-the-bye, are Noble and Thompson); and how we shall conceal the way we have got in —. Our only course must be to go to the English consul, tell him the truth, and act on his advice. But I never got into such a net of difficulties before. It is now past eleven. Good-night, all my pets.

Assisted by
smugglers.

May 3rd. Barcellos.

Now I go on. Yesterday morning we started about seven, without any difficulty. The boat was in waiting, and we went down the river with two men. But it was curious to see the guards, *thick*, on the Portuguese side; and once, when we went down to the shore to deliver a message, they came down with their guns, ready to fire. In about two hours it came on to blow fiercely, the river swelled like the sea, and it seemed very doubtful whether we could get down at all. Noble, our friend, is the most energetic man I ever saw—sometimes encouraging the boatmen, and once jumping out and towing himself. The storm became tremendous, and at last it became clear that

we could not pass Caminha. We put in to get fresh hands, but the guards were there with their guns, and we dared not go in. At last the smuggler who had arranged the affair, guessing how it would be, came up the river with his boat, and told us that, if we ran ashore at a little village called Peixas, he had *arranjado* the guards. We did, and not a soul was to be seen. We landed, sent for horses, and in a dismal storm set off for Vianna. Noble and his friend went first, Oldknow and I after. The way is along the coast. I never saw such an *awful* storm: and Noble, who has lived all his life in Portugal, never did. We were in it from six till twelve; the horses every now and then staggering under it. When it grew dark, I got a deaf man as guide. When we reached Vianna we could get no one to guide us to Noble's house; and for half an hour I thought we must have walked all night in the street. The rain pouring from the eaves made it almost impossible to hear a word said. At last we went to the barracks, called up the soldier on guard, and he took us. It was 12.15. Noble was gone to bed, but his servant was up. Of course we were wet through. Our baggage could not get through the storm, so we undressed and sat in blankets. The servant lent me a shirt, and so we sat down to supper, in shirts and blankets—and a very good supper it was. I slept like a top, and this morning we all met at breakfast. Noble got the consul to *viser* our passports, and thus to spare us all trouble at Porto. Then he shewed me his stores—he is the *bacalhão* merchant of the north of Portugal; and then we went and took the churches in the town, and saw the tomb of the great and good Archbishop of Braga, Bartholomeo dos Martyres, of whom you have often heard me speak. We had luncheon at Noble's, and then started for this place. Over lovely mountains—with two pelting showers of rain. . . . When we came in, two choirs in the great square were singing a hymn to Nuestra Senhora, on opposite sides, and it had a very sweet effect. . . .

On the outside page had been written: “ N.B. May 3rd, *Barcellos*.—Quite safe, thank GOD, and well; so you may read the inside without being nervous.”

“A dismal storm.”

TO HIS WIFE.

May 5th, 1854. Porto.

. . . I shall have a paper, all well, for *National Miscellany*: "How I broke my first quarantine."

As I suppose Agnes will not be at home, I will write a note to Corny (aged 8).

MY DEAR LITTLE CORNY BOY—OR, RATHER, VINCENT BOY,

Some day, I hope, you and I shall sit down when we are out on our travels, and write home, as I am doing to you now. I hope you and May will be nice companions for each other this next week, if Agnes and Ermy go to Brighton. We go about with two horses and one mule; one horse for the luggage, and one for me, and the mule for Mr. Oldknow. To-day we had strawberries and green peas for dinner—that would have pleased Miss Baker; and the oranges are looking very beautiful indeed; and so are the shaddocks, which are a kind of large pale orange. As we rode through the lanes, we heard nightingales all day long, and cuckoos; but the cuckoo here says cuck-yu, or something like that. You can find Porto, where I am writing now, on the map. It is a great city, all built up and down hill, and such steep hills, to be sure; steeper than Luxford's Lane. Kiss May from me; I must write to her, all well, next; and kiss the baby.

A letter to
his son.

YOUR DEAR PAPA.

Have you been fighting with the dogs, and have you put them to flight?

To B. W. May 31st, 1854. Steamship *Madrid*, Bay of Biscay.

I did not hear from you at Thomar, much to my disappointment, though I had other English letters there. I don't know whether my wife told you anything about us, when she gave you my message: at all events you shall have a brief account of our travels. On Sunday evening we landed at Vigo, next day we got on to Tuy, being prevented from going to Compostella by the cholera. On

Tour in
Portugal.

entering Portugal we ought to have had eight days' quarantine ; but by the help of the chief smuggler of those parts, with a good deal of difficulty, and some little risk of being shot, we went down the Minho in a boat and landed at the N.W. angle of Portugal. The night we landed, we had to ride twenty-five miles along the wildest coast imaginable, with the most awful storm I ever saw. At Vianna we got taken in to an English house, and soon forgot our miseries. Then we worked up to Porto, seeing several good churches, of which in the *Ecclesiologist*, all well. On the following Monday we started from Porto, making a circuit to the N.E. and coming down on Lamego. Here the Bishop was exceedingly civil to us. From Lamego to Viseu, where is one of the best Portuguese Cathedrals, a fifteen hours' ride. Thence we went up into the Estrella mountains, and took up our quarters in a little pilgrimage house, Nuestra Senhora de Desterro, in the wildest and most pastoral scenery you can imagine—just like Theocritus, goatherds piping to their goats on the brows of rocks, etc. We crossed the mountains and spent the next three days in the roughest country I ever saw, even in Portugal. No one goes that way : I piloted our course about seventy miles by the map, taking guides from village to village, and sleeping in cottages at night. We were most thankful when, on the afternoon of the fourth day, we came down, half starved, and eaten up with vermin, to Thomar. Here we rested a whole day. The Conventual Church of the Military Order of Christ (now desecrated but quite perfect) is one of the most curious I ever saw. A sixteen-sided choir : in its centre an octagonal canopy for the altar, which runs up into, and is, as it were, the central pier for, the dome of the choir. Hence we went again (by a new way) to Batalha, where we spent the Sunday, and where I took abundance of notes ; I will read a paper, all well (as I sent you word), on that Church at the Anniversary Meeting.¹ Hence to Santarem and down the river to Lisbon. On Sunday I was at the English College most of the day, and found them very well up in English

Thomar,

English
College at
Lisbon.

¹ See *Ecclesiologist*, xv. 223-236.

matters. They were more than civil ; and we had a most pleasant dinner. The contrast of their High Mass and the slovenly Portuguese Services was very striking. We sailed at eight on Monday morning : and for a wonder, I escaped sea-sickness, though till to-day my head has been too giddy to let me write. We were in Vigo harbour yesterday evening and ran down a fishing-boat coming out, but saved the men. Till this morning we have had a head wind : now it is favourable, and if it holds, we shall, all well, get into Southampton some time on Friday night. Oldknow is a very tolerable companion, though he minds roughing it a great deal more than a traveller in Portugal ought. As he is ill almost all the time at sea, I am pretty lonely.

To B. W.

June 19th, 1853. S. C.

Last night, for the first time, I saw Table-turning. This strikes me as a second great step to the development of Antichrist ; Mesmerism, as hitherto practised, being the first. I should like to see any definition of a miracle which would exclude it. If one says that it is necessary to touch the object, so it seems to have been in most even of the Scriptural miracles. But, if so, then all the ground on which we have been basing Revelation, as regards miracles, is absolutely cut away from us. Nor do I see that we gain much if we suppose this to be a new power bestowed on man. One thing strikes me as remarkable : that our Lord should mention the moving of mountains as the lowest kind of faith,—not necessarily (it would seem) justifying faith. And this new thing is of the same nature as that. In short, all this matter deserves to be most seriously thought about : for that “sleepless beast,” as S. Cyril says, won’t leave it alone, whether we do or not. I think it shews remarkably good sense in the Pope to have had it done before him. If you happen not to have seen or tried it, do ; and do think over the matter. Last night we were a party of five, and it only took ten minutes.

“The moving of mountains,”
Matt. xvii.
20.

His book, “The Unseen World,” was published previous to this—in 1847. It is in the form of a conversation

carried on for nine nights between friends who meet for the purpose of discussing the question of communications, real or imaginary, with the other world ; but it does not include spirit-rapping or table-turning.

To B. W.

Oct. 16th, 1853. S. C.

Occasional
Offices.

Brechinensis has got a Committee from the Episcopal Synod to draw up these Offices :

Dedication of a Church ;

Blessing of a temporary Church ;

Dedication of an Altar ;

Reconciliation of converts from heresy ; and one or two others.

He asked if I would help him. I said that, if he would promise to take them as a ground-work (of course, liable to the necessary or unnecessary corrections of Committee), I would draw them up and submit them to the Ecclesiological Committee (the thing, of course, being kept private). He willingly consents. We ought not to let so favourable an opportunity slip ; and should have a Committee on purpose when they are ready. I think the Reconciliation of converts and Dedication of an Altar very important ; in that of a Church we are unfortunately bound to depart as little as may be from the established form ; but we might introduce a Proper Preface, I should think. Let me hear your ideas on the matter.

To B. W.

Oct. 22nd, 1853. S. C.

I don't remember ever doing anything so troublesome as I find the Scotch Offices. Of course, if we had only to translate, or even moderately adapt, I or anyone could get on famously ; but cramped as we are, it is terrible work, and I am quite out of heart about it. I send you two, which I wish you would read over. In that for blessing a temporary Church, I know that the simple benediction *ought* to be all. But, as they *will* have an Office of some kind, it is surely better to give them one that shall be as little liable to objection as possible. You will see that I have carefully kept from anything like dedication of the Church, except perhaps in the Hymn. There is in the

Mozarabic¹ a hymn *O beata Hierusalem praedicanda civitas*, which might do better. In the other Office, I thought it was better to try to keep to the spirit rather than the words of the Roman, and to take the words as far as possible from our own Prayer-book. Really it is surprising what a direct confession of Faith you may make out of it. You will remember that this does not go straight to Committee but to Brechin, who, of course, will write it out again, and omit anything that might give offence.

If you want to see what a victory we gained at S.P.C.K. read the last *Record*. Somebody ought to be at the next meeting of S.P.C.K.; I should not wonder if something were attempted. Names come in much faster.

I have written to Exeter to ask if he would mind writing a letter to Mill, or any other member of the Committee, expressing sympathy with the movement, and explaining why he could not sign (the Gobat Protest).

At this time High Churchmen were greatly stirred² by Bishop Gobat. learning that Bishop Gobat, of Jerusalem, and his clergy were endeavouring to make proselytes from the Eastern Church, contrary to the Archbishop of Canterbury's original declaration that no such thing was to be done. J. M. Neale took the lead in a Protest to the Eastern patriarchs signed by English clergy. His letters shew how he spared neither time nor pains in attending meetings and collecting signatures. The number of signatures exceeded one thousand.

To B. W.

Undated, 1853.

All right. We *very nearly* had the whole swamped. Keble dead against it, and Pearson. Pusey came out well. The possibility of withdrawing the Memorial left to a future Committee—that is, thrown over.

Martinmas Day (Nov. 11th), 1853. S. C.

. . . I reached London at 10.30 that night. At Committee next day were those whose names I have italicized in the list. I never before had anything that seemed to me so important as this. It began by Keble saying that in

¹ *Christian Remembrancer*, xxvi. 461-500.

² See *Christian Remembrancer*, xxvi. 515-518.

Committee consequence of there being so few Bishops, and of the
meeting declaration of the Metropolitan, he should propose that
about the Protest be not sent to the Eastern Church. Pearson
Protest to and Fortescue spoke on the same side. When Pusey and
Eastern Church Marriott came in, I thought all was up; but Marriott
against Bishop did nothing, and Pusey was on the right side. Scott
Gobat. said that it might be better first to read a statement
which Mill had prepared, and which, if adopted, would not
hinder Keble's resolution. Accordingly it was read, about
two-thirds being Scott's, and one-third Mill's. Everyone
liked it; and we went through it sentence by sentence,
improving it a good deal, and making it what you see it.
This took a very long time; and Keble, who wanted to
get away, said that he should be satisfied if the final trans-
mission of the Protest to the Patriarchs were left an open
question. The Oxford men then went; we made a few
more alterations; and at last Pearson says very innocently,
"Do you know, it seems to me, that if we publish this,
we pledge ourselves to go on." However, he seemed con-
tent. We did not get out till five. I was glad that Scott
and Denison were such good friends. They went away
together to dinner. I should still have preferred the
Address we drew up; but we have not done badly. . . .
Moray and Ross withdraws from our Protest, to take
separate action. I shall try and keep him up to the latter
part of his intention. S. Andrews and Brechin remain.

Nov. 19th, 1853. S. C.

The names come in slowly—at present 879—but they
keep on. Several have signed because of the Archbishop's
Declaration; and no one has taken off beyond those whom
you knew of.

Every day I expect news of what they are doing in
America.

To B. W.

S. Cecilia (Nov. 22nd), 1853. S. C.

I can hardly hope that I have made no mistake in
Liverpool; and if I have, the enraged hive will point it
out. But I have written to Cecil Wray wherever I felt

any doubt. . . . Now, don't alter Socinian to Unitarian in this paper ; and let me have a slap at Hook in Leeds.

You have seen the articles about me in the *Record*. It Gobat
Protest. is courtesy and politeness to the Irish papers.

I have classed our names according to Counties in order to see where we fail, and work them up. The best are—

Yorkshire	}	47
Somerset		
Wiltshire		46
Sussex	}	45
Devon		
Oxon.		37
Essex		35

Beds., Hunts., Rutland, o. Cheshire, Cumberland, Westmoreland, only 1.

To B. W.

March 4th, 1854. S. C.

The publication of the list has brought in an accession of names, as I expected, and involved me in an ocean of correspondence.¹ I have not got on as I wish with the Hymns, partly from "Protest," partly because of Easter Carols, and of a paper I shall have in next *Christian Remembrancer* on "Mediaeval Sermons."

This matter of Denison's is very threatening. I wish some 40 or 50 men, such as would be listened to, would agree when the case comes into the Arches, to issue a paper to this effect: (1) That the thing was most ill-advised on George Anthony Denison's part; (2) That nevertheless, the Court of Arches is in such a state that no one ought to care one straw what its decision is,—and that whatever it may be, it can neither affect the Church of England for good or for bad. The case will certainly come on, as I hear; and we know how it must end. Now I think it would be much better to make such a declaration beforehand than after. If something be not done, and the case goes against us, I greatly tremble for R. Wilberforce.

G. A. Deni-
son and
Court of
Arches.

¹ *Christian Remembrancer*, xxviii. 1-44.

To B. W.

Maundy Thursday, 1854. S. C.

"Hymnal
Noted."

I wish exceedingly to have the *Adeste, Stabat Mater*, and *O filii*. They would all come in the second sheet. But I incline to think that they had better stand over for this reason: that they will be a kind of capital to begin upon with our next publication of the same sort. We are bound to go on, when this is out of hand, and we shall want something confessedly popular to make a prestige in favour of the book. You will find a needful Hymn from the Mozarabic Breviary for the *Restoration* of a Church.

Easter
Carols.

We have been trying the Carols every day this week with a choir of eighteen or nineteen. They are to go out on Saturday night. These are as well liked here as the Christmas ones. The most popular I find to be 13, 23, and "Give ear, Give ear," etc. You have no idea how very grand is the ending of the Sequence, "The Foe Behind."¹ This and two sermons a day and our services have kept me pretty close.

I have written a pretty long answer to the *Rambler* and sent it to Masters.

To B. W.

June 7th, 1854. S. C.

"Hymnal
Noted"
Scriptural.

. . . Will it not be proper, in the forthcoming *Ecclesiologist*² to give a catalogue raisonnée of all the Hymns, where they are printed, and the dates, so far as known? It need not take more than four pages, and might also be sold separately. Plain-song seems now fairly afloat. I am more and more struck by the Scripturalness of these Hymns. In doing the references in *Pange lingua* the other day, I at first left that part—

"Ipse lignum tunc notavit
Damna ligni ut solveret,"

as a mere poetical conceit, not to be looked for in the

¹ The editors of "Hymns Ancient and Modern" also seem to "have no idea," for they omit the last five verses, including the grand "Once despised and once rejected," and substitute a modern tune for the original melody.

² See *Ecclesiologist*, xv. 291-307.

Bible. S. Anthony, however, helped me to Ezek. xvii. 24—just look at it : the exact thing :—

“et scient omnia ligna regionis quia ego Dominus humiliavi lignum sublime, et exaltavi lignum humile : et siccavi lignum viride, et frondere feci lignum aridum. Ego Dominus locutus sum, et feci.”

My paper on Batalha will be somewhat of the longest—though I hope not dull—therefore don't put it last.

June 12th, 1854. S. C.

As you know, I disagree with you *toto caelo* about the war, thinking it the most wicked and unjust that has of late years been, except Napoleon's Campaigns. Nevertheless, I hope for good too, if there could but be a free Church of Constantinople.

Crimean War.

To B. W.

June 25th, 1854. S. C.

I have desired Novello to send you a revise of the first sheet of the Scriptural Edition, which you ought to have about Wednesday. But don't keep it : for the second sheet cannot be set up till that is worked off, from a want of p's and x's in that type. . . .

George Forbes—who is one of the best liturgical scholars I know—and I are going to publish, at his press, a complete edition of the Gallican Liturgies, containing all of Thomasius, Mabillon, and Mone, with a corrected text. It is rather a respectable thing, I think, to do ; and of course no English bookseller would run the risk ; but he *must* print something.

Gallican Liturgies, first part published 1855.

To B. W.

July 30th, 1854. S. C.

You will have thought that I was never going to write again. But last week—or rather I should say the week before last—I had to work like a lion at “Portugal,” which Murray wanted finished, and which I sent him on Monday : and that threw me behind with everything else.

Q

Changes in
Convoca-
tion.

What a *wonderful* stride is that of Convocation! Now comes just the very turning-point. I think, on the whole, the recommendations quite as good as you could expect with all their follies. Nevertheless, mind you, it is much better to get changes, even though the addition be absurd, than to have none. We shall get rid of the cast-iron anyhow.

To B. W.

Sexagesima Sunday, 1854.

Do you remember our losing all our plate when we first came here? ¹ It has turned up again, found at Horley, and that—of all conceivable things—by the agency of a Sister of Mercy, of whom I had never heard before. If I had time to tell you the story it would read quite like a romance. Among other things recovered is the Chalice that went with you over Europe—if you like to change that you had instead for it, you shall have it at once.

[The man, I think a labourer, who had stolen the box from the waggon eight years before had been afraid to get rid of its contents, and had buried it under the floor of the barn where he worked. The theft weighed on his mind, and during his last illness his daughter, who happened to be a servant at Sackville College, was sent for to see her father. I suppose the Sister of Mercy had heard from him of his trouble and persuaded him to confess his crime before he died. The box was found in the place he described, and only one item was missing.]

To B. W.

Aug. 11th, 1854. S. C.

I am busy now on a paper for the *Christian Remembrancer*, on Callixtus² and the peace-making attempt between Rome and Lutheranism in the 17th century; rather an interesting subject.

Sept. 6th, 1854. S. C.

There ought to be articles in the *Ecclesiologist* on the Prayer-book of 1689, and the Report to Convocation. If no one else is going to do the former, I will.³ I wish you would let me hear about Thomar; for I want to be writing

¹ Page 96.

² *Christian Remembrancer*, xxix. 1-49.

³ See *Ecclesiologist*, xii. 167.

to Lisbon. I can't see what the objection can be; and it could be managed without any trouble.

Sept. 13th, 1854. S. C.

I am glad about Thomar, and will write. I was at Clewer on Thursday, and was very much pleased with what I saw, Woodyer's new building included. Also Ferrey's Church at Eton is the best thing I ever saw of his.

I told you some time ago that the Archbishop of Utrecht wanted me to go and see him, that I might look through their later documents, from where the printed histories end, and make something of them. Now I shall be able to go, for J. H. Parker has offered me £25 to do it. I think to start at the end of the month; I suppose that I shall be gone for ten days. If Helmore starts at the same time, we may as well go to Antwerp together. I think we ought to give him £10 for that expedition, on condition of his writing a paper for the *Ecclesiologist*.

Visit to
Archbishop
of Utrecht.

The following letter was written during his Church tour in Holland, where he went to collect information for his "History of the Jansenist Church." He had previously visited Utrecht in 1851, when he became acquainted with the Archbishop, who on this second visit placed the Archives at his disposal, and shewed him every possible kindness. In the annals of the Church of Utrecht he found a more than ordinary historical interest for English Churchmen. He writes, "A taunt and a bye-word to the rampant Ultramontaniam of modern Europe, she has calmly and trustfully held her own, proclaimed her unshaken attachment to Catholic union and the Catholic faith . . . and awaits in patience and hope those brighter days when her isolation shall be removed." In the history, therefore, of this separated national communion he hopes "not only to interest but also to console those members of our Church who lament our isolation from the rest of Christendom."¹

It may be remembered that Holland was the scene of many of his tales for children; for example, "The Hondsbossche" and the "Relief of Antwerp" in "Evenings at

¹ "History of the so-called Jansenist Church of Holland," Parker, 1858, p. 6.

Sackville College," and "Gerard van Kampen" in "Tales of the Apostles' Creed."

To B. W.

Oct. 9th, 1854. Utrecht.

Visit to
Holland.

Van Eyck's
Adoration
of the
Lamb.

I have been wanting to write to you every day, but this, you know, is not like an ordinary tour, where one's evenings are free, but I have been at work, extracting and abstracting, till late at night. I came *viâ* Calais and Antwerp, straight, except that I stopped a whole day at Ghent, which I had never seen but from the railway. Did you see the ruins of S. Bavon's Monastery? I do not remember them in your book; and they have only been discovered, or rather uncovered, these few years. I was particularly edified by the Béguinage and the Vespers. You know I don't generally much take to pictures, but I could sit for ever and look at the Adoration of the Lamb. I never saw anything which—to my mind—came near it. I got here from Antwerp on Thursday evening, and have received every kindness from the Archbishop, who is very well, from Mulder the Archivist, and Loosje. Friday and Saturday the pen was scarcely out of my hand—except that I strolled out to Zuilewon Saturday afternoon. Sunday I went to Mass at S. Gertrude's. It is a very curious Office. One forgets that 150 years of separation must give a different air and manner to the same ritual—especially as I doubt whether any of the set have ever been into a Roman Catholic Church (for they scarcely go out of Holland). I cannot give you a better idea of it than by saying that it struck me as the same thing that it would be if a set of Puseyites went through Mass—a great deal of stiffness or awkwardness, and slowness. It is, as you know, a modern Church, gilt and white—that sort of thing—narrow, high galleries; centre, chairs for women; side, benches for men; almost everyone had books, and the children fidgetted with them just as they do in England. According to a Canon of their Council of 1763, there was no music during Consecration. The Archbishop celebrated—it was a Mass that I could neither call High nor Low; he had no deacon nor sub-deacon, but there was music, etc., and everything else as

in High Mass. There was only a Crucifix and pix, besides candles on the Altar; very few images anywhere—and those of plaster. The Archbishop's *submissa voce* was so loud that I could hear every word of the Consecration. On the whole, I was not pleased with that Office. When it was over, Mulder came in, and, after reading the Epistle and Gospel in Dutch from the pulpit, preached. I then had a talk with the Archbishop, and then with Mulder. They have quite loaded me with books. In the afternoon I walked over to Ysselstein, seven miles, where there is a fine Church. To-day I went by diligence, two hours, to Amersfoort, where is their College. The Archbishop must have written well of me, for they received me most flatteringly. The President, Karsten, I like the best of them; and had more books given me. Karsten, when he walked out with me, looked every inch a bishop: a tall, fine man, with cocked hat, square-cut coat, knee breeches, and buckles. I should think he would probably be Archbishop, when Van Santen dies. They do not, of course, proselytize from the "other Catholics"; but the odd thing is, that some come over to them: so that by conversions from Protestantism, and births, they are on the increase. The Cathedral strikes me more and more; the nave, you know, is destroyed; a magnificent Apsidal Chancel (date 1251-1267). There is a fine tower at Amersfoort, of which the church was blown up; and a grand church with a superb stone roodloft. Karsten came halfway back with me in the diligence. Tomorrow, all well, I start again, having got a wonderful deal by coming, and knowing exactly how to get more. Dom Petra, when here, played the thief, I understand; so they may well be disgusted with him. It is a wearisome journey from here to Antwerp—thirteen hours. I hope to get home on Wednesday night late.

Oct. 15th, 1854. S. C.

. . . I hope you have had my letter from Utrecht before now. On Monday night I sat a long time with Mulder, of S. Gertrude's, and then with the Archbishop;

Parts
from the
Archbishop
of Utrecht.

when I left the latter, he said, "Monsieur, nous ne nous reverrons plus dans ce monde : priez pour nous que cela serait dans l'autre." I quite felt parting from the old man. . . . I told you, I think, of my visit to Ysselstein ; there is a splendid Church there also. That was this day week ; and from wearing a white tie, I was bowed to all the way by the honest country folks, as a Protestant Minister, to my great disgust.

To B. W.

Oct. 23rd, 1854. S. C.

Modern
Romanism.

Wilberforce's book is nothing but a *résumé* of stale old arguments about the Supremacy of Rome. There is absolutely naught in it which is new ; unless it be an attempt to shew that the Primacy involves the Supremacy. If the investigation which is given in this book takes him over, he must have been pretty ignorant to begin with. What a shocking thing will this Decree *Urbi et Orbi* be, when it really comes out ! I have no particular feeling against the dogma myself ; but for the Pope to make it thus necessary to salvation is really too bad. I think that every step modern Rome takes is more and more against her. In fact, if we are to be finally lost for not going with her, it is a very hard case indeed. I was so pleased with S. Anthony's "Moral Concordances" when I was doing the references to the Hymnal, that I have been translating them at odd times ever since. I never learnt so much of the Bible in the same time before, or was more edified. You might see them advertised in the last *Guardian*. I will send you a copy.

"Moral
Concor-
dances"
of S.
Anthony.

To B. W.

Nov. 7th, 1854. S. C.

Denison tells me that his business cannot come on till the 17th at the earliest. I confess that it does not much disquiet me. But I should like to have some plan ready, by which we may at once neutralize the effect of the Archbishop's decision : either an appeal to Convocation, or to a free Synod of the Bishops of our Communion, wherever it can be held. Either of these makes our position tenable, while 'tis pending ; and many would surely sign.

Nov. 18th, 1854. S. C.

. . . I should very well like to give the Lectures. Various
Where? At S. Albans? My vocation just now seems plans for
to be to lecture; for I have to give one on Hymnology on Lectures,
Nov. 28th, and one at our Institute here on Dec. 7th. . . .
What an odd ending about the La Sallette miracle! Really,
such things ought to make our friends at Rome pause a
little; for what attestations and vouchers had not that
miracle!

Nov. 23rd, 1854. S. C.

. . . It would be stupid to lecture on the old story of First
and Middle Pointed, etc. I should like to-day to give them
something better worth having, *e.g.* The Parts of a Church,
as illustrated by the different national Ecclesiologies of
the West and East, etc. How many lectures do they
want?

Dec. 4th, 1854. S. C.

. . . Agnes (aged 10) brought me a long set of verses
this morning she had written on Sebastopol. The last
couplet, speaking of the Emperor, was—

“And when he next does slay the Turks
May I be there to see his works!”

To B. W.

Dec. 9th, 1854. S. C.

About the Russian War I feel so strongly that I had Crimean
rather not write. I am glad, at all events, to see that the War.
Morning Chronicle to-day has the honesty at last to
confess that we are fighting to ensure the perpetual slavery
of the Turkish Christians. This simplifies matters. How
you can be led away by this popular¹ howl is most
astonishing to me.

ἐχθίστη μὲν ὁδύνη, πολλὰ φρονέουσα
περὶ μηδενὸς κρατεῖν.

¹ In his immediate circle he seems to have been always on the
unpopular side in politics. See his “In Memoriam” (Abraham
Lincoln), April 14th, 1865, in “Sequences and Hymns.” Hayes. 1866.

However, this time two years, all well, I shall be in the majority.

The "Battle of the Alma," a poem published in his last collection of verse,¹ of which he wrote the preface only a few days before his death, shews how he abominated the Crimean War, and the alliance of the Cross with the Crescent; and in the preface to "Theodora Phranza," perhaps the most spirited of all his tales (published 1857), he mentions the prophecy that the Ottoman possession of Constantinople should not extend beyond four hundred years, and hopes that "the sands of the Turkish domination are now very fast running out."

¹ "Sequences and Hymns," etc. 1866.

CHAPTER XV

1854-55

BEGINNING OF SISTERHOOD—CONFESSION

Home celestial ! Home supernal !
Founded on the Rock eternal !
Home, no change nor loss that fearest,
From afar my soul thou cheerest.
Thee it seeketh, thee requireth,
Thee affecteth, thee desireth.

IN 1854 the foundation of S. Margaret's Sisterhood marked a new departure in his strenuous life. The following letter gives a detailed account of the various steps taken in the formation of it.¹ It will be noted that he had previously written many letters asking advice of his most trusted friends.

To B. W.

Feb. 1st, 1855. S. C.

You know that, five or six years ago, it was a favourite speculation of mine, how it would be possible ever to get at the scattered collections of houses in our great Sussex parishes, so as positively to evangelize them as you might do a heathen country, for they are heathen to all intents and purposes. Some three or four years ago Fowler had an idea that by nurses, trained both physically and religiously, something might be done ; he laid the subject before the Rural Deanery, everyone was pleased with it, but nothing was effected. The idea remained in my mind,

First steps
to founding
Sisterhood.

¹ This letter was published in the appendix to the second revise of the "Memoir" by Mrs. Charles Towle.

and I worked it out by degrees, licking my cub into shape. After this I saw the incalculable good that was done at Horley by the daughter of a master-brickmaker, who had been partially trained at Oxford (and who was afterwards most energetic in the Cholera Hospital there). I was brought a good deal into contact with her, and all this kept up the matter. After that, but long before the Nightingale affair, I happened to know three persons—two ladies, one not—who were anxious, and to whom the way was open, to join a Sisterhood; but which? Then I saw the nucleus of what I wanted to do, if I could get co-operation. I first wrote to, or saw, the most *prononcés* of our friends, Fowler, Maberly, Wheeler, Weguelin, Carnegie, Hunt, Gream, Antrobus, Joyce, of Dorking, Harrison, of Reigate, etc.; and they all were enthusiastic in favour of trying what we could do. Then (you know my abhorrence of the pseudo-asceticism at S. Saviour's, Osnaburgh Street, and Devonport) I went to Clewer twice, and learnt all that I could there, and had a long correspondence with the Superior, who is one of the most sensible women I ever saw. Before I could do more, it was necessary for me to have a Superior for my future Sisterhood. Her I found in Miss Gream, the very exact person of all others that I could have chosen, just about the right age—forty-five; used all her life to parish work; used to nursing, and most anxious to be employed in some such way. With the help of some of our friends I drew up some rules, based on those of Clewer, so far as the great difference of the design would permit. The scheme then resolved itself into this: to have a central house—at present *somewhere*—hereafter, when we get a new Bishop, connected (if it can be so) with this Chapel, in which we may have a community of trained Sisters, ready to be sent out at the Superior's discretion *gratuitously* to any Parish Priest within a circuit of (say) twenty-five miles, that may need their services in nursing any of his people; he to be responsible, so far as may be, for their management, safety, etc., while they are in his parish. In that circle from here we have about twenty villages and five towns, where

they would be thankfully received at once. Now my little cub was beginning to take good proportions; the next thing was to feed him. Just then came the Scutari business. On this I took courage, and wrote to everyone in our part of the Diocese that had a chance of being in favour of the plan—high and dry, moderate, hardworking men, etc. Then I first learnt how completely I had hit the right nail on the head. I had not a *single* demurrer to the scheme, though in some cases my selection might almost have provoked it. Then I began to beg; and certainly I succeeded there quite beyond my hopes. The next thing was to find a firstrate, and yet morally respectable, Hospital, where the Sisters might be trained; for it was impossible to expose some of them to the contamination of ——'s or ——'s, where they might have been received. First I Training. tried the Sussex County Hospital, but, after some negotiations, that failed. At Westminster I succeeded. The House Committee at once passed a resolution granting those whom we may send admittance; and the Senior Physician and Chaplain (Hill) both evinced the greatest interest. While I was meditating on the question of lodgings, comes a spontaneous offer from Shephard, Master of the S. John's House, to take them in there. I went over the Hospital—was introduced to the officials—and was perfectly satisfied with what I saw. I did the same with S. John's House (the fact of their having been there will tell in our favour with moderate men). By this time I had a pretty certain prospect of seven or eight; but I wanted more. I wrote to Mrs. Sidney Herbert, asking if there were any list of applicants for the East,—and if so, whether she would give me the names of some who would be likely to do for me. I saw her, and she gave me a first list, promising another when I had exhausted that. (Which is an episode: I never saw any woman in my life who so took my fancy.) Out of that list, I think I shall get two; and I think I may get more. The week after next, all well, we send the first to Westminster to be trained, and shall then hope to keep on with them. *When* there will be enough, or *what* will constitute enough, to make them into a Community I cannot yet say.

All my copies of the rules are out, but as soon as I can get one I will send it you. You know they are only as yet proposed, so any suggestion will be most acceptable. Now we are taking another step. I have printed a little statement of our scheme, simply speaking of nurses, "whether ladies or others," and dropping all name of a Sisterhood. This is to be sent to the 210 parishes which lie in our district, not in my name, but in that of old Gream, who entered heartily in the plan. What the result of that will be remains to be seen. I have given you very little idea of the eagerness of co-operation I have met with; it is the greatest hit I have seen since the first start of the C.C.S. But you have little idea of the constant hard work and driving it takes; it requires one's shoulder to be always at the wheel—however, it goes. It is odd that in one of your letters to me you should have said that now was the time for the formation of Sisterhoods and other works of that sort. I should have told you long ago, but if you knew how I shrink from writing a long letter you would not wonder at my silence—especially considering the heap of long letters in this business that I had to write.

Such was the beginning of a Sisterhood which has now spread into all quarters of the world, having houses in America, Asia, and Africa, which has three Daughter or Affiliated Houses, thirty Missions or smaller houses, and which, besides its original work of providing nurses for the sick poor in their own homes, has schools, orphanages, convalescent homes, and many parochial works. More than three hundred Sisters are either living now or are commemorated daily, with their Founder, as having passed out of sight into "the great Cloister's stillness and seclusion."

To Rev. J. HASKOLL.

March 13th, 1855.

The Sisterhood gets on famously. Sister Ellen is now training at the Westminster Hospital; Sister Alice is attending to the people here, but will go to the Hospital after Easter; and one is with her Superior at Rotherfield.

We look for three or four more very shortly, and a few days ago I had a second list from Mrs. Sidney Herbert, of twelve ladies "too young for the East"—*i.e.* under thirty—who might possibly, she thought, suit us. The money comes in tolerably well also.

You will be sorry to hear that for the last two months we have had the most desperate push made to get us out of the College that we have yet known. Rogers, our Assistant Warden, who was one of our most intimate friends, took pique at some trifle a few months since, and being a very vindictive man, allied himself with Messrs. H. and Co., and persecutes us to an intense degree, by lodging complaints against one person and thing after another, which by our Statutes must be "investigated." He told Lord D. that he would bring charge after charge in every possible form, would go to the highest court, *i.e.* Queen's Bench (to remove me for being married and under fifty), and would write to the Bishop. Twice we have been obliged to have lawyers from town to defend our people, and on Thursday, the 22nd, I am to be investigated, R. having nineteen charges formally drawn up against me. But I won't bother you by telling you all this. You can have no idea what it has been and is. Lord D. has behaved like a gentleman. If R. succeeds, as by means of the Bishop he perhaps may, in turning me out, then all my thoughts and wishes would turn to the Diocese of Brechin, Sisterhood and all. I should ask the Bishop to give me a place where I might work, which is my only *sine qua non*; if there is any money, so much the better; if not, it can't be helped, and perhaps in time I might have some place there which has some small stipend. I assure you I am seriously thinking of this. My wife is quite prepared to go, though naturally she would prefer England. You are the only man out of our family to whom I have mentioned this.

Talking of Scotland, I was amazed the other day to have a letter from Dean Torry, asking me to undertake his father's life. I might, between ourselves, have hesitated had the application come only from him, but Pratt asked

Fresh troubles.

Thinks of work in Scotland.

"Life and Times of Bishop Torry." Masters. 1856.

it too. So I have consented. Masters gives me something for it, and all the letters, etc., are sent to me. But is not this very odd, and can you explain it?

So I have my hands full: Sisterhood, Rogers' business, Lent sermons, "History of the Jansenist Church in Holland," "Mediaeval Sermons," my old "Commentary on the Psalms" for Masters, and now Dean Torry's book. To which you may add, the Gallican Liturgies that G. Forbes and I are doing, and an Essay on Sequences I have promised Daniel to write for the new Edition of his Hymnology.

To B. W.

April 14th, 1855. S. C.

. . . Cooper, the Secretary of the Archaeological Society, was here on Thursday night, when we had our Choir supper. He is now Curate to Maberly, and has actually succeeded in doing something at Cuckfield.

I see people making such fools of themselves about the reform of the Prayer-book, that I am moved to write a good big pamphlet, shewing how it ought to be done.

I am to have a paper in the *Christian Remembrancer* on the use of the vernacular in the Roman Church.¹ Have you any ideas on that subject—or facts?

Just now I am hard at work on my book on "Mediaeval Sermons," which Mozley pays very well for. The authors, in chronological order, are Ven. Bede; Rabanus Maurus; Atto of Vercelli; S. Fulbert of Chartres; S. Peter Damiani; S. Anselm; S. Bruno of Aste; Hugh of S. Victor; S. Hildebert; S. Alred; Peter of Celles; Peter of Blois; S. Anthony of Padua; B. Albert Magnus; Thomas à Kempis. I have purposely omitted S. Bernard, as requiring a volume to himself.

The Sisterhood came out in their proper grey dress on Easter Day (having hitherto worn what black each might have). We preferred grey because the poor have so often a prejudice against a nurse in black; and children dislike it so much.

¹ *Christian Remembrancer*, xxx. 357-384.

To B. W.

May 23rd, 1855. Sackville College.

Did I tell you that the Vicar, aided by Rogers, has brought us before the Charity Commissioners? I went to the Board yesterday, and never wish to meet with greater civility and kindness. I believe it will only end in procuring us—what I have so long been anxious to get—new statutes.

Did I also tell you that the Sisterhood was brought up at the meeting of the Rural Deans of Chichester? There was some little disputation about it: on which Otter, the Archdeacon, who is for the plan, said that the numbers were too great to allow a fair discussion there, and that it had better stand over. The Bishop approved what he had done, but told Sir H. Thompson, whom we made our promoter, that whenever the rules came before him he would give all the help that he could. If, as Sir H. Thompson says, he then stated that I was at the bottom of it, this was very favourable. Since then the Balcombe and Frant Deaneries have pronounced in favour of the general plan; the latter has sent a resolution to Miss Gream to put herself in communication with the Bishop, which she has done. We have now one Sister ready to be sent out, and waiting here. She has just left Westminster Hospital with the very highest character from the medical men. She has been in sole charge of three wards, with nurses under her, for three weeks in the absence of one of *their* Sisters.

Sisterhood
discussed
at Ruri-
decanal
meeting.

To a lady who had written to enquire about the Sisterhood rules.

To L. R.

July 11th, 1855.

I enclose the only papers that have been printed about it. The Bishop has approved, generally, of the principle of the printed rules—the more detailed rules have not yet been shewn to him—and, indeed, cannot well be made out till we see how the thing works, and what rules it wants.

The general principle of them, however, is taken from Clewer.

To the same.

July 28th, 1855.

About our own scheme.

The rule¹ about relations was only proposed ; the Bishop, I imagine, approves of it.

Sisters'
rules and
methods.

"The terrible pull on health and spirits," of course, is *the* work; and anyone who is afraid of it had certainly better not try it. Miss Jones' idea about the poor not liking it is exactly what everyone said ; and what I knew would be the Sister's own fault if it came true.

We can have no better example than one at Woodside, about twelve miles from here, at this moment.

The woman is dying of decline. She was afraid, when it was first proposed to her, that "a lady" could never get on, and so forth. To which the answer was, "Try." Now when she sees that a lady can not only nurse and talk to her, but cook for her, put the children to bed, mend their clothes and so on, as readily as, and a great deal more cleverly than, a poor woman, she and the neighbours are perfectly amazed. I know the same willingness and physical strength are not to be looked for in everyone ; but still you see what can be done. She had the offer, at the end of a fortnight, of being relieved, if she liked ; but she earnestly asked to go on, and is there at this moment.

About food. That of course is a difficulty that must strike everyone. I will tell you how it is managed here.

This Sister usually sleeps in a cottage about a hundred yards from the other, unless the woman really wants her at night (her husband returns at night and can usually do anything for her). She goes back there at 1 and 7 ; cooks of course, for herself, and has a little place screened off with a curtain at the landing-place, where she takes her meals, thus interfering with no one. Here also she can cook anything for her patient. There has been no difficulty about this.

¹ RULE.—"The Sisters shall have free intercourse with their parents, or their brothers and sisters, at any time ; but the visits of other relations and friends, and the time of such visits, must be previously approved by the Superior."

In some cases, undoubtedly, a sick person, if it can be done, had better be sent to the Hospital. But how often it cannot! Who could, for example, be sent in the last stage of consumption—or in an infectious fever—or after a bad confinement, or a bad accident? Besides, were they sent, the children in the meanwhile are ruined very likely. Now they gain as much from the Sister as the patient does.

From letters to the Sisters a very few extracts must be given. The first was addressed to one in training at Westminster Hospital, quite at the beginning of the work; the others, to one out nursing at a rather later period.

Quinquagesima Sunday, 1855.

. . . God bless you, my dear child. Remember that the meanest thing you have to do in the Hospital is glorious, if it is done for Him. I say from my heart, I would rather make one poultice, or clean one saucepan for His sake, than write the most learned book that ever was written, for my own.

Letters to
Sisters in
training.

Shrove Tuesday.

Now remember: this Lent it is clearly your duty *not* to fast. Therefore you *are* to take meat and beer exactly as often as the others do. If you can deny yourself in any little unostentatious way at breakfast or tea, you may, but not at dinner, nor at supper.

Palm Sunday.

(*After illness during training.*)

. . . Now I hope I need not tell you *not* to fast this next week; it will be very wrong if you attempt it. You have given your strength,—and everything else you have—to GOD; and He now requires it in another way. . . .

R

March 12th, 1855.

(In illness during hospital training.)

. . . "I have done nothing all day but murmur and cry." My dear child, it grieves me very much to hear you say so. Do you not imagine that GOD knows best what training as a Sister of Mercy you need? and how, by-and-bye, will you be able to speak to others of patience and resignation if you don't practise it yourself now? I know it seems very hard to be kept back from doing a good work. But remember this: if I gave you for a penance, not to receive Holy Communion, or not to read or talk to the people for a certain number of days, would you not submit at once? What you would do for me, can you not do for GOD?

Try now, my dear S——, with *all* your might,—not a little,—not in a half-hearted way,—but put your whole strength to it, and see whether, with the help of the HOLY GHOST, you cannot overcome this temptation. Now do not let yourself speak again of a complaint being "provoking." This is GOD'S way of educating you; it is a punishment which He sees you to need, and you must take it as such. Do not think that I am speaking harshly to you. I am *very, very* sorry for you, my dear child, and if I do not like the report I hear from S—— about you, I shall, all well, come and see you myself. Let me hear by return of post how you are, if it be only a line.

July 18th.

. . . Now about your letter. That was a great opportunity you had of doing Mrs. T—— real good, and I hope you will follow it up. If anyone spoke to me in that way about the difficulty of making sure that our repentance is real, I should try and shew them in the first place that the very making so exceedingly painful an effort is the best proof we can give that we are in earnest. If we were not, why should we undergo all the shame and pain? See what S. Paul says (2 Cor. vii. 11) about the marks of true repentance, and if they do not very well describe the effort necessary to a First Confession. Then I should go on to

say how much the tendency of the self-examination necessary for it is to deepen repentance, when we come to go thoroughly over months and years of carelessness, and to give definiteness and number to what at first seems a confused heap. Then, that though any Priest may be most miserably mistaken, in Confession as well as out of it, still, he is likely to form a better judgment, from the very nature of things, than the penitent : not only as a looker-on, but as necessarily having so much larger an experience of what true penitence is. And then I should speak of the blessings of Absolution. And, dearest child, never be ashamed to speak as from your own experience. Remember what I said about that text, "When thou art converted, strengthen." The fact of this poor Mrs. T——'s having thus spoken to you makes me more glad that you should be there, because you may be a blessing to her that no words can express.

It *is* a pity, such exclusiveness. But I go on my old principle, that unless a thing is positively sinful, one must let people manage their own affairs in their own way, if they will not take advice, when it is only advice.

May 2nd.

If there is one rule with respect to Sisters more general than another, it is this : that, if anyone is eager to communicate daily, and feels it a great disappointment when she is not allowed, there must be one of two things. Either she must be willing *daily* to exercise some piece of self-denial which she really feels, as the condition of communicating, or else she should not be allowed to communicate *every* day.

The following letter was written to a lady who was wishing to join the Sisterhood, but who was troubled in her mind, as was her father also, as to the propriety of its Founder performing priestly functions owing to his inhibition.

Perfectly illegal as the inhibition was, the Warden of Sackville College had patiently submitted to it in respect to all public ministrations, but when one of his spiritual children wrote to him in perplexity, he wrote to shew the general position he took up.

Vigil of S. John Baptist (June 23rd), 1855. Sackville College.

MY DEAREST CHILD,

Inhibition
and
suspension.

I feel it very difficult to express in the same note two apparently opposite feelings—my deep sympathy with you in the fact of your having (as you clearly have) *any* doubts; and my absolute knowledge that they are as unfounded and unnecessary as words can express. If I say more about the latter than the former, it is simply because to shew you that you are groundlessly vexing yourself will be a much greater comfort to you than all the sympathy in the world. You can read your father what you like of this letter, and you may tell him that everything there he will find at infinitely greater length, and set forth as clearly as possible, in Van Espen, who is *the* authority, you know, on such points.

In the first place, let me say that this is not a matter (as many cases of conscience are) of opinion. It is not what I, or what Mr. this, or Dr. the other, think. Of course there are as certain and fixed rules in the science of theology as in any other science, and it really shews as much ignorance to propound the S. J's. or W. opinions on the subject as it would to say that two and two made five.

First, to take the more monstrous opinion of the two, I daresay you already know that, in the Sacraments, some require jurisdiction to make them valid, and some do not. The Holy Eucharist is of the latter kind. That is, if the whole Bench of Bishops were to suspend me, and that most righteously and for any enormous crime whatever, and I still persisted in celebrating, however wicked I might be, it would nevertheless be as true and valid Eucharist as that which the most saintly priest ever offered. If anyone denies this, he is so absolutely ignorant of the very first principles of theology that I, for one, would never argue with him.

About Penance the case is different. There, if my Bishop *suspends* me formally, and I make no appeal, the Absolution is invalid, and the Confession ought to be made over again.

Now observe. In the first place this must be a formal suspension (which every other Bishop would recognize). This is merely a local inhibition—(as you justly observe, I have only to walk half a mile and I am all right again)—which other Bishops expressly do *not* recognize; for example, the Bishop (Blomfield) of London (who, after having been induced by the Bishop of Chichester to inhibit me, gave me, on better information, express permission to officiate in his Diocese), and several others. Therefore, on this ground alone, the inhibition could not affect your Absolution.

Next: a suspension, to be valid, must have a cause assigned. This is so universal a rule that *almost* all Roman Catholic Theologians agree that the Pope himself cannot suspend without assigning a cause. But no Catholic Theologian ever doubted it about any other Bishop. Now, as you know, the Bishop of Chichester never assigned any reason for my inhibition, and never would when asked; therefore, on that ground alone, it would be utterly invalid.

But suppose he had suspended me (which he has not)—suppose he had assigned a reason (which he has not)—it is still an universal rule that the person so suspended has the right of appeal, and while he is under appeal (which they technically call *pendente lite*), all his ministrations are valid. Now I *have* appealed, and many have appealed with me, to Convocation. On that ground alone everything I do would be valid.

I do not wish you to argue the point. You will believe (I know) what I tell you, and there is no occasion to enforce it on others; but I should like you, if the subject occurs again, to ask two questions.

First: Marriage and Penance stand on the same footing; this is allowed. Suppose I were to celebrate a marriage for your father in — Church: would anyone in their senses say that it was invalid? and what would be said in a court of law of anyone who should try to illegitimatize the issue of that marriage because I was inhibited?

Next: would the Bishop of Brechin (who may be

supposed not likely to be biassed against Bishops) have assisted yesterday when I celebrated, or would he seriously, as he afterwards did, have discussed with me some questions connected with Confession, had he thought it possible that my Celebrations were sacrilegious and my absolutions invalid? And yet I think that the Bishop may possibly be as good a theologian as —, or even as —.

So I have tried to obey a rule that cannot be mistaken, and "to give a reason" for what I have done and do. It may not be without its use. But, my own dear child, do you think that I could be so horribly wicked as to pretend to receive so many confessions as I do, if there were a *shadow* of doubt whether I could do it validly or not? That is the main argument I should use to you.

And, without wishing to praise myself, I must add this, which you know to be true—Why did the Bishop inhibit me? Mainly, I can have no doubt, for maintaining that Sacrifice in the Blessed Eucharist of which you are afraid that you shall be deprived by the fact of my being inhibited. That is, were your doubts well founded, I could not offer that Sacrifice unless I did not believe in it!

I went with the Bishop (of Brechin) to Hurst and Brighton yesterday, and returned this morning.

And now I shall wait for your next letter with some little anxiety, though I know that I ought to leave it all in GOD'S hands. If you cannot be satisfied, I hope I shall take it as a punishment I have deserved for many, many faults (though not, human frailty excepted, committed against you).

GOD bless you, my dearest child, and bring us all to that Place where we cannot misunderstand or doubt each other any more.

Ever yours,

J. M. NEALE.

A letter, on preparation for a First Confession, may fitly follow here, though written a year earlier.

S. Matthew's Day (Sept. 21st), 1854.

MY DEAR MISS G—,

. . . I am truly thankful that you really mean to prepare in earnest for your First Confession. I need only say that if you wish to make it to me, I will do all that is in my power to help you beforehand.

Directions
for a First
Confes-
sion.

The great point is, that you should fix some definite time for making it, and then, by GOD'S grace, keep to it. But you may believe me, you will do nothing in earnest till you have fixed the day, and so fixed that you determine not to be turned from it except by some unforeseen accident.

If you will write to me and tell me that your mind is fully made up, and that you can fix a day, then I will lose no time in writing again and telling you about your preparation. . . .

15th Sunday after Trinity.

. . . I have not much time to write, but I will not leave your letter a day unanswered.

Now about your First Confession. I have asked Miss— to send you one or two things which I gave her before she made hers; among others the form itself, as we English people ought to have it, from the Sarum Ritual.

You have also Gresley's book. You may have too the books of Self-Examination there recommended. And I think if you add to these S. Francis de Sales' "Vie Dévote," you will have about all that is necessary.

The easiest way to make the preparation is to divide one's life into certain portions; for example, as regards yours, if you went to school, it might be—

Childhood, till you went there;

School life;

Your life at home after that, till you became mistress of the house; and,

Your life subsequently to that.

The more clear grand divisions you can make, the easier.

To me you had better begin from the beginning—"The first sin that I remember was that I ——" and so on. When you have gone through your life till the present time, then will be the time that *I* should go over it with you, taking the Commandments in order; but at first you will find it best, and easiest, only to give it to me in order of time.

I should recommend you to write the heads of all that you have to say; you can dilate upon them, as much as you like, by word of mouth, but it is better to have some kind of guide, in case you should forget anything.

Two points that it is needful above all things to remember for a First Confession are these:—

1. That while there cannot be a more horrible sin than *wilfully* to keep back anything, however shameful or painful it may be to confess: yet,

2. You are not to be *at all* troubled if you feel that you are forgetting some things, or if afterwards you remember that you had forgotten them. Nor does this at all interfere with the validity of the Absolution; because GOD requires from no man more than he can perform. Of course, in that case, you would confess them next time.

Only do let me ask you, for your own sake, and for the sake of the cause we both have at heart, to be as strict with yourself, in preparing, as possible, and as plain and open with me as words can make you.

I know, from my own experience, the dreadful pain of a First Confession; and you will soon know, from yours, if it please GOD, the comfort of it.

Now I must end; but *no* pains that I can take for you will be too great, if I can but remove *one* doubt or difficulty. . . .

GOD bless you, and bring you safely and well through this trial.

Believe me,

Yours ever,

J. M. NEALE.

October 12th, 1854.

. . . Never mind *what you call* trouble ; if an hour of my writing can give you half an hour's comfort, it will be very well spent. I know the difficulty of the work you have in hand, and I do trust that you will remember that it is an opportunity you can only have once, and that you will bear the pain and the shame bravely.

It will be a greater victory, believe me, than Lord Raglan's in the sight of GOD.

CHAPTER XVI

1855

TOUR IN BELGIUM—SCOTLAND—HOMOEOPATHY

They tread His footsteps, who for Him endure
A life-long death ; who spend and who are spent
In labour mocked at by the world,—in strife
Both with the ill within them and without :
In self-denial that, by slow degrees,
Wearing the mortal vessel out, at length
Shall unimprison the internal light.

IN June, 1855, Mr. and Mrs. Neale took their eldest child, Agnes, for a short tour in Belgium.

To A SISTER.

June 4th, 1855.

Brothers of
Christian
Doctrine.

. . . I will tell you, what I think you will like best to hear, what we saw this morning at Ghent, which, as you may know, is a city with some 90,000 inhabitants. We were with the Priest who is the Director of the Bishop's Seminary for the young clergy, and so saw everything to the best advantage. In the first place, we went to the chief establishment of the Brothers of Christian Doctrine, whose one profession is to teach children, and especially to take charge of Sunday Schools. So all of what we should call National Schools are under their direction ; and in this head house there are seventeen teachers. Their dress is a plain cassock without any girdle, and white bands (Priests here wear black bands edged with white). One room of their house is called the secretary's room, and here, from eleven o'clock in the morning till late in the afternoon, one of the brethren is always sitting with

pen and ink before him, ready to write any letters for any poor person that comes to him, and (I believe) to pay the postage. Hence we went to one of the most interesting things I ever saw in my life—the Hospital of the Incurables. It is a very large building, with more than one court, and two good gardens, and divided (the hospital part) into wards, as an English Hospital. Here there is almost every incurable disease that is known; and here the Sisters are trained, and sent into every part of Belgium. And first we were introduced to the Mother, who is the Superior not only of that House, but of all the Houses in Belgium. She is the sister of a nobleman; I should think her three or four and thirty. We were then taken over the house by a certain Sister Anselme, a very nice person indeed. The wards are not remarkable, except for so conveniently opening at one end on to the chapel. One of them was full of blind children, making such a noise, and *so* happy. The medicines are given out by two Sister druggists, trained for that purpose; and they also supply the poor in the town. The kitchens would have pleased you very much. There were several Sisters, two paring asparagus and others busied about other matters, all chanting the Psalms of the Hour (it was Tierce) as lustily as possible. As Sister Anselme said, “They must do their work, and they have no other time to say their prayers.” Near to this is another room, where bread and butter cutting goes on from morning till night; two novices are engaged about this—one slicing the loaf with a machine, the other buttering. All this done under a crucifix, just as the cooking and the drug mixing. Downstairs, in a kind of open corridor, were the deaf and dumb children—skipping and racing and playing with the Sister in attendance, and evidently enjoying themselves thoroughly. One little girl was had up to shew how they say the LORD’S Prayer, not as our deaf and dumb talk, a sign for a letter, but a sign for a word. Near this place was a kind of court, divided down the middle by a low wall, with two open corridors, one on each side—one for boys, the other for girls; this is a kind of infant school, where the children are brought

Chanting
the
“Hours”
in the
kitchen.

in the morning, and sent home at night. They each wear a medal, with their number, which number is also marked on a little bag they bring. To be sure, what a noise they did make! rushing round the Priest and me to kiss our hands and to jump up upon us. You never saw such merry little creatures; it is a wonder that they do not tear the Sister in attendance to pieces. When they get too obstreperous she has a clapper, which restores some kind of order. Close to this was a room where their little tin basins were put out for soup, which they were presently going to have. Nothing can give you an idea of the way in which all the children seem to cling to the Sisters, and seem to be as much at home with them as they could possibly be with their own mothers. We then went to a room where some deaf and dumb girls were having a lesson in writing, and very well they wrote. By this time it was time for Sexts, and we saw the Sisters in choir. They wear then, over their usual dress, a kind of—it comes nearer to it than anything else—a flannel gown, not very pretty to look at, but I daresay exceedingly comfortable in the cold nights. There are in this house sixty-five Sisters, about three hundred incurable patients, and about a hundred and forty children and others. They get up at 3.30; Matins at 4; Prime at 6, followed by Tierce and Mass; Sexts at 11; Nones at 1; Vespers at 4; Compline at 8; in bed by 9. That is their day.

Now, my dear child, I have not been writing this merely to interest you. You know, as well as I can tell you, what enables these Sisters to do the work they do for our LORD—namely, holiness; and it lies as much in your power as it does in theirs.

To B. W.

June 5th, 1855.

Tour in
Belgium.

If the intense heat and shaking of a third class will let me write, I will see what I can do. We left Dover on Wednesday evening, and were obliged to sleep at Calais that night. Thence to Courtray, where we slept; Roulers, which I took; Bruges, which I had never seen before; Ghent, where we were on Sunday; Mechlin

yesterday. It is excessively amusing to be with Agnes (his daughter, aged nearly eleven) on her first tour: for she unites so much knowledge of what Protestants might define as ecclesiastical rubbish of all sorts with so much childishness in other respects that it is quite curious. For example, in her journal, which she keeps with great diligence, she gave a very fair account of an Adoration we saw at Bruges, and a long story about a dog that tried to keep up with our train some way. I shall be able to make a very decent paper for the *Ecclesiologist*—"Notes on some of the less commonly visited Churches of Belgium."¹ At Courtray I was at Benediction at the Clôture of the Month of Mary—the place crowded. Indeed, Belgium is fairly intoxicated with the Immaculate Conception Processions everywhere; presided over by the Cardinal Archbishop and the Archbishop of Mechlin, Apostolic Legate. That at Ghent, on the 24th (B.V.M. Auxilium Christianorum), had 14 Bishops and 60,000 strangers. The Director of the Seminary told me that he had seen many, but this far surpassed everything he ever witnessed. These Bishops seem to "circuler" through the country: I hear of them everywhere. It is odd to see the CREDO Mariam sine labe Conceptam, the Credo being so prominently put forward in the Churches.² Really, if this is not absolutely adding to the faith, it is difficult to say what would be. At Bruges, as I said, we saw an Ordination, the first I ever saw abroad, very well and reverently performed. The *Veni Creator*, in unison, without music, was grand: almost note for note with the Mechlin version. At Ghent, M. Van dem Hinde, Director of the Seminary, to whom I had an introduction, took us to the Establishment of the Brothers of Christian Doctrine, and to the Hospital of the Incurables, under the charge of the Sisters of Charity. We were introduced to the Mother-General of Belgium (Sister to the Governor of Brabant), and were two hours going over the whole. I was exceedingly edified; I had never seen these Sisters in Choir before, except through

¹ *Ecclesiologist*, xvi. 244-246; and xvii. 352-357.

² See *Christian Remembrancer*, xxx. 417-467.

High
opinion of
the
Belgium
Church.

the grilles: but here we went up behind, and stood at the entrance. Their Choir dress is simply a flannel gown. I never saw so much of the working of the Belgium Church as this time, nor had so high an idea of it. This morning, as I had seen Mechlin twice, I left my wife and A. there, and started to Lierre, where is one of the finest Transition to Flamboyant Churches conceivable.¹ All the tracery is perfect, a good deal of stained glass, and a rood-loft, with shafts of black marble, a perfect wonder of art, and very admirably restored; over it nine Stations of the Cross, and, where the great rood ought to be, a magnificent pinnacle, with miracles of S. Gommarus, the Patron Saint. Here I made my first essay at speaking Flemish, and, greatly to my surprise, got on very well. We are going to Namur and Ardennes, a part of Belgium I have never been in. If it is as picturesque as this valley of Sambre is, we shall have no occasion to complain. Were you aware that Corpus Christi is not, since the Concordat, a holiday in Belgium or France, the service being transferred to the Sunday? I wish I had been, for it has obliged me to alter a tour in the middle. Now we are getting to the hills, Agnes, like a hill child as she is, is getting new life, and I must leave off to look at the scenery of the coal-field of Belgium. Namur: a most picturesque place this is; but the Churches are utterly worthless. The Cathedral is a great modern domed building, only so far commendable that it employs the natural marbles of the country very well.

At this time he was engaged in writing the "Life and Times of Bishop Torry," and went to Scotland to visit the localities before publishing the book.

Sept. 13th, 1855.

Did I tell you that Dean Torry was so anxious for me to see the localities of his father's life before the book is published, that I am going to Peterhead next month? It is rather a trouble; but I am so far glad that I shall have the opportunity of interesting some persons in the Sisterhood, perhaps, more than I could do by writing.

¹ *Ecclesiologist*, xvi. 244.

Oct. 5th, 6 a.m. G.N. Railway.

The day that is now breaking over your quiet Sussex woods and valleys is breaking for me over the German Ocean and the wild, rocky north-east coast of Northumberland, for we are approaching Berwick. A lovely morning it is, though the sun must want a quarter of an hour to his rising; and the waves come rippling and rolling in the light to the grim black rocks over which we are hurrying. There—I now can see the Tweed: here a very unromantic stream, rolling between low damp hills; the tide is out, and now we are dashing over the bridge, and are slackening speed for Berwick.

Now the sun is coming up, like a red ball, out of the sea, into a long line of black cloud that skirts the horizon all but—and now he has disappeared in it.

Oct. 5th, 1855. Parsonage, Burntisland.

Certainly Burntisland Parsonage is one of the most curious places to live in I ever knew—odder than the College, and that is saying a good deal.¹ It stands on a high, steep bank, about a hundred yards from the sea, between which and the house, deep under a cutting, the railway station is niched in. It is a very large house, built in the old Scotch fashion, with stepped gables, some two years since; the whole place built on a plan of Forbes's own devising—all the wood plain unstained deal, and with the oddest mouldings. . . . Then on one side you see all the sweep of the Forth down to the sea, on the other, the mountains dying away in the distance as far as Ben Lomond, and, across the strait, Edinburgh and its hills, five miles off. All the lower part of the house is taken up by the printing press: there are four girls and three men who manage that; the proofs are corrected by Forbes himself, his wife, and her sister, both very nice, gentle persons, and, as I can see, thoroughly good printers. The printing room is next to the parlour; parlour and drawing-room filled with proofs and revises and sheets printed off. The dining-room is also his study; and, I

Printing
press at
Burntis-
land.

¹ See *Ecclesiologist*, xv. 8–18, 428.

assure you, mine, in its greatest state of disorder, is perfect neatness compared to that ; because, besides books and papers that he has equally with me, he has his reams of paper, press proofs, and everything connected with the printing press also. He certainly is a wonderful man. In the first place, he has to supply the press with matter, to edit all the books, to give the final touch to all the printing, to teach all employed in the office, which he does diligently ; then to direct about his church (now building in the garden), to carry on the *Gospel Magazine*, and to be the parish priest besides. I have told you that he is dreadfully lame ; he cannot rise from his chair without two crutches, and yet he goes down the step-ladder into the lower printing room in a way that made me quite nervous to see. Their income is £300 a year, and I hear that he spends £200 on his church and school. It is quite beautiful to see his wife, who was brought up as a great heiress, how cheerful she is, and how she labours to help him in every possible way. There is no curtain, or paper, nor (with scarcely an exception) carpet in any of the rooms. . . . And so much for Burntisland. I left it by the railway at four yesterday—it was a pouring afternoon for the most part—and so came on to Dundee. . . . Dundee, the dirtiest of all dirty places, looked blacker and grimmer than usual on a very wet evening, and I was not sorry to get to the Bishop's. . . .

At Dundee.

I came at a very opportune time. The Bishop has two congregations here, though at the present moment they meet in one church, owing to the other having been rebuilt. There are therefore four services there, and the curate was called off by the sickness of one of the parish priests near. At 9.30—it was pouring—I took the first service, Morning Prayers down to the Litany, and Holy Communion. Then the Bishop came to the second service at half-past eleven, and I went home by his desire, and wrote a sermon and went up again by three. That service I said ; and preached from “LORD, why cannot I follow Thee now ?” Then he took me to his new church—on the whole, except All Saints', the finest modern church I ever saw—then we dined ; and then to the school. The

first class, of the mill girls, was quite a new phase of things to me. They are from eighteen to twenty-five. He asked me to talk to them, but, as you may imagine, I made him do so. And very well he did it. He was speaking to them, from the Gospel, on our LORD'S having taken our nature upon Him, and their bodies being the temples of the HOLY GHOST, and I cannot imagine any-one's speaking more home and to the point, and yet with so much delicacy, as he did. Then he went to see a man who had committed murder and was in gaol; and then we went to the fourth service. The curate by this time was come back. It was choral service, and the boys certainly give the Gregorians uncommonly well. The church was *crammed* with poor. I was to preach extempore, and when I got up into the pulpit, and saw that sea of faces, I felt quite overcome. I preached from "Take unto you the whole armour of GOD," etc., and, to be sure, they were so very attentive. It was such a long sermon: nearly half an hour. Then we went to the evening school for schoolmistresses, and I was introduced to Sister Mary (Miss Bruce), the Superior. They have five at present; the whole thing seems very nicely arranged. So back to tea, and then the Bishop could only lie on the sofa, and do nothing else. This morning we went to the school again, and then to the hospital. There are eight wards, each containing twenty beds; a day and a night nurse to each, but nothing answering to the Sisters at Westminster. There is no chaplain. The ministers of the Establishment never go near, the Roman priests are only allowed to visit their own people, so that the whole comes on the Bishop. Then we went to a model lodging-house for the mill girls, of which the Bishop seemed very proud. By what I hear, the state of the mills here is perfectly frightful: bad beyond any badness that you could conceive: and this is an effort to mend the evil. There are a hundred and eighty in this house, and its accommodation shews what their previous accommodation must have been. The rooms are about two-thirds the size of my study, and low, and with one small window; each has four beds, each bed

The
Bishop of
Brechin's
teaching.

The
Bishop's
model
lodging-
house.

intended to contain two persons ; all four beds of course nearly touching. Fancy eight persons, so crammed in, being inmates of a model lodging-house ! Add to which, that the kitchen is in the middle, and the steam of the broth they were cooking penetrated into all the rooms.

I can give you no idea of the noble church which the Bishop is building here. And *here* such a thing is almost necessary, on account of the multitude of religions ; yesterday I saw *seven* good-sized “chapels” in a row. There is here a sect called the *Glassites*. One Glass, an earnest-minded man, some seventy years ago, dissatisfied with Presbyterianism, read the Bible for himself, and came to the conclusion that the Holy Communion ought to be celebrated every day if possible, that the dead ought to be prayed for, and that “ministers” could not marry twice. And all the best Presbyterians in Dundee joined the sect, and it went on well till just lately. The Bishop, visiting some one at the hospital, she told him she was a Glassite, and that they had gone on most happily till the affair of the *rabbits*. “The rabbits ?” asked the Bishop. “Thae drearfu’ and waesome rabbits,” she said. Then it came out that there had been a controversy whether it was lawful to eat snared rabbits, on account of the blood being in them ; and so a schism broke out !

Oct. 9th. Brechin.

To-day I have been seeing the Cathedral, or rather its remains. It never was anything very much—not above half the size of Shoreham—but it had one of those curious round towers at the west end, of which there are so many in Ireland, and only two in Scotland.

Here is a story which I heard yesterday. Lord Strathallan, the great-grandfather of the present, was mortally wounded at Culloden. His chaplain, the Abbé Maitland (for the old Scotch clergy, from their great connection with France, took that title), was with him on the field of battle, and the dying man wished to receive Holy Communion. But no bread or wine could be procured. So he was communicated with the only procurable thing—oatcake and

whiskey. Of course, as a real Communion, it was utterly invalid in both kinds ; but, making all due allowance for invincible ignorance, it was a beautiful act of Spiritual Communion. . . .

Oct. 10th. 44, Bon Accord Street, Aberdeen.

After I posted my letter to you at Brechin, I came on by the train here. No sooner did I step out on the platform than Dean Torry presented himself, and I was marched up by him to Mr. Cheyne's. Next to George Forbes, Mr. Cheyne has the character of being the best read of any priest in the Scotch Church ; and his activity, for he is sixty-four or sixty-five, is quite surprising. . . . At eight I went to church. Mr. Cheyne has built it about five years. It is over-coloured, but still has a very fine effect, and I never heard sweeter voices than those of the choir, who give the Gregorians remarkably well. Indeed, I know not when I have been so much pleased with a service.

Oct. 11th. Parsonage, Cruden.

This morning it seemed quite like the old times of four-horse coaches, when I started on the Peterhead Mail at seven. It was bitterly cold, and the blackest, dreariest country I ever saw—a succession of low, undulating moors, with occasional peeps of the sea to the right. At ten I reached Cruden, and found Mr. Pratt waiting for me. So I came here—the first time I was ever in a Scotch country parsonage. There is a congregation of seven hundred and fifty : two fishing villages belonging almost entirely to the Church. Presently Mr. Pratt took me out to see the rocks—great bold granite cliffs, with the most singular rifts and indentations and cracks imaginable. First the rock of Dunbay—a great place for sea-fowl, with a most singular arch ; then the Buller of Buchan—a huge caldron, so to speak, on the narrow rim of which you may walk round, and see the sea both outside and in ; it makes its way in through a natural arch. It may be three miles from hence. I saw also the battlefield of Logie, where the Danes were finally driven from the kingdom, and the ruins

of the chapel which was built in honour of the victory. It seems so odd to walk about with a man like Mr. Pratt, who was, in his young days, acquainted with the congregation that had actually suffered in the persecution: had had their Church fittings, Bibles, and Prayer-books burnt by the soldiers, etc.¹

The road hence North runs along the sea, with nothing remarkable till the first sight of Peterhead, clustering on a sharp, narrow promontory to the right, the sea between us and it, and the sea beyond it—a very striking view. We got in about one, and went to the house that was the Bishop's. Hence we went about the town with a kind of tail, sometimes more, sometimes less: over the quays and the oil yards. This is the first whaling town in Great Britain, and the relics of whales, in the shape of ribs, jaw-bones, etc., are quite common. I went over one of the ships, to see how they stowed away their harpoons, etc. The captain told me that they reckoned a whale, on an average, worth £1000. I wish somebody would give a couple of whales to the Sisterhood. Thence to the old church, which is a ruin, and then to dinner: the last dinner, I hope, at which I shall have to be the lion for some time. So we drove home in the dark, but with a great deal of agreeable talk by the way. To-morrow Mr. Pratt is to drive me nine miles towards Aberdeen, and I hope to walk the rest, and to get into Dundee that night. . . .

An enquiry from Mr. Webb as to Homoeopathy led to the following letters. Mr. and Mrs. Neale were firm believers in the system, their only son having recovered from a very serious illness under homoeopathic treatment.

To B. W.

S. Luke (Oct. 18th), 1855. S. C.

Homoeo-
pathy.

I have not Hahnemann's "Organum"; but it is scarcely the book you want, even if I had it.

If anyone really wishes, dispassionately and calmly,

¹ "Donaldson's Lantern," in "Tales of the Apostles' Creed," was written after this visit.

to see what can be said for Homoeopathy, the book is that by a physician at Rugby, whose name I cannot at the moment remember,—but I could find it out with the greatest ease. I have read it,—or rather them, for it consists of a series of tracts, and they are very able. . . .

To B. W. Vigil SS. Simon and Jude (Oct. 27th), 1855. S. C.

. . . About Homoeopathy, I find it less easy to say Homoeo-
what might lead you to try it fairly. Your parallel of Mor- pathy.
monism fails simply in this respect, that you know *à priori*
the system to be wrong by an infallible guide. Besides,
Natural Religion would lead you to the same conclusion.
But I do say that a Protestant would be bound to convince
himself of the falsehood of Irvingism, if it were strongly
put before him. He can have no *à priori* objection to it,
except its seeming impossibility : and he ought to examine
the evidence. What would weigh with me, sufficiently to
make me wish to try the system, are these three things :—

1. The first homoeopathic medicine ever introduced,
namely, Bark, was met by the same shout of derision by
physicians that Homoeopathy was. But people preferred
being cured by it to dying under the old *régime*—and the
faculty gave way.

2. The second homoeopathic remedy, vaccination, was
met by a similar howl. The faculty for some time stood
on their prescriptive rights of curing the old way, or not
curing at all ; but had to give way.

3. Since the rise of Homoeopathy, the old system is
confessedly wonderfully modified : and some medicines are
beginning to be introduced into the old pharmacopoeia
borrowed from the new, *e.g.* Aconite and Arnica.

4. If the argument of Butler's "Analogy" be worth a
straw, Homoeopathy is true, because the same system is
true theologically.

5. The great stumbling-block, small doses, is no essential
part of the system. *Like cures like*, whether in a greater or
less degree ; try the greater, if you prefer it : but the less
is simply preferred as causing less trouble and pain.

Now, when ten or twelve of your intimate acquaintance, who are not fools, tell you that to their certain knowledge this system does effect cures,—then I think you are bound so far to yield to evidence, as trying it for yourself in insignificant cases—*e.g. arnica* for a bruise. In the reception of any truth, there must be a certain degree of faith before conviction,—enough to say, at all events, I will fairly try this. If everyone had always acted as you are now disposed to do, no true system would ever have taken the place of a false one. You cannot be first convinced and then experiment; you must try, in order to be convinced. There is a Homoeopathic lecture for you!

To B. W.

Nov. 3rd, 1855. S. C.

Homoeo-
pathy.

. . . About Homoeopathy; and this for the last time. No one ever was convinced of the truth of a new system by seeking a philosophical *a priori* proof of it as you are doing now. You refer to S. Paul at Athens; and the case is against you. No one ever did, or could, adduce a finer *a priori* argument, but it was a failure; and I never doubted, that it is there set down as a failure to shew us that we are not to teach any truth in that way. At Lystra he did one miracle; and it was enough. I know that you despise miracles as evidence; but then you ought to remember our LORD'S own words, "If I had not done among them," etc. What is true of one kind of truth is of another. Why I say that you ought to believe in Homoeopathy, is principally this: that it challenges your assent from the number of its cures, as compared with the old system. Of this you may satisfy yourself by looking at any statistical account of the two systems. It is not a matter of opinion. If you must needs have a philosophic reason, of course it could be that it is a system, and that *like cures like* everywhere in it. The Establishment has no system. Sometimes like cures,—as bark, ague, and then it is Homoeopathy; sometimes opposite cures, as Mindererus, fever, and then it is Alopathy; sometimes contrast cures, as blister, internal inflammation, and then it is Antipathy. Was ever a hodgepodge of nostrums like this called a system! Remember, on

your own shewing, if you had had an ague in Charles II.'s time, you must have rejected bark,—the *whole* medical profession was against it; and other things sometimes cured ague. If you had lost a leg in Louis XV.'s time, you must have rejected the Tourniquet,—the whole medical profession was against it; and red-hot iron stops haemorrhage. If you had been exposed to smallpox in George III.'s time, you must have rejected vaccination,—the whole medical profession was against it; and inoculation is confessedly a remedy. I believe that *you* would have rejected all, but you must confess that you would have been wrong.

And now about the charge of imposture. *Valeat quantum*. Every establishment medical man brings it against homoeopaths. They say, Homoeopathy never did a single cure, its practitioners are invariably impostors. But you say, No; it has its cures. Therefore, in your judgment, allopathists, in opposing Homoeopathy, always make a false statement. One must distinguish. Nine-tenths of allopathists have never yet had the claims of Homoeopathy brought before them. I pass no judgment on these. Of the rest, some have simply laughed at it, and never tried it. There is a certain moral fault here—not imposture, and varying according to the case. But there are some who say they have tried it, and who by their own confession are known not to have tried it; and they are impostors. Crawford is one. I have heard such a man say, "It must be all stuff and nonsense; I have swallowed a whole phial of pillules, and there was no effect." That simply shews that he never read a Homoeopathic book; and does not know, that in such a [*illegible*] he is merely talking the most horrible trash. I have heard them say, "Therefore, if I take a dose of arsenic, a grain of arsenic will cure it"; confusing *like* curing *like*, and *the same* curing *the same*. Poor creatures! You will not say this is honest, but these are the two commonest arguments. After all, try the thing for yourself, in cases where you are as good a judge as any doctor. Try *arnica* for a bruise, which you may any day. Try *aconite* in fever with inflammation; or

belladonna for a sore throat. I was talking to a country gentleman at a dinner party the other day on the subject, and he was laughing at Homoeopathy. "Have you ever tried it?"—"Oh yes, I never use any other medicine."—"No other medicine?"—"Oh no, I know the people that take your medicines get well: I always give them to my children;—but it has nothing to do with the medicine; how can it? It is a mere chance." "Probably leaving Nature to herself," suggested the host. Very philosophical, both gentlemen. Now, I shall write no more about it, for I have enough to do besides; but I wish you would try it in an indifferent case; and (as I do not think you would argue like my friend above) you must believe. In the meantime, from your doubts about Homoeopathy I ought to learn patience for other doubts about more important truths. "If I have told you earthly things and ye believe not, how shall ye believe if I tell you heavenly things?"

We have lost no case in the fever; nor have the Sisters suffered. I must say that, the more I hear of them, the more highly I think, on the whole, of the *morale* of country doctors. Sending in one of their own beds, for example, into the cottages; insisting that the Nurse shall sometimes dine with them, and that she shall sometimes have a drive for the sake of fresh air. In praising them, I don't mean to dispraise the clergy, who also have done well.

To B. W.

Nov. 26th, 1855. Reigate Junction.

I am on my way to see my poor sister-in-law, Elizabeth Webster, at Godalming, who is, I fear, in the last stage of consumption.

Respecting
Sisters out
nursing.

While I am waiting for the train, I will tell you of a conventional difficulty connected with the Sisterhood, in which your advice is likely to be as good as any man's in England. You know that, when they are "out," it frequently happens that they take their meals at the clergyman's house, and if they have not night nursing, sleep there. At present, if it so happened, that this clergyman had a friend or two to dinner, the Sister has nevertheless dined with them just as usual. Now this scandalizes the Clewer people,

with whom we are on intimate terms. They say that for a Sister to dine out at a "party" is unsuitable to her position. I confess I do not see this. It strikes me that if she is, so to speak, living in a clergyman's house, it would be the height of unreality to dine by herself that day because there were one or two chance visitors. Of course, in case of a large set party, her own natural taste and feeling would lead her not to be there. But the question is, whether you think any rule could or should be made about this. One must first define what you mean by a party, or a large party; and how to do that I don't know. For my own part, I get more and more an abhorrence of arbitrary rule; still, the Clewer people may be right. Anyhow, I should like your opinion. I wish you would send me such a letter as I might shew Miss Gream.

The following letter was written shortly after this to his sister-in-law, Elizabeth Webster.

Jan. 29th, 1856. S. C.

MY DEAREST SISTER,

It is a long time since I have written to you, but, as you know, I have heard of you constantly.

Letter to
his sister-
in-law.

When Sarah goes to see you, which I hope will be before long, I should like to go with her. Mary Anne's last accounts of you were what people would call not so good; to you, I should think, they would be better. If you had ascended as many mountains as I have, you would know that one always rejoices when the rocks get steeper and almost perpendicular, because it is a sign that one is almost at the top.

I was reading Mr. Budd's Life the other day—you know I read all sorts of lives—and there is a very good series of letters which he wrote to a sister-in-law who was dying from some long, protracted illness. If E. could borrow the book, I think you would like to look at them.

I am just now writing the Passiontide number of Newland's sermons.¹ The morning sermons will shew the analogy between our LORD'S Seven Sayings, the Seven

¹ "Sermons on the Seasons of the Church." Mozley. 1856.

Petitions of the Lord's Prayer, and the Seven Epistles in the Apocalypse. The evening sermons will be on the principal types of the Cross: as, for example, the Rod of Moses; Moses in the battle with Amalek; the widow that was gathering two sticks; and the wood that made the iron to swim. I shall like writing these. I wish my Third Series of "Readings for the Aged" were out, for I think one of them would suit you.

Agnes is in London. I am to fetch her home to-morrow. I took her to see the Dissolving Views in the Polytechnic the other day, and certainly, in the series about Sebastopol, "The Soldier's Dream" is the prettiest I ever saw.

It will not be long, I hope, before I see you. GOD bless you, my dearest E., and believe me ever,

Your affect. brother,

J. M. NEALE.

She was indeed "almost at the top" when she received this letter, for she died February 8th, 1856.

CHAPTER XVII

1856-57

SISTERHOOD—"HYMNAL NOTED"—DISTURBANCES

There is a people, who have cast
The strife and toil away at last :
On whom,—so calm their rest and sweet,—
The sun lights not, nor any heat ;
Give me with them at length to be,
And send me here what pleaseth Thee !

As will be seen from the following letters his time was now very much occupied with work at and for the Sisterhood, which was daily gaining ground, in spite of a great deal of opposition and persecution.

To B. W.

Feb. 23rd, 1856. S. C.

. . . The Archdeacon (Otter) came over here the other day with Flower—had luncheon here—went over the College and the Chapel, and expressed himself very much pleased with the latter, and that he could not see *what* people could object to in it. He said that he should fit up his Choir (Cowfold) with similar stalls, and get our carpenter to make them. Also, having ordered a font cover for the Church, he desired the carpenter to take his orders from me—amusing enough that. Further, he enquired if he could have a Sister to nurse in a case in which he is interested (he subscribes to the Sisterhood). I think he probably will. All this is very encouraging. By the way, if you want cheap pictures for cottages, go to the Sisterhood, they frame them, etc., with rings to hang up ;

Work
of the
Sisters.

and what Masters charges 1s. 6d. for, they can sell for 6d., with a profit of 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. on each. And this, though the prints were bought in England. When I can buy a good batch in Belgium, I have no doubt 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. will be enough. The money they get thus goes to a special fund, to provide any little comforts or luxuries for their poor patients. In like manner the two who can paint do legends for Churches; the rest make and sell work. As to the money for the Sisterhood, we got, last year, £237, and spent £185; and I think that this year we may get as much as last.

'Mediaeval Sermons.'

I have had one sheet of my "Mediaeval Sermons," which has some curious things in it. To make the Introductory Essay as full as I could, I have been reading *pailsful* of the sermons of the 18th century. Certainly it was worse than we think, but I have discovered one first-rate preacher of the 17th—Adams, Rector of S. Benet, Paul's Wharf, turned out in the Great Rebellion. . . . I take in regularly the *Observateur Catholique*. I do not believe that there is one doctrinal point on which we and that party disagree; it is a wonderful pity that some steps are not taken to make us know each other better. If I go to Utrecht this year again, as I hope I shall, I will try to interest Karsten, the Rector of their Seminary, in this. I hope you read my notice of *Quelques Mots* in the *Guardian*. I will do the *Observateur Catholique* for them. Have you read Hare's "China"? I mean the new book.

Observateur Catholique.

March 6th, 1856. S. C.

. . . Our Sisters, after a rest from the general healthiness of the winter, are now in very active work again. Chandler, of Witley, has one—a case of typhus. Did I tell you that the Archdeacon, after enquiring about what another was doing in the village where she is, said, "Well, *we* shall have no trouble in getting the money when *we* begin to build." One very curious thing is this. They all tell me that, travelling as they always do in the cheapest class, whatever it may be, the porters are always so extraordinarily civil—waiting on them first, etc.

Work of the Sisters.

To B. W.

Easter Day, 1856. S. C.

All good Easter wishes to you and yours. It has only ^{Easter} been Holy Week that has prevented your having H. S. L. ^{Day, 1856.} sooner,¹ but now I will send it without loss of time. I will tell you my occupations yesterday: except in the evening, they have been much the same all this week. I was up a little after 5, and wrote a sermon. At 7.30, Prime. Then I heard a tolerably long Confession. At 9, Morning Prayers, and I preached my sermon. Then I corrected the Sequences and a proof of the Hymns. Then I had to write and send off a letter about an urgent application that came for one of our Sisters. At 10.30, the Dry Office. After that I heard another Confession till Sexts. Then I began to write a sermon for the First Vespers—interspersed with looking after the decorations in the Chapel; which two occupations took up the afternoon till 4. Then I corrected proofs for Forbes. At 6, the First Vespers, and my sermon. Then I was writing letters till 8, when supper. Then at 8.30 came the choir; and about 9 we went out into the town. It was a still night, dark at first, but the moon came out. There was a great crowd, so as quite to block up Middle Row; but everything perfectly quiet. The Sequence, “A Song, a Song,” which they had taken a great deal of pains with, had a capital effect. It is very odd to see how by perseverance you may conquer a set of men. I remember when I could not walk through the streets at night without being hooted at, and having dogs set at me. Now, when I go with the Carols, I always wear my cap and gown. Agnes and Vincent and the servants go (my wife was too tired last night), and everybody behaves with marked civility. Now it is almost time to celebrate, so I leave off.

Carols
sung in
East
Grinstead.

To B. W.

April 14th, 1856. S. C.

... I am sorry that you begin to have any doubts about H. S. L.,¹ not because it is my writing but because

¹ Four letters under the signature of H. S. L., “On the Theory of the Prayer-book,” appeared in the *Ecclesiologist* for February, June, and August, 1856; and in that for June, 1857. H. S. L. = the second consonant in each of his names, as O. A. E. the first vowel (see pp. 206, 287).

Article on
proposed
alterations
of Prayer-
book.

I am sure it is a really practical subject which we ought to take up, unless we want people to give us credit for playing with Ecclesiology. If we had acted so about Chancels, Screens, and Middle Pointed, we never should have had any. None of us can doubt that the Prayer-book will be altered ;¹ and if we do not speak out about it now, it will be no use grumbling when we find ourselves saddled with an afternoon "Dearly Beloved," or an evening *Venite*, or any other monstrosity. Besides, I know that several people were interested in that first letter, and would have been more so with the others. Scott's argument is absurd ; for with what face can we press the adoption of any alterations, unless we shew that they are needed ? and how can we do that, except by exhibiting the nakedness of the land ? Your Editorial Notice is enough to shelter the *Ecclesiologist* from all blame ; and it is high time to speak out. So I shall still hope that the letter will go in ; only I want to add about the other reforms of the Psalter. Remember, too, I set out by saying that, if our Prayer-book is bad, Quignon's is worse ; which ought to shew that one does not find fault for the sake of Romanizing.

"Mediaeval
Sermons."

For the Introductory Essay to my "Mediaeval Sermons," I have been looking through some 100 or 120 volumes of 18th-century sermons. I could not have conceived such trash. However, there is some fun in them : *e.g.* one Archdeacon Jefferies writes a treatise on Cant, which he thus divides :—

1. Popish, as Thomas à Kempis and de Sales.
2. Protestant, and that—
 - a. in the establishment, or
 - β. out of it.

And I have found one or two odd Ecclesiological things.

To B. W.

Rogation Monday, April 28th, 1856. S. C.

First house
for Sisters
in East
Grinstead.

What takes up most of my thoughts now is the extraordinary success of our Sisterhood. I *know* of five more who are about to join us : three, directly ; two, in three months. This is exclusive of the six we have ; and four

¹ See *Christian Remembrancer*, xxxix. 208–229.

others, who will come. Four of the five have ample means—say, £120 or £150 a year. We have long seen that the two cottages at Rotherfield would not do much longer. Now we have taken a house here—close to the College—between it and the Church. A red-brick building of 1753, ugly enough, but not offensive. It will hold twelve sisters, well ; what is the present house at Rotherfield we turn into a Cottage Hospital. The house here is taken from Midsummer. Before that, I hope by the intervention of the Archdeacon, who is heartily on our side, to be right with the Bishop. The Oratory will be made out of a little building, gabled east and west, that was used to hold a pony-chaise. G. Bodley, who is really doing very well, is the architect. It is at present detached ; but will be joined to the house by a short passage. Now I want your advice on two points—the one Ecclesiological, the other Moral. In the Oratory, do you hold to this arrangement ? (Here follows a little plan and details of Oratory.) Next. We should all agree that they ought to have modern books to read, if they like, at certain times. We have here a man who gets down a set from Mudie's ; and so are very well off. But now, what about novels ? Would you absolutely say, You shall never read one ? or would you rather say, I will choose for you ; and you may read, if you like, those ? I confess, whether right or wrong, and however much it might shock some people, I believe that this is the right way. I say this without any prejudice whatever. You know what an inveterate devourer of novels I used to be. The only thing in which I see I am getting old is, that now it is a positive bore to me to read them. Yet some that I look at, I do really think our Sisters might read with real profit.

Secular
books for
Sisters.

It may be interesting to recall here some of my father's favourite novelists and novels. He was a great admirer of Dickens, and often read "Pickwick" aloud to his children : he had read it at Cambridge as it came out in numbers (I think weekly), and he often told us how the men used to walk out along the road to meet the coach which was bringing the latest number down, and how one and another little

Novels and
novelists.

group of undergraduates might be seen standing around whilst one of them read aloud Sam Weller's latest witticism, or Mr. Winkle's latest absurdity.¹ Anthony Trollope's novels, too, were great favourites with him, especially the "Warden" and "Framley Parsonage"—Lucy Roberts and Lady Lufton were two of his favourite characters. To Trollope he used to give as his highest praise, praise very characteristic of himself, that some parts of his novels must have been written by a woman, so good were they! Other favourite books of his were Kingsley's "Two Years Ago," Miss Martineau's "Deerbrook," and George Eliot's "Scenes from Clerical Life"; also Helps' "Friends in Council." I do not think he cared for Thackeray; Jane Austen he admired, especially her "Pride and Prejudice." He was a rapid and omnivorous reader. There was a story about him and the Bishop of Brechin having nothing to read once when they were travelling in Portugal, except "Queechy," so they tore the book in halves and divided it between them. It answered its purpose, as its dulness proved a splendid soporific, both of them being inveterate readers in bed.

To B. W.

June 10th, 1856. S. C.

Sisters'
work.

. . . They (the Sisters) have settled in here very quietly with no further expression of feeling than that the Vicar—I suppose for their benefit—preached a sermon on Popery on Sunday. Miss Gream called on him, to explain to him, that in coming here they had not the remotest intention of interfering with him or his parish; though, of course, if he liked to employ them, etc., etc. He was quite as civil as could be expected; said that he knew the great benefit of good nursing, etc., but that if ever he asked them to nurse, they must expect to have their religious practices looked very carefully after. The Confirmation is on the 12th. I have asked the Bishop if he will admit Agnes, but have not yet had his answer. One advantage of the Sisterhood I certainly never contemplated, namely, that it has given me a most practical acquaintance with the Sarum Hours; and shewn one the use and meaning of things which except by experience one never could have discerned. I will send

¹ Cf. p. 13.

you the next Sequences before I go: the "Theory of the Prayer-book" shall stay over till my return. They intend to begin a school at Midsummer for tradesmen's daughters, for we must do everything to make the Sisterhood self-supporting. I find that six guineas is the average charge in English R. C. Convents, but that there are a good many extras. One of our Sisters is a first-rate German scholar, so that, as she tells me, she as often thinks in German as in English.

To B. W.

July 24th, 1856.

Sheer despair of telling you all that has happened has been the reason of my long silence. But as it will not become easier to write by waiting, I really must set to work in earnest, and send you a long letter.

At the end of June, I had the offer of a small living, and declined it. The next week, Rogers began all his annoyances over again, to an extent that one could hardly have thought possible in a civilized land. Starting on the hypothesis that Lord D. is not patron, and I not Warden, he gave out his intention of taking away all our rooms from us, except two, and filling them with poor people; and accordingly, on the 5th of July, he took one by force, and put a woman into it without any warrant of any kind, breaking open the door. Tooke's advice was to resist force by force (in which opinion, my brother-in-law, Tom Webster,¹ after seeing the Charity Commissioners, afterwards concurred). Three times, therefore, we turned out the intruder; while R. was daily smashing open doors, smashing out windows, etc.; the police not daring to interfere, as being a disputed right. At last, one of our people, in resisting him, was handed over to the police for an assault. The magistrates met; and after a three-hours' hearing, inflicted a nominal fine; thereby leaving us in possession of the field. The children we had sent to Brighton. Orders have now been given to the police to take up R. if he breaks open any more doors, because,

More disturbances.

¹ Thomas Webster, Q.C., father of the present Lord Chief Justice.

though not a breach of the peace in itself, it was so calculated to provoke one. Well, it was impossible to live in this state of things—(R. one night brought a friend, and they both sat with us with their hats on, while we were at tea). So we made up our minds to leave the place. The Sisters were willing to work anywhere with me ; and I wrote after the living. It had just been given away. Still, we resolved to go somewhere ; but determined to wait first till after the Confirmation, making our final resolution depend on the Bishop's conduct then. In the meantime affairs began to brighten. Lord D. was very civil ; the Charity Commissioners declined any new scheme ; and West resolves to interfere no longer. On Saturday, the 12th, the Bishop came. I sent him a note, asking him (as he had once promised before) to come and see the College. He wrote back a most civil answer, declining on the score of time, but adding that, if he were informed what we wished him to do as regarded the College, he would see if it could be arranged. He then went to S. Margaret's, enquired into their numbers and proceedings ; gave the Sisters his blessing ; told them that he prayed to GOD to support and strengthen them, etc. ;—in short, no one could be kinder than he was, or could sanction them more fully. Things being in this condition, Woodard asks for, and gets, an interview (last Monday). On Tuesday he came here, and reports that he has no doubt of our success with the Bishop. So now, of course, we think of nothing less than going. R. is sent to Coventry by almost everyone ; and we are waiting, in the greatest hopes, for the next move of A(shurst) T(urner) C(hichester).

Daily
routine at
Sisterhood.

... Now to speak about the Sisterhood. We have eight sisters now, and as you shall see, I have no sinecure with them. I go in at 7, say their Litany for them, and then celebrate. With this Celebration you would be very much struck, although at present the Oratory is only a common room ; but altogether it is unlike anything I ever saw in England. At the Offertory of the elements they sing the *Pange lingua* down to *Sola fides sufficit*. Then, immediately after Consecration, the *Tantum ergo*. At 10

I go in again to see if there is anything to be done in the way of business. Tierce, Sexts, and Nones they generally say for themselves; but on Wednesdays and Fridays I say Sexts for them, and they have a sermonet directly after. (They always stay in the Oratory from 12 to 1.) Directly after our prayers I read evening prayers for them; and then I take them all together in the common room as a class, to get them up in catechizing, which they are so often called on to do. That takes till about 7.15. At 9.45 I say Compline for them; and that is the day's routine. On Sunday, Holy Communion in the morning. The Hours they cannot keep, because of going to Church. At 7 I go over and say their Litany (of the Name of Jesus); they then sing the Sequence melody of *Jesu dulcis memoria*, and then we have a sermonet, but no class. On Monday they begin a middle school here; we have turned a detached washhouse into the schoolroom. Our regular income now, exclusive of subscriptions and exclusive of the school, is about £170. The expense is not less than £300, so we are not yet self-supporting.

Beginning
of S. Agnes'
School.

The following letter, from my mother to my elder sister, was written during this time of trial.

July 8th, 1856.

MY DEAREST CHILD,

We have had a very trying time of it since last Friday, and I am quite glad you were at Brighton, although I have wanted you very much, and your dear brother most of all has been a sufferer by your absence. It is quite trying to me to see how acutely he feels the reproaches of that "naughty man," and his bitter speeches to and of his dear Papa; *in time* he will get more hardened to this unkind treatment of the best of parents. It is very nice that he should go to Brighton now you are there. You must pray for us, dear child, in our present state of warfare; there is a *needs* be for it—of that we are sure; and He who lays on us the burthen will give us grace to profit by it if we faint not; but I am in a very fainting condition to-day.

Letter
from Mrs.
Neale.

It seems so strange to think that I was in London on Sunday, and saw all your cousins in George Street. I was very much pleased with them ; but it seemed so to bring back my loved Elizabeth¹ I could hardly bear it, and your cousin Richard,² of whom she was so fond, is such a nice gentle bright boy, and so good too. Moreover, he has as fine a voice as I have ever heard, and a pleasant, simple, untaught style of singing. Your Aunt Fanny sings extremely well—seconds. There was one sacred song I must try after: "I am weary of striving, I fain would be free," and it had much to do with the vein of feeling and state of circumstances.

I heard the Bishop of Oxford at the Church they go to, and it was a very interesting sermon. His intonation of the passage, "Whence shall a man satisfy these men with bread *here* in the Wilderness?" I cannot forget.

Your Papa tells me he has told you that his mind is quite made up to seek another home, and I am glad it is. The thought of such a change is very painful to me, but I should get reconciled to *any* place where there is peace and quiet, and a possibility of keeping so, without these volcanic eruptions of envy, hatred, and malice. With respect to Vincent, I hope he may go to Mr. Alford, for he wishes it *so much* and needs it too.

And now good night, my dear child,

Ever your very loving Mama,

S. N. NEALE.

J. M. N. to the Rev. W. RUSSELL.

September, 1856.

Yes, we have indeed been most sorely persecuted ; and now, as a last resource, Mr. R. and Mr. W. have fraternized with the Brighton Protestant Association, which has been holding meetings against us, and talks of a subscription to procure an ejection [from the College].

However, thank GOD, we do not mind it, and find plenty to do without this. I have published five books this year: "Bishop Torry," the "Mediaeval Sermons," "S. Antony's Concordances," the "Third Series of Readings

¹ See p. 266.

² Now Lord Alverstone.

for the Aged," and the "Farm of Aptonga." This month I must work hard at the Seatonian, and at a paper on the present Gallican struggle in the French Church.¹

But what takes up most of my time is the Sisterhood. They are now settled in a very nice house between us and the Church, close to the College: there are nine of them at present. The Bishop, when confirming here, called on them and gave them his blessing, and the people have been very kind to them. Agnes and Mary go to school there, for they have begun a day school. They take up fully as much time as a small parish. Yesterday a lady was brought in an invalid carriage to S. Margaret's, who comes there literally to die among us; she is only twenty-four, and in the very last stage of consumption. She had set her mind on dying in a Sisterhood.

This week I have been paying a visit to the Bishop of Oxford at Lavington. It was a very pleasant party—Bishop of Oxford and the Denison case. partly to consult what we are to do in the Denison case. It is next to certain that the sentence will be reversed, on the legal point, in the Court of Arches.

To B. W.

Sept. 19th, 1856. S.C.

The *Brighton Gazette* thunders away at us every week; and at Lord De la Warr, too, for not only standing by me, but embezzling the College money. In the meantime a host of friends have risen up to us, and with six or eight exceptions the town is quite on our side. So we take it very coolly, and answer nothing that is in the papers.

I was at Lavington with the Bishop of Oxford the week before last for two nights. He told me that Chichester, At Lavington. in talking to him about me, said, "It is very true that there was some unpleasantness between Mr. Neale and myself some time ago; but that is all over now, and I have no complaint to make about him now, except that I am afraid he believes in Transubstantiation."

In the meantime the Sisterhood goes on capitally. Cottage nursing. The Autumn is always the time to make play, because of typhus and so on. Of that we have just had a terrible

¹ See *Christian Remembrancer*, xxxii. 423-450.

case at Edenbridge, the only case where, as yet, it was necessary to send two Sisters together. The terror in the place was so great that no one would even bring water from the river (the only water they have) to the door; and when they first went, the girl, too weak to turn in bed, had literally not been touched for a week, the only other person in the cottage being a bedridden woman. The parish officers are grateful beyond all measure. The doctor said her only chance was to be fed every half-hour day and night, which was done, and they think she will now do. We have four Sisters out at this moment, and five at home. The new Oratory has been finished some time. We thought, you know, of having a sort of Infirmary for those who are at home; but now, instead, we think of what the London Hospitals are crying out for, a House of Recovery for children. Do you remember the grand old gabled Manor House on the opposite side of the way? We have some thoughts of taking that.

Thus far I had written when the post came, bringing the *Brighton Gazette*, of which I have desired that a copy be sent to you, as a specimen of what we are subject to. Also an application for a Sister to take charge of the temporary Smallpox Hospital at Salisbury, where it is raging. I am very well pleased to get a footing in that Diocese.

To B. W.

Nov. 8th, 1856. Sackville College.

When I remember how long it is since I have written, and how often you have written since, I am ready to cry *Mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa*. The truth is that, when one is every day and all day long under such a fire as we have been enduring the last quarter of a year from the B.P.A.,¹ one quite shrinks from writing, because it involves entering on the subject. All the uproar neither disturbs nor hinders me any other way, and we are all as well as possible. You have seen some of the papers, and some of the accounts. The last phase was a meeting here (the same that was noticed in the *Guardian*); it was

¹ Brighton Protestant Association.

crowded, but mostly with boys and girls—and a good proportion of ragamuffins, very few respectable people, and the greater part merely from curiosity.

Not one single statement in my letter was contradicted ; which virtually left us masters of the field. The usual, or more than the usual amount of trash and blasphemy was talked about the Holy Eucharist, and published in the *Gazette*.

However, though I write about all this, do not think that it takes up much either of my time or of my thoughts.

As to the Denison case, I confess that personally I don't care one straw about it. Such a merely Parliamentary Court, though accidentally presided over by the Archbishop, seems to me to prove nothing further than what we knew before, namely that J. B. C. is a fool and a heretic. I suppose we shall lose some by it, but they would have gone anyhow.

But here is another matter. Blenkinsop, whom you know by name, is going out to Constantinople, and is rather anxious to take the Protest.¹ I have written to ask the Committee what they like to do ; whether they will meet, etc. ; and if a majority say Yes, then I will call a meeting.

We have been asked, and I think shall send a little colony of two (Sisters) into Scotland—Argyleshire—to try and effect the civilization and reformation of a fishing parish. I think this will come off. The Vicar (of East Grinstead) of course abhors them. He said the other day, "The first case of infectious fever I have I will ask them to undertake it, and *then perhaps we shall get rid of them.*"

The "Church of Utrecht" draws towards its conclusion. My "Mediaeval Sermons" seem to take very well. It was a great joke, my getting the Seatonian.² I began it on the Tuesday morning, and the fair copy was finished on the Wednesday evening. So I bagged £38 net by two days' work.

Vincent is now at Godalming, with the Boyces, who, you know, take pupils. It was so bad for him to be in

¹ Page 221.

² This was "Judith" the fourth of his ten successful Seatonian poems.

the perpetual excitement of Rogers and Co. that we sent him off ; and he seems very happy and getting on well.

Of course, I did not like Pusey's Protest ; but I still less liked refusing to sign it when I was asked.

To an intimate friend who was suffering from a sense of discouragement in uncongenial work he wrote about this time :—

Feelings of
discourage-
ment.

It is mere natural feeling, and has nothing to do with a most real and earnest love of our Lord.

I will shew you that I only say to you what I say to myself. I think even you have no idea—and yet you have more idea than anyone else—how much I suffer from this persecution against the College ; how it distracts my thoughts in prayer ; how it hinders my rest ; how (for I am speaking to you without any reserve) it would tempt me, unless I were very watchful, to think that GOD is suffering me to be tempted above what I am able to bear. But, though all this is so, I am not discouraged, as though my feeling the thing so bitterly were any reason for my believing that I were less in earnest in serving GOD. It is merely natural temperament. So I tell myself to take courage notwithstanding all these feelings.

To B. W.

Dec. 30th, 1856. S. C.

It was a great pleasure to me to hear from you ; and most heartily I return you all your Christmas wishes. We have had, so far as we and the College are concerned, the happiest Christmas we have had for some time. The Carols were never so good—partly on account of an attempt of Rogers to put them down—nor so well listened to ; and everything else went off well.

Four of the Sisters have now had the fever (they were nursing a family with bad scarlet fever at Cuckfield), Miss Gream being the last (at present at least) to take it. The third in order had it most dangerously ; the night of its crisis for about eight hours her life hung by a thread, and she was quite given over ; Whyte, I think, did very well. Now they are all able to sit up, except Miss Gream ; you

may imagine that, having no servant, and not being able from dread of infection to procure a temporary one, it has given the others enough to do. Silly as it was to call that meeting at Brighton, the result has decidedly been good. Woodard has had pailsful of money sent in to him; and the Bishop is more than ever set against the Protestants. That, and the de Romeston affair, and the quarrel between the Bishop and Coroner, have a little taken the *Gazette* off us; last week, however, it returned to the charge in two columns of the usual fury.

Depend upon it, in the long run, such judgments as Dodson's will do good. An abyss of injustice is much better than a puddle of it. By the way, the *Morning Star* takes up the cudgels, in a leader, to a certain extent, in defence of me against the Protestants.

You will see, I imagine, my article on Pitzipios in the next *Christian Remembrancer*.¹ I am afraid it smells a little of fever, as the Archbishop of Granada's sermon did of apoplexy.

Carol singing, alluded to above, and in many other letters, both at Christmas and Easter, was organized at East Grinstead by J. M. Neale after the publication of the "Carols for Christmas and Eastertide." A choir of men and boys was collected once or twice a week to practise them in the Hall of Sackville College. Then on Christmas, or Easter, Eve the Warden and his choir sallied forth together with carol books and lanterns. This was the way in which "Good King Wenceslas," now so universally known, made his *début*.

Apropos of this carol, one of the members of the choir, who was a teetotaller and vegetarian, asked that the King's command—

"Bring me flesh and bring me wine,"

might be altered to—

"Bring me milk and bring me bread."

I suppose the line to rhyme to it was to be—

"Thou and I will see him fed."

¹ *Christian Remembrancer*, xxxiii. 200-226.

The Warden's children sang the carols to the old folks after their supper in the Hall on Christmas Eve ; and to this day the lines—

“Calls you one and calls you all
To gain His everlasting Hall,”

always brings back to me the picture of the Hall with its oak wainscot and gallery, wreathed with shining ivy and holly, where the children stood to sing ; of the old men in their clean smocks ; of the old women in their granny bonnets, seated round the open hearth with its big log fire ; of the smell of spiced elder wine ; of the ruddy glow on the lined and wrinkled faces, and bent forms, of those whose old age had found a shelter in this harbour of refuge, and a friend to guide them to a better one.

The Carols
in the
United
States.

My brother, Vincent Neale, who has been a resident of the United States for half his lifetime, writing of the popularity of the carols there, says, “Good King Wenceslas speedily crossed the ocean, and was the favourite Christmas Carol at the Theological Seminary, Nashota, Wisconsin, in the early fifties, as I am informed by one who was a divinity student there at the time.” He goes on to say that “the Bohemian Club of San Francisco, a celebrated literary and artistic club, keeps high revel at Christmas, and reproduces the old customs of Magdalen College, Oxford, bringing in the boar's head, and so forth, and during the dinner there are sung appropriate carols by a trained choir. Dr. Neale's carols have for many anniversaries contributed half the musical programme, namely, ‘Earthly friends will change and falter,’ ‘Christ was born on Christmas Day,’ and ‘Good King Wenceslas.’ The first, with its wail of human sadness, followed and driven off by the jubilant march of the Conqueror, representing the pathos and hope of human life ; the second, bubbling over with joy typical of a Christian's feelings at Christmas ; the third, to those who have no faith, to whom the Incarnation is a myth, the visit of the Magi a fable, and the vision of the shepherds a dream, illustrating and teaching the beauty of self-sacrifice—

“Thou and I will see him dine,
When we bear them thither.”

Here is no eleemosynary giving, it is a giving of self, a recognition of common humanity, a meeting of man with man. This is doubtless the chord of the ballad that strikes

so strongly and entirely the hearts of men of all conditions and sorts."

To B. W.

March 11th, 1857. S. C.

We have, thank GOD, been very quiet. Our contested election—and such a close one—has helped us a good deal. . . . I am afraid, as you say, that the country will be with Lord Palmerston. As to those eighteen, upon whom the Tower of Siloam did not fall, one can hardly help thinking that they *were* sinners, etc.

Truly the "Hymnal Noted" seems to be going on. Hymnals.
By the way, the "Scotch Hymnal" will not be so very bad. I have had a good finger in the pie. They have about three times as many hymns as they should; but all the best are there. Also I have got into correspondence with the Editors of the *Observateur*. The big man, it seems, is Guettée, who pulls the strings. *If* ever we have a free Church, depend upon it we should make a schism *there*; and the two adjoining parts, Gallicanism and Puseyism, Gallicanism and Puseyism. would coalesce. Guettée writes on the principle that, notwithstanding *quelques divergences d'opinion*, we are all working to the same end. I have just finished the Introduction to Utrecht (decline of French Jansenism), which is nearly the last thing in my book. Have you seen or heard anything of *Lavigerie*? I have had his Lectures sent me. Scott has given me an article in this *Christian Remembrancer*¹ rather against my expectations, for I had two running before. So that keeps me to work. . . . I have heard from Southgate; he greatly approves of the Protest (Eastern Church) going, and will write at the same time. It will be forwarded to the Procurator of the Holy Governing Synod, Count T——, a man very well disposed to the English Church. It will take at least ten sheets of parchment in triple volume, one of the Sisters is writing it out. I have been very busy in that line. My sister Elizabeth had, you know, an Orphanage Origin of Orphanage. at Brighton, but owing to my mother's vehement objection to Sisterhoods, and the want of hands, and partly a little

¹ *Christian Remembrancer*, xxxiv. 233-260; xxxiii. 473-508 and 349-379.

Work of
Sisterhood.

jealousy on the part of A. Wagner, she found it more than she could manage. So we take it ; there are thirteen children, all but two paid for. We have a house beyond the railway station, and two of our Sisters will then live there, coming up, however, to S. Margaret's for Holy Communion, Confession, Sermons, etc., but saying the Hours there. We shall call it, as my sister did, S. Catherine's. Elizabeth herself goes to S. George's-in-the-East, and I should not wonder if she were to be the head of it. A banker at Ipswich—one Cross—offered to take the whole expense of two Sisters for a year, with the consent of the Incumbent, one Gay (fancy Cross and Gay as the movers in such an affair), and £50 a year afterwards to work there. To-day we have sent one to a place called Crookham, in Hampshire. The Scotch scheme remains in abeyance. Indeed, with the Orphanage and Ipswich, we have hardly strength for it. We have two new Sisters coming as probationers, both ladies, and with some little property. One I know well—the other I have not yet seen. I find it rather difficult to keep them within any limits of moderation in Lent. However, I insist on their having meat four times a week when they are at home, and twice every day when they are “out.” Agnes is now at Godalming—she is to be confirmed on the 19th there, and will make her first Communion here, all well, on Easter Day.

To B. W.

March 20th, 1857. L. B. and S. C. R.

... I am now in the greatest anxiety for the Westerton decision, which I shall know as soon as I get to Three Bridges.

House at
Ipswich.

I told you that one of our Sisters went to Ipswich. She stayed there a week, in S. Matthew's parish, of which Gay is Rector. There was a kind of synod held by the clergy of our way there, which resulted in a formal written authorization from Gay to commence a branch of S. Margaret's there. Cross, the banker, supplies all money, has taken a house, and is furnishing it. I never saw anything more liberal than his conduct. When he took the house, our Sister very properly said that the garden, which

is a very good one, was not necessary, and that as it could be separated from the house, it had better be so. So it was done, and the lease signed. She had scarcely got home when a letter came from Cross, that the house was his *duty* to have, but the enclosed lease she must accept as an offering—it was the garden. Here we are at Three Bridges—and now for the news. Hurrah! One could scarcely have expected so much. The absurdity of screwing a cross to the super-Altar will, I suppose, give rise to another Westerton case, for no one can say that the judgment hinders the removal of movable crosses.

To B. W.

April 18th, 1857. S. C.

. . . I never spent such a Holy Week before. Every-
 thing went off well, and as I could have wished. The
 Sisters kept up the Devotion of the Forty Hours with
 great edification, and on the Good Friday afternoon I
 gave them a sermon of the stations, as I have heard it
 abroad, with one verse of the *Pange lingua*, followed by
 the *Crux fidelis*, between each station. My sermon was,
 of course, from S. Bernard, etc., etc., and, with the Hymns,
 took about two hours and a half; altogether the effect
 was very striking. On Easter Day Agnes received her
 first Communion in the Oratory. On the Tuesday we
 sent off our first offshoot to Ipswich; it was some trouble
 so to arrange matters to harmonize perfect local inde-
 pendence there with yet a kind of subordination to S.
 Margaret's; but I think that is done successfully. They
 have a wonderful field open there, and every help that
 money can give them. On Wednesday came the orphans
 from Brighton to their new house here—there are two
 Sisters with them. Their place is on the London Road,
 three-quarters of a mile from here. Those two take it
 by turns to come up to Holy Communion every morning
 and to class in the evening; to the latter the two eldest
 girls of the Orphanage, who have been confirmed, also
 come up. . . .

Good
 Friday at
 S. Mar-
 garet's.

My grandfather's book on the Psalms is published. I can lend you a copy if you like.

This was the "Historical Outlines of the Book of Psalms," by John Mason Good (the father of his mother), edited by John Mason Neale. Dr. Good, a London physician, was a man of great and varied gifts, a ripe Oriental scholar, Biblical critic and linguist, and as a philologist much in advance of his times.

Besides "History of Medicine," and other scientific works, he made metrical translations of the Psalms, Book of Job, Book of Proverbs, and Song of Songs. It is interesting that both he and his grandson should have devoted so much study to the Psalms, though as commentators they took very different lines. Dr. Good was occupied with the critical, historical, outward form of the Psalms rather than with their hidden spiritual meaning; he by no means ignored the latter, but the bent of his mind was scientific, not mystical. In this he and his grandson were very different, but in their capacity for incessant and varied work they were alike. Alike, too, in their linguistic powers, though my father used to say he had not attained to the measure of his grandfather.

The languages Dr. Good knew were enumerated as follows: French, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, German, Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Sanscrit, Persian, Arabic, Gaelic, Chaldee, Coptic, Russian, Chinese. Translations or critiques of the first twelve on the list had been published by him.

Dr. Good died in 1827. On his deathbed he sent for his grandson, then about nine years old, and solemnly blessed him in the Name of the Holy Trinity.

CHAPTER XVIII

1857-59

TOUR IN SOUTH OF FRANCE—CHILDREN— BRITTANY

There nothing can be feeble,
There none can ever mourn,
There nothing is divided,
There nothing can be torn :
'Tis fury, ill, and scandal,
'Tis peaceless peace below ;
Peace, endless, strifeless, ageless,
The halls of Syon know.

IN 1857 his tour on the Continent was taken with Bishop Forbes, of Brechin, and Mr. Lingard to the South of France. These foreign tours, almost of annual occurrence, were made with the double purpose of a breathing space from past work, and of collecting material for future work. "The Circuit of Mont S. Michel," after his visit to Puy, and the "Exiles of the Cebenna," were some of the gleanings from this field of travel.¹

June 4th, 1857. Great Western of France.

. . . We were just in time to go down by the slow train to Étampes. The country is in its full beauty ; the leaves not massed, even in the oaks, as in England, but in their first freshness. The sun to-day, with its intense power, reminds us that we are getting into the South. The exquisite colour of the clover fields—like a pink silk hanging shot with green, as Lingard says—struck us all. We are now in the vine country, which does not add to the beauty

¹ See also *Ecclesiologist*, xviii. 228-232, signed O. A. E.

of the landscape. At Etampes we found a homely inn and civil people—quite out of the beaten track. At breakfast we amused ourselves vastly with a loaf, which, being set on the ground, reached as high as my head.

Tour in
South of
France.

We have now passed Vierzon, and branched off South. It is curious, travelling at such vast speed through so large an extent of country, what one learns of the general external character of the churches. They were all saddle-backs this morning; now they are all pyramids. . . .

To A SISTER.

June 5th.

It is in itself a very pleasant tour; but I never had the *mal du pays* so strong, and I shall be thankful beyond what I can express to be with you all again. So far as beautiful weather and glorious churches and pleasant companions go, one could wish for nothing better. But it is such a very different life from what mine has been for the last year.

Bourges.

At Bourges we went at once to the Cathedral, which certainly is grand beyond all description, though it stands alone among French Cathedrals in having no transepts. Its wonderful height, and its windows that seem on fire with the finest ruby glass, are glorious indeed. We went to the top of the tower, and thence saw, like a sea-plain, the boundless plain of Berry, with only the slightest hills faintly marked out on the horizon; the roads wearisomely stretching away in all directions, and mapped out through miles of barley and wheat clover. . . . Wishing to make the most of the time, I went to a church called S. Peter. While I was standing at the foot of the tower, a great stone fell from the top, and split in pieces close to me. So S. Pierre nearly ended the catalogue of my churches. I think no one has had more escapes of that kind than I. This morning we went all over the roof of the Cathedral, and more especially up the outside of a most wonderful flying buttress, carved into steps; a kind of bridge at a dizzy height. Hence to the Convent of the Sœurs Bleues, Brigittines. They are *very* poor, and were most thankful for five francs that we gave them. There are twenty,

Sœurs
Bleues.

entirely occupied in education. They have eight hundred girls, of whom we saw a large part at dinner. Some in a large, airy shed, some in the shadow of a great wall that forms one side of the court. The dress of the Sisters is a common blue gown, with tight sleeves; over this a black shawl and black apron. They wear a cap made bonnet fashion, and plaited—or whatever you may call it—standing out beyond the face; and a very small black bonnet over this; also, on the breast, not at the side, a plain silver cross, with J.M.J. in the centre. I had a great deal of talk with one of these Sisters, and liked her, but the children do not seem inclined to play and romp with the Sisters, as in Belgium. Their Oratory is not large; they never can get into it all together. The house they have was originally a nobleman's mansion, and this is the original Oratory, with a flat stone roof very finely worked in arabesque. We walked in the gardens of the Archbishop, or, as he calls himself, Patriarch; and very shady and beautiful they are.

Riom.

When I posted your last letter at Nevers, I gave it to the postmaster to see if the weight was all right. "Ah!" he said: "*mais vraiment c'est admirable! Je ne savais pas qu'il y avait des Sœurs en Angleterre.*" "*Ni moi non plus,*" says a gendarme who was standing by him. That night we saw the Cathedral—nothing like Bourges, but still very interesting—and struck up a friendship with one of the Canons, who introduced us to the great people. . . . Next morning I saw part of an Ordination, and afterwards saw the new Convent of the Sisters of Charity; it is the Mother House of this district, and there are three hundred. They were cleaning their chapel, and again they put me in mind of you. In the evening we came on to this place. . . . The garden here is lovely; a perfect wilderness of moss roses; and there are cherries, strawberries, flowering myrtles, figs and vines—a semi-tropical garden.

To Mrs. NEALE.

Trinity Sunday. Riom.

. . . We had a very pleasant ride of about a hundred and ten miles yesterday evening. We are not yet among the mountains, but they stand boldly up on the horizon ; the Puy de Dôme, with its remarkable conical head, the king of the Auvergnat mountains, towering above the rest. . . . This town is quite old-fashioned and out of the way ; all the buildings of the dark lava of Auvergne, very much resembling that of Madeira. The Cathedral, now a parish church, is interesting, but not large—I saw a fine congregation there at High Mass this morning, and heard a very good sermon on the Blessed Sacrament. But there is not half the devotion here that there is in Belgium or in the north of France, and Sunday trading seems not the least put down by all the efforts made against it.

Sunday
trading.

We got to Brioude, the termination of the railway, late in the evening (of Wednesday). The church here is magnificent and enormous, Romanesque, and the town full of mediaeval shops, which give it a most singular appearance.

June 12th. Le Puy-en-Velay.

. . . Well, yesterday, Thursday and Corpus Christi, we started at eight, in this fashion:—A gig ; our two portmanteaus fastened behind, we three inside ; the apron drawn up ; on this, my carpet bag and our plaids ; and on *this*, a woman who drove. Add two dogs—a shaggy poodle and a terrier—and a horse, “Bijou,” and you have our cavalcade. In this fashion we travelled for seven hours, giving our horse a bait in the middle of the day, and “taking” churches as they occurred, through the finest and wildest scenery, and (sometimes) roads that reminded me of Portugal. About half-past three we reached the Chaise-Dieu, a little Abbey town. It lies nearly at the top of a mountain ; the air very bleak and cold ; the huge desecrated pile of eighteenth-century work, which formed the monastery, having all the misery, without any of the beauty, of our desecrated Abbeys. It is a very large and singular, rather than beautiful church, with a hundred and fifty

stalls, and splendid tapestry of 1529, going through the Bible in types and anti-types. . . . Here for the first time I saw a Pope's monument: that of Clement VI. I saw to-day some Marist Sisters, which order I never saw before. Marist Sisters. They have about a hundred and fifty children here. Their dress is blue, with a black bonnet, and over the breast a square piece of linen fastened somewhat like the Jewish ephod, with the monogram M on it, and *no* cross. To me it is very sad thus to see our dear LORD studiously and ostentatiously rejected for His Blessed Mother. They occupy here a part of the old buildings of the Abbey. . . . At night, from the height, it was so bitterly cold that Lingard and I were fain to sit by the kitchen fire. We were so pleased with our conductress that we engaged her again to-day, and started about eight, this time on a high-road. We stopped at noon at S. Paulien, a largish village. I "took" the church while dinner was getting ready. . . . In the meantime, Marie, our conductress, had been dining at the Convent where she had been brought up, and begged us to go and see it. So we went; and I suppose she had given us a good character, for we were received with great civility. They are Récolletines (reformed, but not bare-foot, Franciscans); fifteen Sisters, and two hundred and thirty children. Their infant school, and its exercises, was excessively pretty. The children's knowledge of geography is really wonderful. While the Bishop was talking to the Mother, I made great friends with the Assistant Superior, whom I told all about S. Margaret's. Her first question (being a Frenchwoman) was, of course, what dress they wore; and being satisfied on that point, she proceeded to enquire about their going out; and to say that, where the nursing was done near home, and by changes, as by most of the Sisters of Charity, it was not so very bad; but that, as was sometimes the case, "*S'ensevelir dans les villages, entre les paysans, entre les paysannes, c'était une des choses les plus pénibles, les plus héroïques, qu'on peut concevoir: mais c'était tout à fait impossible.*" "*Sans le secours du bon Dieu,*" I said; and she smiled, and said, "*Vous avez raison.*"

Le Puy.

Well, we reached Puy about four, and a wonderful place it is. First, and highest (the whole city lies in a hollow amongst wild mountains), juts up the Rocher de Corneille, on which they are about to erect the gigantic statue of Notre Dame de France. Then, on a tall peak—a wonderful, dream-like peak—stands the Chapel of S. Michel, crowded on the summit. Then the Cathedral, on the face of a steep rock, ascended by one hundred and thirty-four steps to the west door. Fancy the magnificent western façade and its height! To-day we heard the Capitular Mass very finely sung, and saw a procession round the church. We are counting very much on the grand procession to-morrow, when the Bishop celebrates, and the Blessed Sacrament is carried down all those steps, and round the town, and so up again by them.

Sunday (in the Octave of Corpus Christi).

Procession,
Corpus
Christi.

It has been the most wonderful sight, so far as beauty is concerned, that I ever saw; but sadly, sadly little devotion among the people. We were at the Cathedral by 8.30. . . . The curé—for the Cathedral is also a parish church—amused me by giving out in the notices, that as this city owed its prosperity in the lace manufacture to the intercession of S. Francis Régis, he hoped the inhabitants would feel bound to celebrate his feast with great devotion on Tuesday. The procession began about half an hour after Mass. You must try to fancy the site of the Cathedral to understand it. There are five flights of twelve steps each before you come to the first western porch, of the same width as the Cathedral itself. There are four of these, each containing a rise of twelve steps in itself. So you may imagine, as we stood outside the porch and looked down from such a height, what the view of the crowd was, lining each side, and filling the street at the bottom. Detachments from all the regiments in the department were drawn up at the bottom; the General and his staff, the Prefect of the department, and the judges, alone went into the Cathedral. . . . You can fancy, when the procession defiled into the Boulevard, the effect of the mixture

of bright dresses and religious habits and military costume, censers, flowers, houses all decorated, all the bells pealing, and the bands playing alternately. The temporary altar was in front of our hotel. As soon as the Blessed Sacrament was set down there, the soldiers presented arms and fired three salutes; while the Bishop was at his own prayers, the band played; and then the clergy sang the *O Salutaris*, and the *Lauda, Syon, Salvatorem*; and so, after benediction, they returned the same way as they came. But no one knelt except just as the Host passed, and not all even then; and I noticed one or two who did not even take off their hats. From the situation of the Cathedral, I suppose the effect of the ascent and descent could hardly be equalled in Europe.

The Cathedral bells are pealing so beautifully, and reminding me that it is time to go to Vespers.

June 16th. Mende.

We left Le Puy at five a.m. yesterday, and reached here at four p.m. The way over rough, bleak, desolate mountains; in some places, the road higher than the top of Snowdon. These are the Cévennes; the Protestant valleys round them the most miserable, cold, and ungodly-looking places you can fancy. The Cévennes.

June 17th. Nismes.

We came from Mende last night, starting at five, and getting into Alais a little before five in the morning. Such a mountainous road! and such precipices! And every now and then, in the forests, we heard the distant barking of a wolf—responded to, most furiously, by a little dog that we had in the diligence. We started from Alais at six, and got here by eight. Here we find the processions of Corpus Christi not over yet, each parish taking its day. I should have thought it a risky experiment, as, out of the sixty thousand inhabitants of Nismes, twenty thousand are Protestants. But the preparations are on a much larger scale than at Puy; every street by which

the procession is to pass, lined (as the fashion is) with sheets stitched together, on which they make devices of flowers. The little girls who are to hold the strings that steady the banners, in their white muslin dresses and wreaths of white roses, flocking to S. Perpetua, the parish church, and four temporary altars erected in the streets.

I must not forget to tell you that I have seen the amphitheatre here, the first I ever saw. It is very perfect: the beasts' dens, the holes of the supports for awnings, etc. On one stone is marked most clearly, "E-Q. C. III." "The Knights' third row." . . . The tears more than once came into my eyes as we were walking across the arena, once sacred with the blood of so many martyrs.

June 18th.

An
Eucharistic
Procession.

I was writing yesterday when a letter was brought to me, directed to the Rev. Dr. McNeil, from a certain Pastor Sabrer, saying that he understood that so celebrated a Protestant was staying at the hotel, and with two Protestant ministers; and he therefore requested us to attend a meeting of the Consistory this evening, in order to express our ideas on the idolatry involved in that day's procession. I answered him in Latin; you may easily imagine to what effect. By that time the procession came, and very pretty it was. It was simply of one parish, not a general one, and therefore no Religious. First the unmarried and unengaged girls of the parish, all in white muslin, with long white veils, with a cross of roses, and banners; the little ones first. Then eighteen or twenty of those who were engaged—also in white, but with wreaths of white roses, cross of roses and green, and banner. Then, in single file, so as to take in a school between them, the married women, in their best dresses, cross and banner. Then the widows, in black, with black veils, a plain oak cross surmounted by the crown of thorns—no banner. (First of all, I should say, a detachment of sappers and miners, and a very fine band.) The fiancées sang the *Lauda Syon, Salvatorem* very prettily. Then

the Brethren of the Christian Doctrine, an immense school ; all the boys dressed like acolytes : pink cassocks and white muslin albs. Then the Jesuits' school, dressed the same, every boy carrying a banner. Then twelve pretty little dots, boys from six to eight, dressed like Cardinals, with red hats, shoes, and tippets ; then a boy-Bishop. After them, others dressed like various Bible Saints ; little S. John Baptist, with his sheepskin coat, and bare arms and legs, and cross, was tired, so his mother carried him. Then another military band ; then the ecclesiastics of the parish, the Curé carrying the Blessed Sacrament, the lines of soldiers in the Place presenting arms as It passed. Behind the canopy the Bishop walked, his train supported by pages ; and then a detachment from a regiment. I hear that this was an experiment. In the time of Louis Philippe these processions were not allowed where there was any considerable number of Protestants, and they had not yet been tried at Nismes on this scale. The civil authorities, I am told, had a strong body of gendarmes ready, in case any indignity had been offered to the Blessed Sacrament. But the whole thing was most successful. The Protestants, most of them, covered their houses with hangings as well as the Catholics.

June 19th. Arles.

. . . Yesterday we reached Arles. A most curious, filthy old city—quite an out-of-the-way, old-fashioned place ; but very interesting to me as the scene of so many celebrated Councils. I first saw the Cathedral, where I commended all of you to GOD'S care ; then the Museum, in the desecrated church of S. Anne. Here are multitudes of early Christian monuments, exceedingly interesting. Then to the Amphitheatre, in some respects more perfect than that of Nismes. Then to a crèche, built on the walls of the amphitheatre, managed by six Sisters of Charity. They had forty babies, and take them from six to six. Then to the *Aliscampo* (the Elysii campi), the burial place of Roman Arles. It was partly violated by the railway

Amphi-
theatre,
Arles

terminus, and a great number of Christian monuments brought to light. This morning the Bishop and I walked to Montmajour, three miles from here; a most curious Romanesque church, with remains of a great late Abbey. It stands very finely on the edge of a rocky hill, amidst olives, and pomegranates, and figs, and vines. Here is also the cell and the confessional of S. Ruffienus, the earliest genuine confessional I ever saw, carved out of the rock, and at such a height as to shew that, according to very primitive custom, the penitent *stood*. A very curious little chapel of S. Cross also, of which the date, 1019, is known. After luncheon I took the Cathedral, and was amused by a rehearsal in it. The Archbishop of Aix, who is also Archbishop of Arles, is coming here for the first time to-morrow, and is to celebrate pontifically on Sunday in S. Cesarius. The clergy were rehearsing a Pontifical Mass: one of them, with a stumpy stick for pastoral staff, and hat for mitre, acting as Bishop—being censed, giving the benediction, etc.

A rehearsal.

Vigil of S. John Baptist (June 23rd). Valence.

. . . To-morrow we start early, and shall pass the night—for I can hardly say sleep—at the Grande Chartreuse. I shall be delighted to see it again. Think of me, if you wake, as having Matins between eleven and two, in that wonderfully solemn church, that seems to bring you as near to the next world as anything can do in this. On Thursday night, all well, I shall be travelling; cross on Friday; and so get to East Grinstead on Saturday morning.

To B. W.

July 15th, 1857. S. C.

. . . You cannot think what a handsome book the "History of Utrecht" will be: a full-sized octavo, of, as I guess, 500 pages, and a very good type. Now that that is, virtually, off my hands, I am tooth and nail at work on "Antioch." . . . I have made, I think, rather a curious

discovery. In the Antiphonary of S. Gregory, at the Easter Baptism, is a hymn beginning—

“Audite vocem hymni
Et vos qui estis digni
In hac beata nocte
Descendite ad fontes.”

A baptismal
hymn.

You see, anacreontic in its rhythm. Now compare Eph. v. 14 :

Διὸ λέγει,
ἐγείρε ὁ καθεύδων,
καὶ ἀνάστα ἐκ τῶν νεκρῶν
ἐπιφάνσει σοι ὁ Χριστὸς.

Is not this, clearly, both from rhythm and subject, a baptismal hymn also? ¹

To J. HASKOLL.

July 18th, 1857. S. C.

I am glad you can understand one's love for children. Your little girl has a sufficiently pretty name. We have enough just now: two of the Boyces besides our five. I don't think I ever worked so hard in all my life, or ever felt better. Every day I am in the Oratory by 7, and three days in the week I contrive to get up at 4. I have taken very much to the Orphanage, partly, I believe, because the children have taken to me.

The Orphanage.

It was no wonder that children took to him; he had a natural gift for teaching them, and explaining things in simple words, inherited from his father, Cornelius Neale. And this natural gift had a great deal of practice, for it must be remembered that for no less than twenty years he preached every Sunday evening to a little congregation composed of unlearned folk: old men and women, children and servants. Besides this, every Sunday afternoon, after the Orphanage (then called S. Katherine's) was started, he catechized or preached to the children there. Sometimes his teaching took the form of allegories carried on from one Sunday to another. Two of his books, "Sunday After-
noons at an Orphanage" and "Sermons to Children," contain these and his teachings at S. Agnes' school. I think one may safely say he never preached a dull sermon

His
method of
teaching.

¹ Cp. *Christian Remembrancer*, xliv. 406-440.

to children, nor one above their heads. And as regards his own children, two of them in turn generally accompanied him when he preached at the Orphanage: two only because of the want of space; but he never failed to set aside the time after chapel on Sunday evenings to hear us all repeat our verses by heart, word for word. Hymns, too, or poetry were repeated to him by us, and our "texts" shewn up, this being a written exercise on questions set for us every Sunday to be shewn to him on the next. He was particular that one new verse of the Bible should be learnt, absolutely accurately, every day, and two old verses "looked over"; and these six new and twelve old verses were repeated to him on Sunday by each of us in turn, beginning with the youngest. These repetitions and exercises over, sometimes he joined with us in a Sunday game: "capping" verses was a great favourite. He had found, in one of his mediaeval researches, that the children brought up in monasteries were taught thus to repeat verses, *i.e.* to cap with another verse beginning with the first letter of the last word in the previous one. Thirty seconds only were allowed us for reflection, and if the verse were not capped in that time, the defaulter was "out of the game." To avoid irreverence, no text relative to our Lord's Passion was allowed; nor did we play the game except with our parents. Sometimes visitors staying with us would join in it: Dr. Littledale, who generally spent Easter with us, was one of these.

To B. W.

Aug. 31st, 1857. S. C.

Divorce
Bill.

Yes; I agree with you about the Divorce Bill. How strange that a R.C. peer should, in point of fact, have made it law. I doubt, after all, whether their discipline is very much stricter than ours.

The Archdeacon is now employing one of our Sisters, and has quite committed himself to us. Fancy our original three having multiplied into eleven! How the money comes is really marvellous. We want at least £500 a year, and we have not more than £120 or £130 of self-supportingness. For the first time, the Vicar worked with me at the Divorce Bill; he would not himself take the trouble to get any names to a petition, but he let me use his—and I got 130 signatures.

Well, I must set about Nevers for you. Did I tell you that Brechinensis is going next year, in all probability, to confirm at S. Petersburg, Moscow, and perhaps Archangel, and that he has offered to take me as his Chaplain? The Russian Company pays all expenses. I should learn more Ecclesiology in a month than in a year anywhere else. Just imagine seeing Novgorod!

This journey was never undertaken.

A full account of the Lewes riots having been given in Mrs. Charles Towle's "Memoir" and in the S. Margaret's magazine, two letters only referring to that disgraceful event shall appear here.

To B. W.

Dec. 7th, 1857.

I am writing in bed, so you must excuse pencil. Your letter was a great pleasure, because if, without knowing a single true fact, you judge so favourably, when you have the true story, not only stated, but stated so that it cannot be contradicted, I am sure you will be pleased.

I don't think, however, that I ever suffered so much as in these last ten days. However innocent, or, rather, however right, one may know oneself to be, it is not pleasant to be posted over England as a rascal. I cannot write much, and will not forestall my defence; it is all written except a page or two. It will be in the form of a letter to the Bishop. I have sent it up to Chambers to-day, not being able to go up myself.

I was not well, and indeed in bed, before the ending of her illness; and the anxiety of that, and this, has quite knocked me up.

I do think you will be surprised when you see the facts.

Dec. 19th, 1857.

This has helped S. Margaret's wonderfully. We have five more about to begin, one on Christmas Day; and at the present moment seven applications for help.

"The
Lewes
Riot, its
Causes and
Consequences:
a Letter
to the
Bishop
of Chi-
chester."
Masters.

To J. H.

Christmas Day, 1857.

MY DEAR HASKOLL,

I must write some letters to-day, and so I may as well take the pleasant ones. Your other letter never reached me, but I was quite sure there was some good reason why I did not hear. I am very much pleased that you think of my letter [the published one *re* the Lewes riots] as you do; this I can truly say, that, all such criticisms as those in the last *Guardian*, where people lay down the law as to what I ought to have done, only make me see more clearly that it was all but impossible to act otherwise than as I did. If I had done as the *Guardian* would have me, with the long harangue and all, I should have been simply mad.

To J. HASKOLL.

Christmas Day, 1857. S. C

I have every reason to be satisfied, thank GOD, with the success of my letter; it is in the third edition now, with a little preface. If I can screw some copies out of Parker, I will send you in a few days my "History of the Church of Holland." It will be the handsomest book of mine that there is; better, I think, than "Bishop Torrey." Also you shall have the Canticles. Had it not been for all this disturbance, I should have had a story ready for Christmas, after the fashion of "The Egyptian Wanderers," written by a priest of Arles in the Decian persecution (when the Bishop apostatized). I was at Arles in the spring, for you know I can never write a story unless I know the locality. Do you remember when I used to send you¹ "Memoirs of a Warden"? They would be a great deal more curious now than they used to be then.

"Sermons
on the
Canticles."

It is true that most of his tales were of localities he had visited. Yet he had so rare a power of visualizing what he read that it is doubtful whether such books as "Theodora Phranza" and "The Egyptian Wanderers" are inferior in their local colour, though he certainly had not visited either Constantinople or Egypt. Apropos of this power, I remember, when staying at Cambridge with my father and

¹ These were sensational chapter-headings for a supposed novel, relating the disturbances at the College, with imaginary critiques appended.

mother in 1861, we were asked to lunch in King's College by George Williams, Oriental Scholar and traveller. In the course of conversation he asked, "By the way, Neale, when were you in Georgia?" My father replied, "Never"; at which he expressed great surprise, remarking that he thought from the descriptions in the "Lily of Tiflis" my father must have been out there.

To B. W.

Jan. 16th, 1858. S. C.

. . . About Direction. I quite hold what I always did Direction
for Sisters.—and what you hold: and would sign again what I wrote in my "Church Difficulties." This is not only theory, but practice—for I have several penitents living in the world—some, fashionable people. But about Sisterhoods; Direction is a different matter. There, it is forced upon you. I remember telling you this, some three years ago, as we were walking through the Arch that stands opposite to Hope's. You can scarcely refuse, in the morning, to help a woman to the very utmost, when in the evening you may have to send her to almost certain death. You know something—and yet it is but little—of the hardships and miseries our Sisters have to go through, hardships which, if prettily described in the "Life of a Saint," would edify everyone. I feel they have a right to ask for all the help I can give them. I should like to hear what you think of this. In the meantime their numbers increase; and not only them, but those of the Orphanage.

Gavin's MS. would have been invaluable, had not Daniel Literary
work. examined it first. But still, Daniel has left a good deal unnoticed. . . . I can make you a good paper from it. "Utrecht" is all but out—I will take care you have it. I am at work like a lion on the "Eastern Church"—it is quite a refreshment after all these troubles. I give four hours a day to it. The Sisterhood, services, sermons, etc., take another four; the College about one; and I have about five for other writing and letters. I am at work on an article for the *Christian Remembrancer* on Collects.¹ The Gallicans in Paris, and I, are getting up quite a friendship—P——, Ducheldet, Tassy, Guélon, and the like.

¹ *Christian Remembrancer*, xxxvi. 18-63.

To B. W.

March 9th, 1858. S. C.

I am glad you like the book of Utrecht. Our Gallican friends are amazingly pleased with it.¹ I heard from Gavin de Tassy yesterday; he sent me by accident two copies of his book, and desired me to give away one. So I send it to you. It is very singular, the likeness between à Kempis and this Oriental mysticism.

To B. W.

Sept. 4th, 1858. S. C.

Proposed
Revision of
Lectionary.

I have been spending a day or two with the Bishop of Oxford at Lavington, discussing with him his next move in Convocation—an altered Lectionary (such as I recommended in the *Ecclesiologist* in those papers of mine). He seems quite to have the same view as to the main points; and certainly if he can get such a thing, were it only alternative, it would be a prodigious step.

I can't think why West was so civil. He and Rogers have just presented a Memorial to Lord De la Warr against me, for preaching to our people, because it is not in the Statutes! Rogers had previously, you know, asked the Bishop to stop my preaching, and the Bishop declined. . . .

Just now I am at work on a paper for *Christian Remembrancer* on Mediaeval Pastorals.² The "Commentary on the Psalms" is just begun printing; that and "Antioch" keep me pretty hard at work. I will willingly do the Day Hours. We began, as we had always intended, to use them at S. Margaret's last Saturday. Virtually we had used them before, so far as they go (for you know they have no Matins). But these are much more convenient than our own MS. translations, which also involve every Sister's making a copy for herself when she joined us. They use them at Clewer—I believe at Wantage—my sister will do the same: and we. At Clewer, eleven; ourselves, ten; at S. George's, seven; at Wantage, six. That makes thirty-four—a very good number to begin with; and this is the point to be pressed, that this should be *the* book for Sisterhoods. A very few things might be

"Day-
Hours
of the
Church of
England."
Masters.

¹ See *Ecclesiologist*, xix. 157-166, after a visit in 1858 to Holland.

² See "Essays on Liturgiology," 391-410.

altered in the second edition, but it is admirably well done on the whole.

To B. W.

Nov. 15th, 1858. S. C.

. . . We begin another School to-day in connection with the Sisterhood, for girls, not orphans, that can be saved out of such families as would pretty well secure their ruin were they allowed to remain. From their dress, they will be called the Red School; it is an imitation of the Red Maids at Bristol (no doubt originally Bernadines). The Red School.

Do you know Le Geyt of S. Matthias? He has been here twice—I like him much.

In May, 1859, he went for a tour in Brittany with his wife and eldest daughter and the daughter of a very dear friend. At Le Mans he was fortunate in getting a valuable collection of Sequences for the *Ecclesiologist*. At S. Pol de Laon he picked up one of his tales for children—"The Menhir of Lokmariaker."¹

To B. W.

May 22nd, 1859. Brittany.

Having an occasion to send Parker, I may as well send you a line. We left, as you know, on Wednesday 11th, sleeping a night at each place I mark with an asterisk.

Amiens.**

Rennes.

Chartres.*

Dinan.*

Le Mans.**

S. Briec.**

Laval.*

Paimpol.*

Vitré.*

You can conceive how I thought of the old time we were together at Amiens. I have not stopped there since. Chartres came up to my ideas, but it is not equal to Bourges—Le Mans far beyond them. The Nave is ordinary Romanesque, but the Choir is the most glorious Middle-Pointed creation I ever saw. I wonder we have not heard more of it, if it were only for its size, for it is the largest church in France. In Brittany I have not seen any very fine church, though several extremely curious Tour in Brittany.

¹ In "Tales on the Apostles' Creed."

ones, and as to being Catholic, Belgium is Protestant to this country. Well, I have been lucky about Sequences; I think you might say in the next *Ecclesiologist* (mentioning first the vote of £5) in a note, "We are glad to say that the Editor of the *Sequentiae Ineditae* has obtained a valuable collection, partly from a MS. of the Benedictine house, B.V.M., *de culturâ Dei* (Notre Dame de la Couture) at Le Mans, partly from one belonging to the Oratory at Amiens, partly from a very rare printed Missal of S. Briec (1484)." ¹

We get on to-night to Treguier—the see, you know, is *S. Briec and Tréguier*. The Cathedral there, at S. Briec, is curious Middle-Pointed, but very small. Our true Breton churches have to come yet. We were stopped one day by a bilious attack of Agnes at S. Briec, which has now, thank GOD, quite gone off. I have thought so much of our tour in France since I have been out this time. Besides my wife and Agnes, we have a young lady with us, a friend of A.'s—a daughter of that Dr. Ross who went back in the cholera time to Madeira and died there.

TO HIS SECOND DAUGHTER.

May 28th, 1859.

MY DEAREST LITTLE MAY,

Letter to
a child.

I wonder if I can write in this jolting carriage a letter which you will be able to read. We are going out from Brest to what one might call the Land's End of France; but I am afraid we shall not see very much of it, for it threatens rain. So now we are at the farthest from you. Agnes is further from you than she has ever been before, and we shall be so glad to get home to you all. I have a little silver cross for you, which I bought at Rennes. You and Ermy (and baby too, only baby would have been rather frightened) would have liked to see the Museum yesterday. There were a great many stuffed beasts—a bear, a leopard, a great many monkeys, an opossum with her young ones carried on her back, and keeping themselves up by twisting their tails round hers; a large fish called a Sea Devil because it is so frightfully ugly, flat, with a kind of horns that would be

¹ See *Ecclesiologist*, xx. 255, 297-301, and 361-366; and xxi. 13.

about as large as the round table in the drawing-room ; a lobster that would nearly reach from one end to the other of the parlour mantelpiece ; and such a pretty garden, that Miss Baker would have enjoyed most of all. We have several times had strawberries, the first time, I think, was last Sunday, and I saw them selling cherries in the streets to-day. I do not know that they were very ripe. The people here do not speak French, but Breton, which is a kind of Welsh, and which was spoken in Cornwall till 200 years ago. So if you ask them a question they tell you that they cannot speak "Saxon," meaning French.

Now it is pouring, for which I am very sorry.

Although this is the wildest and most out of the way part of France, the roads are as good as anything can be, even when one comes to a paved bit in a small town, as we are doing now, which is what makes my hand shake.

Here we are at Conquet. No—we are not.

Agnes told you how pretty it was to see biscuits made in the Dockyard. After that we walked up to the place where the artillery men learn to fire ; they shoot across an arm of the sea at marks set up on a hill on the other side. They were just going to begin, and I should very much have liked to see them, but the others were rather afraid of the noise.

You can't think how many wayside crosses there are Calvaries. set up on the roads—some of stone, some of wood, some with several figures of the three Maries and S. John, some with only our Lord. We wanted yesterday to see one at Plougastel which has forty great figures, but it was too late, and the boatmen were afraid we should not be back in time. The driver has just stopped to shew us on the Menhirs. top of a hill at a distance a very tall menhir, one of those stones which had something to do with the serpent-worship which prevailed in this country before the time of our Lord. The people at Ushant, close here, were the last idolaters in Europe, worshipping idols down till 1700. There is an idol standing on a common not far from Brest that was also worshipped, with very wicked ceremonies, down to that time. Sometimes these menhirs have now a cross put

on the top of them, as a sign that "the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ."

I think we shall get back to you, all well, either on Friday or Saturday before Whitsunday. They all want to see Rouen very much, and it would be a pity to miss it.

I am so very glad that Master Chapman has been able to read prayers so well. Tell him so, and that I am very much obliged to him, and that it is a good service I can never forget.

Now, I think I have written you a very long letter. You may send us another letter, posting it the evening you get this, and directing it to Poste Restante, Rouen, Seine Inférieure.

All well, we shall cross from Dieppe to Newhaven, and so come home straight from there by the Brighton line, and very glad we shall be to have our pets again.

Now give my love to Er. and Baby and Miss Baker, and remember me kindly to the servants and to all the people, and especially to Master Chapman and Simonds, and Mrs. Payne and Mrs. Alcock, and Miss Swaysland and Mary Jenks.

God bless you, my pet.

Your very dear Papa,

J. M. NEALE.

An old
pensioner.

"Master Chapman" was one of the old pensioners. I fear we did not share our father's gratitude, for the old man read very slowly, sometimes stopping to spell a word, and on one occasion was helped in a puzzling word in the Psalms by one of the old women, who prompted him audibly, "Pavilion, Master Chapman, pavilion!"

During his short absences from home, the Warden generally deputed one of the old brethren to read prayers in Chapel. Master Everest, a better "scholar" than Master Chapman, had often acted as chaplain, but he died some time before this. He was a great friend of us as children, had been a cricketer in his youth, and in spite of much lameness, gave my brother his first lessons in cricket. When the old man's turn came to go in, I

used to stand beside him and make his runs for him, he being nearly eighty and I about four or five.

He was one whom we went to see in his coffin. Perhaps children fifty years ago were taught more about death than they are now. Be that as it may, my father taught us to say a prayer for the departed soul, and in a few cases we were taken to see the body. It could only have been when death came as a friend, for my childish impression of the faces I saw, aged though they were, was of their youth and triumph.

CHAPTER XIX

1859-60

TALES—TOUR IN DALMATIA

FORWARD, when all seems lost, when the cause looks utterly hopeless ;

FORWARD, when brave hearts fail, and to yield is the rede of the coward ;

FORWARD, when friends fall off, and enemies gather around thee :

Thou, though alone with thy GOD, though alone in thy courage,
Go FORWARD !

THE letters at this time shew that in spite of his increasing work for the Sisterhood his literary output was not diminished. In Parker's shilling series of "Tales illustrative of Church History," in addition to those mentioned below, he wrote "The Quay of the Dioscouri," a story of the times of Arius, "Lucia's Marriage," "The Sea-Tigers," "Larache," "The Daughters of Pola," "Dores de Gualdim." The one he speaks of as "The Arles Journal," published under the title of "The Exiles of the Cebenna," is perhaps one of the most interesting. It was written under the form of a journal kept by "the priest Aurelius Gratianus," and one of the reviews seriously found fault with it because it seemed like a translation from a real original.

To J. H.

July 11th, 1859. S. C.

"Translation of
Primitive
Liturgies."
Hayes.

I hope you will not mind my dedicating my Translation of the Liturgies to you ; if you do, there is still time to hinder it. I hope it will not be a bad book. Among other things, it contains the words of Institution in every known Liturgy. . . . In Parker's series of Tales, the

"Arles Journal" and "Lily of Tiflis" are mine. He has another in type, "The Lazar House of Leros," and I have begun another, "The Fool's Chapel."¹ But I stick to "Antioch" *daily*.

To B. W.

Nov. 11th, 1859. S. C.

. . . The *Ecclesiologist* makes me sad too. You must feel what perfect trash two-thirds of it is. Now see : either you or I would write for it in a way that should clearly put it at the head of all periodicals in its own way. For example, I am now writing for the next *Christian Remembrancer* an article on the Ambrosian Rite.² It is not vanity to say that no one in England, and only three men in Europe, could write such an one. What will be the effect ? Why, all but about ten readers will skip it entirely—perhaps not cut the pages. From those ten I shall have enthusiastic letters in its praise, and so I shall from Germany. It so far does the *X. R.* good, that it will keep up its character for learning. If it did not, Scott would not be justified in paying me for such articles.³ I can assure you, the eulogies I had from Russian Scholars for my article on Greek Hymnologists were really amusing. Well, the proper place for these is in the *Ecclesiologist*. *There* they would tell ; *there* they would be valued ; they would raise you up ; and not only so, but would be thought interesting. Well, I can't afford to write them for nothing ; you offer nothing, therefore I am forced to write for that which does offer. What do I get ? Why, some £12. I look in your Treasurer's Account, and see how easily, say twice a year, such a payment could be afforded ; and it does make me sad to see the money frittered away, those obliged to work for others who would so gladly work for you, and the *Ecclesiologist* gradually sinking. To me, of course, it could be of no advantage to receive money from you rather than from Scott ; therefore there is nothing greedy in what I am saying. Don't think this letter unkind ; it is not so meant, I assure you.

¹ I do not think this was ever published.

² *Christian Remembrancer*, xxxix. 135-165.

³ *Ibid.*, xxxvii. 280-316, and xxxviii. 428-456.

Cannot
afford to
write for
nothing in
*Ecclesiolo-
gist*.

To B. W.

Nov. 24th, 1859. S. C.


Respecting
riot at
S. George's-
in-the-
East.

I do not want to vex you ; and I do not know who wrote the article on S. George's in the *Ecclesiologist*. But this I know, that, if it appears, I must leave you. Whether, if I were in Bryan King's place, I could have acted as he has done, is a different question ; but I can at least admire courage that I have not, or may not have, myself. Your article comes simply to this : let us give the people as much Ecclesiology as they will bear without howling. Had we said that twenty years ago, there would have been none in England now. I hope, however, you will omit this paper. Do not attempt to alter it, because that would only give you trouble, and me no satisfaction.

To B. W.

Vigil of S. Andrew (Nov. 29th), 1859. S. C.

. . . I wish it had so been ordered that we had lived at a come-at-able distance. We should not then, I honestly believe it, have diverged from each other. But I never see the use of pretending to think we have not, when we know we have. The first thing that shewed me this was Hope's letter, and you think it tolerably defensible. You must know that, were that letter, and other letters he has written regarding All Saints, printed side by side and exposed to the world, he must be sent to Coventry. You know me well enough to be sure that the world's liking or disliking a man has no influence on my opinion. But still, this I see : that Hope is going down very far and very fast in the opinions of those whom he once would have most valued. And that he should tolerate such a man as Cook, himself so sunk, is very sad. As to Bryan King, I don't justify him. Why ? Because I don't think he was working hard enough, or doing a man's ordinary duties to his parish sufficiently well to allow of it being permissible to him to raise a tumult. Perhaps also this. If it had come to an Ecclesiastical suit, the Vestments must have been pronounced legal ; and this might have provoked an Act of Parliament against them. I can see that the possibility of that might have been alleged as a reason against his

attempt. But the arguments of the writer of that paper I cannot bear to think of. . . . Now, do not think that I am going to be less interested about you—or you, I hope, about me—because at present it is a case of ∇ ; if we ever see more of each other, and we are not so old but that we may spend twenty years yet banding together, it will then be , or not far short.

To B. W.

Feb. 26th, 1860. S. C.

All well, almost immediately after Easter, I hope to go into *Dalmatia*. You will easily see how infinitely valuable to me a tour in that country would be, with its

Proposed
tour in
Dalmatia.

Pure Slavonic	} Churches.
Latin-Slavonic	
Latin pure	
Latin Glagolita	

I shall have good introductions, both to Greek and Latin, and hope to spend a day or two with the Vladika of Montenegro. I may return by Venice and Milan; but politics must decide that. I go, all well, by Vienna and Trieste; and hope to see Aquileia. I do wish I could have a good talk with you. You don't know how interested I have been in the "Additional Services" and "29th Canon." I wish you could see my glorious *Icons*. One, of the TRINITY under the shape of the three Angels appearing to Abraham—it is, you know, from the Troitzkoi-Sergievsky Monastery—is the most highly finished thing I ever saw. The Archimandrite sent a very pretty Madonna to our Mother. I had no idea till now lately how big a man I was in Russia. I have the censures of the Central Committee on my "Introduction," previous to its translation. They are very amusing. You might have seen in Parker's series of Church Stories, a little one of mine called "The Lily of Tiflis"; it is, in fact, the Martyrdom of S. Susanna under Marnam. Well, it has been translated into Russ.; and has been a perfect *hit*.

Letters to
Bishop of
Oxford on
"The 29th
Canon :
Reasons
for its
Abrogation."
Masters.
1860 and
1861.

Church
tour in
Dalmatia.

To B. W.

March 2nd, 1860. S. C.

As to the Dalmatian tour, Oldknow, my companion in Portugal, is, all well, to be so again. I think to run down to Berlin without a stopping—and merely to sleep a night at Prague—which I have seen. We shall begin ecclesiologizing, all well, at Brünn, and do a few Moravian Churches, before we get to Vienna. I fancy no country in Europe could teach me more than Dalmatia. I hope to send you some Icons, if you care for them, before long. Of Dalmatia I *must* make a book if I can; if I *cannot*, then (you will say no great thanks) you shall have my notes for *Ecclesiologist*.¹ Through Gladstone I hope to get a special recommendation from the Austrian Ambassador formally written; I had one in Portugal, which was of the greatest use.

To B. W.

March 28th, 1860. S. C.

I can see no objection to my sending the *Ecclesiologist* any very remarkable church which I may afterwards insert in my tour. You did so in your book. I have been studying that book diligently. And how it makes me wish that you had been able to carry out that study, instead of sticking to Sheen! How much you would have done, that now no one can do! As to ritual Ecclesiology, I believe that I am your equal; but as to aesthetic, no one ever was nor ever could be. That book makes me mad when I read it, that it should not have had—I will not say greater—but more popular success. How I wish you were going this tour with me.

Here follow details and dates of arrangements.

To B. W.

April 13th, 1860. S. C.

I have been wanting to thank you ever since *Christian Remembrancer* came out, for your article,² which I thought a very good, and felt to be a very kind, one. I did not know that you knew so much about Hebrew. All one's

¹ See *Ecclesiologist*, xxii. 289-296.

² *Christian Remembrancer*, xxxix. 479-491.

friends seem much pleased with it. Don't you think that a very curious discovery about "which eye hath not seen?"¹ 1 Cor. ii. 9.

April 16th, 1860. S. C.

I told you, I think, that through Gladstone I got a recommendation from the "British Government" to the Austrian Ambassador, and, in consequence, take a great folio of official recommendation with me to all Heads of Religious Houses, Cathedrals, Libraries, etc. This tour will cost something. Between us we muster £120. But I shall get some back.

The following diary-letter was written home during his tour in Dalmatia. In a few places a paragraph from his book is added to make the narrative continuous.

TO HIS WIFE.

April 18th, 1860. Strasburg Railway.

. . . Here we are at Châlons-sur-Marne, where we wait a minute. This railroad is singularly beautiful. I have been vastly pleased with the quick succession of mountains, crossings of the Marne, and downs covered with the vineyards of Champagne. At Épernay, where the train stopped for refreshment, it seemed odd to have sparkling champagne—and very fair too—as *vin ordinaire*. We have still a long way to Toul; but it is no great hardship in such lovely scenery. . . . Now we are off again! and I will tell Babes a story which will please her.

In a town called Nancy, my Babes, on this line—a very good town it is—there is a square called *Masco* Square. And why, do you think? Because, about a hundred and forty years ago, the Duke had a great bear called Masco, which was kept tied in a little brick house, looking on to this square. Well, many people were very much afraid of him; but one winter's night, when the snow was on the ground, a poor little Savoyard boy, who had no place to sleep in, said, "I will go and lie down in Masco's den, or

Letter to his youngest child.

¹ See Essay on "Liturgical Quotations," reprinted in "Essays on Liturgiology." Saunders and Otley.

I shall die of cold ; and I believe he will not hurt me." This good, kind bear took the poor little boy in his arms, and kept him warm all night. Next night he came again, and Masco had kept some supper for him ! This happened for some days, till one of the Duke's servants found it out. The Duke was so pleased that he resolved himself to bring up the little boy, and would have done so but that the child died a little while after. And soon after, poor Masco died of grief too. Was not that a kind bear ?

So much for Babes.—The village Churches here lie pretty thickly, and seem of excellent Romanesque. I wish, in one sense, that we were walking. I expect a great treat at Toul though, and will, all well, finish this letter there.

Toul, 8.30.

We have had a most pleasant evening. A certain Abbé Forbad took us over the Cathedral, and shewed us their great relic, the Sacred Nail, which is authentically traceable to the time of Constantine. He made an appointment with me to copy Sequences at seven a.m., all well, to-morrow. Then up to S. Gengault, also a very grand Church, with lovely cloisters. . . .

More
Sequences.

April 22nd. Duchy of Baden Railway.

I wrote to you from Toul. Next morning, when I woke, behold, it was snowing ! and occasional showers we have had ever since. We got to Metz about one : a marvellous Cathedral, but fearfully blocked up with houses all round. One or two other Churches we saw, and a Hospital under the charge of Sisters of Charity. On Friday morning, I was for some hours copying Sequences for the *Ecclesiologist*, at my great ease. In the afternoon, on to Strasburg. There is nothing remarkable in the scenery till you reach the two-mile tunnel which pierces the Vosges mountains. After that, it is glorious indeed : curving round wooded hills, dashing under rocks that

seem rolling down from above, hurrying over wild, narrow heaths, where the wolves prowl every night, or giving you a glimpse of some lonely forge or miner's cot. It was quite dark when we got in, and had very comfortable rooms at *La Fleur*. Saturday morning, snow again. We took a little voiture, and saw nine Churches, most of them very curious, especially for the monuments. I never learned so much from any monuments. The city Churches are divided equally between Catholics and Protestants: two being, indeed, absolutely halved between them, and, as I judge, with the worst effect on both sides. At one Lutheran place we saw a marriage. The minister, in gown and ruff, standing behind the Altar (on the East side of its little Crucifix), just like a figure of Luther; the Bible open before him; the bride and bridegroom sitting on two chairs within the Altar rails, their friends sitting just outside; she, rather pretty, but dressed in black silk, though with colours. He preached with great emphasis, "And how can a woman become a curse to her husband?" By so-and-so and so-and-so; "Yes, and let me say it, by crinoline!" So he went on. Well, the nave of the Cathedral is entirely filled with stained glass (not all ancient); but the central part and choir, which are Norman, are very poor, the East end especially. The West front no words can express; and the hue of the stone, dark reddish, is so lovely. You know how I had wished to go up to the top of the spire: to my mortification the Mayor had just given orders to close the place for two months, because people had been playing pranks up there. I went to the architect: got a letter of recommendation; then to the Mayor, and got a special order; and up we went. When we reached the platform, *i.e.* what would have been the base of a second Western spire, there we found the Verger's house, built on the outside; the space round being so large as to look like a large paved yard, the great spire rising from it. Fancy bringing up a family of children three hundred feet above the street! Here began the difficulty of the ascent: because the staircases get narrower and narrower, till at last you pull yourself

A Lutheran
wedding.

Goes up
the spire of
Strasburg
Cathedral.

through by main force. Then comes one dreadful step *outside*, hanging over the void below; and you are at the top of the highest building in the world. The coming down is not easy. In the evening, we came on to Kehl, crossing the Rhine, and, of course, having another search when we entered his Grand Dukeship's domain.

Hence, through snowstorms and bitter East wind, we made our way, by Karlsruhe and Bruchsal, to Stuttgart. Here we were most kindly received by His Excellency C. T. R. Gordon, Ambassador at the Court of Würtemberg, and one of the first ecclesiologists of our day.

To HIS WIFE.

Next morning—the weather still bitterly cold—we went by railway to Esslingen, a pretty little country town in Würtemberg, where we “took” four Churches. One of them, which has two towers, has them joined in that odd fashion of bridges thrown across from one to the other. This really was a very beautiful place, with old fortifications, lovely mill-stream, and chestnuts and willows to shadow it over. On in the afternoon to Ulm. The Cathedral, though only the [size?] of a Parish Church, surpassed all my expectations. It is Lutheran, but admirably preserved: a Sacraments-Haus ninety feet high, and stalls as learned as beautiful. . . .

Ulm.

Ratisbon.

. . . We got in about 3.30, and discovered, to my great joy, that the railway has been opened some way East within the last week. So we shall see no more of the Danube, and I am not sorry for it; for, though there is one splendid burst of the river through a granite precipice, for the most part it was very tame. We first went to a little Chapel of S. Salvador, famous for a miraculous image, and then to the Cathedral. I had heard so much of this, that I was a good deal disappointed, though it is a fine Church too; I can only put

it in the third class, and there not at the top. The present Bishop is going to complete the towers, left unfinished. After this, we went to the Town Hall, and, after going through some of the upper rooms, with their usual portraits of local worthies, we went into the celebrated Torture Chamber: the only one perfect in Europe. It is about twelve steps down: to the right, a most horrid dungeon, with a lower dungeon to that, into which the prisoner was let down: to the right, the chamber thus: [the description is too horrible to transcribe]. We felt quite faint and sick when we came out to the daylight. Then to the Scotch Convent, founded by fugitives from Macbeth, and a great part of it of his date. There are only five ecclesiastics. They have a fine library, but no catalogue, and could not even tell whether they had any MS. Missal or not! at least, the young Scotchman who acted as guide could not. They were civil enough in letting me look; but in vain. Then we went to S. Emmeram's, one of the largest Monasteries, with a most singular double Church, a Siamese twin of a Church. Here is an exquisite shrine, four feet long, of S. Emmeram, in silver, and of the 13th century. Two other Churches we also saw, and we have still a harvest for to-morrow. Is not Ratisbon a splendid city for ecclesiologists? . . .

Passau.

. . . Passau is very strikingly situated at the junction of the Inn and the Danube. On the opposite side of the latter is a bold, bluff-wooded promontory; and, winding round it, the Inn, which also falls into the Danube here. The Cathedral is not much, the nave having been burnt and rebuilt a hundred and eighty years ago; nor is there one old Church in the place. The once Conventual Church of S. Paul, all stucco and gilding, is of Cathedral size, with some remains of the cloisters. At S. Michael's we heard the Stations *read*, not on the monotone, but just as it might be in England. The chief devotion here is to our Lady of Help, "Maria Hilf"—they sell little pictures of her Church, high on a hill above the city: it is a famous pilgrimage. . . .

Lambach.

First through a lovely valley, starred with cowslips, to the Church of Baura. This stands on a high bit of table-land, that almost overhangs the town; a most pleasant situation; the green river foaming beneath; wooded banks on its other side. Look up the stream, and the Benedictine Monastery crowns the opposite height; look south, and you have the chain of purple mountains, snow-striped and speckled, great Traunstein towering above the rest. Baura is dedicated to the Blessed Trinity, and was built in 1755. It is triangular; has three doors, three windows, three sacristies, three organs, and is built of three sorts of Sicilian marble, and cost 333,333 florins. Over the first entrance I read, "Deum Patrem Creatorem Mundi, venite adoremus"; opposite, in a wretched transparency behind the Altar, is a very offensive picture of The FATHER. Over the second door, "Deum Filium Redemptorem Mundi, venite adoremus"; and opposite, our LORD'S Descent from the Cross. Over the third, "Deum Sanctum Spiritum, venite adoremus"; and opposite, the Nativity; I suppose as brought to pass by the operation of the HOLY GHOST.

A tri-
angular
Church.

Monastery
at Lam-
bach, and
Library.

From Baura we walked back to the Monastery at Lambach: it consists of two or three quadrangles, with lines of whitewashed, square-headed windows, some two hundred years old. But the foundation is of the eleventh century; and there it is in life. We were shewn into the Church by a servant; there is nothing whatever in it. I ask for the library; it is not to be seen. I send in my recommendation; out comes the Librarian, one of the Fathers, a very pleasing man, rather tall and stout, about fifty. He took us over it; it has 14,000 volumes; manuscripts of great value, and an almost priceless collection of Ecclesiastical Incunabula. What are Incunabula? you ask. It is the name that Germans give to books printed before 1500. I found some pretty little manuscript Breviaries; but manuscript Missals there were none. At last I got two early printed ones, Augsburg and Freisingen; and, finding some Sequences not yet reprinted, asked if I

"Incuna-
bula."

might have them to copy at the inn. This could not be done unless application was made to the "Prelate." They had just finished supper: it was nearly seven: we were shewn into the little refectory. The Abbot was a very striking man, I imagine about forty, by far the most intellectual-looking of the whole set; only to be distinguished from the rest by a gold pectoral Cross. "Certainly we should have the books; was there anything else he could do for us?" "Might we attend Compline and Matins?" "What were we?" "Priests of the English Church." "Surely, why not?" Then he sent for some wine of the Monastery's own growth, and we and the Fathers had each a tumbler. Before we had finished, the bell for Compline rang. The little hours were said, not in the Church, but in a small oratory. At its East end is no Altar, but a Cross. The stalls, which have misereres, are not returned, and there is a kind of ante-Chapel. The Abbot sat in the westernmost stall of the North side, and gave me, as the post of honour, the place on his left hand. Opposite to him was the Prior. Service began by a German lection, a translation of S. Bernard, by the Prior. In about ten minutes the Abbot rang a little bell, and the reader stopped. Then began the ordinary Compline Service. That ended, except the last benediction, a Probationer read in German a prayer, asking forgiveness for that day's sins, and a resolution to sin no more. This resolution was repeated by the Fathers in common. Then the Abbot said, also in German: "Remember that, as you are now about to lie down in your beds, so some day you shall lie down in your graves. Remember that, as you for yourselves close your eyes in sleep, so some day they must be closed for you in death. Remember that, as you cover yourselves with your bed-clothes, so some day you will be wrapped in the shroud." Then he gave the benediction, sprinkled the others with holy water, but gave it to us to take for ourselves. The Service, I ought to say, was on the monotone, except the hymn and the antiphon and the Nunc Dimittis, but very striking from the depth of voices. There are about five and twenty Fathers and brethren.

Compline
and
Matins.

Back to the inn ; coffee : then I sat up late writing out the Sequences. At 3.30, very unwillingly, I confess, up again ; and I was soon knocking at the gate of the quadrangle. I had my old place by the Abbot. Matins began at 4.0, were over about 5.10 ; they were simply Benedictine, without any local peculiarity. Psalms said on the monotone ; Antiphons, etc., sung. And then I went to bed for three hours more, with sufficient satisfaction.

Roitham.

The
Traunsfall.

Here we left our vehicle, and scrambled downhill to the Traunsfall. It is partly spoilt by the river having been, to a certain degree, canalized for a mill ; but still a very grand sight. The deep green of the water ; a kind of purple haze on the outside of the spray ; the thunder of the fall, pent in, and echoed by the steep banks. The fall somewhat resembles a capital E : the mill stands at the lower end, and the best view is from one of the out-houses, which actually overhangs the stream. I suppose the height to be thirty feet ; the breadth of the river, eighty yards ; depth of water, seven or eight feet. Hence, it is by far the most magnificent cascade I ever saw, and it gave one such great, quiet, peaceful thoughts ; made one (I know not why) think more of GOD'S love than His power. I leant over the thunder of the water for some twenty minutes ; the spray-rainbow sometimes arching above my head ; and thought how utterly untrue those lines of Byron's are about—

“The hell of waters ! where they howl and hiss,
And boil in endless torture : where the sweat
Of their great agony is wrung from this
Their Phlegethon,”—

Symbol-
ism.

and how much more naturally one's thoughts dwell on the “voice of many waters round the throne,” of which this, the “Alleluiatic Sequence,” of the earthly river, is the faint type. On again : to Laakirchen. Here the schoolmaster brought in a school to say their mid-day prayers in Church. “They may kiss your hand, may they not ?” said he. So

the little mites, forty or fifty in number, had that honour, and passed on, as I made the sign of the Cross over each, with great content. Pretty children they were too. You know the beauty of the girls and women of this part of Austria is proverbial.

TO HIS WIFE.

Brück an den Meer, Styria.

I wrote to you last on the Traun See, the most glorious lake I ever saw—*too* glorious: I did so long for you: it is a place to make you cry with joy. We got to Ebensee, sent on our luggage by a little cart, and walked ourselves, twelve miles, through splendid scenery, by the Traun always, to Ischl. Next morning I was persuaded to take a one-horse conveyance,—and we were four hours and a half doing sixteen miles! Then we arrived at Aussee, the capital of the Styrian Salzkammergut: the mountain about seven thousand feet high. Thence we posted—two posts—to Steinach, a small village in the mountains, where we slept. Yesterday morning we started at eight, intending, if possible, to get to the railway. We did the first part well; then, at Mitterndorf: “No horses.” “When will there be?” “No saying.” I was in despair, and went about the village, looking for a chaise. At last I found a man who had a carriage, and hired it for three posts (seven Austrian miles: thirty-one and a half English miles). I told the driver that I would pay as he went; and he went admirably, never stopping except to see Churches, and to give the horses bread and wine once. We got to Leoben at 7.30. To-day we saw the Churches, and then came on in a carriage here. . . . Styria is the most primitively Catholic country I ever saw: every bridge has S. John of Nepomuc upon it; many houses have religious paintings on the outside; and in the churchyards they pray as in Brittany. And the most curious thing is, that every child, and many women, and some men I meet, seeing me to be a Priest, insist on kissing my hand: in taking a Church, the interruption is quite troublesome. But they are the most simple-hearted, contented people; saluting you with,

"Blessed be JESUS CHRIST for evermore," and you answer, "He is, and will be," or else, "And the Ever-Virgin Mary." I see this increase as we go on ; and this, notwithstanding the Protestant villages scattered here and there in the mountains, which derive their Protestantism, not from Luther, but from the old Albigenses, and are in fact Manichæan ; the descendants of the Turlupins, Good-men, Bogomili, and the like, in the twelfth century. The trout here are most admirable : kept in tanks, through which the river runs, fed with bullock's liver, pulled out with a ladle from the tank, and cast into boiling vinegar—*blaugesotten* (blue-seethed), because their coats are so beautifully blue. Their flesh is like the white of an egg. Bears abound in the woods, also wolves and jackals.

May 5th. Trieste Railway.

. . . We are only about five hours from Trieste ;—and in one day have come out of vegetation no forwarder than it was in England when we left, to full spring. The change seems magical. Last night, at Marburg, the leaves were but half out ; now, south of Laybach, the mountains are clothed with living verdure up to the very summit. I wrote to you from Grätz : I was very civilly treated at the University, when I shewed my credentials, and also at the Franciscan Convent, where they have a good library of forty thousand volumes.

Grätz,

From
"Dalmatia."

"Great as has been the kindness I have always received in foreign libraries, that which I here experienced surpassed them all. 'Name your own time, Sir,' said the First Librarian, 'for to-morrow, and I will give you two clever undergraduates to wait on you, and to bring you what books you want.' I spent nearly a day in that cinquecento room, and the heartiness with which the young men threw themselves into my pursuits, and the courtesy with which they seemed rather to be receiving than bestowing a favour, I shall never forget. The library contains 42,000 volumes (of which 3500 are Incunabula) and 7500 MSS."

TO HIS WIFE.

The Cathedral [at Grätz] was very well. I also saw the Ursuline Convent; the first time I ever spoke to any Sisters of that Order. Also to the Brothers of Compassion; it is an establishment precisely like an institution of Sisters of Charity; and, though everything was clean and well kept up, I could not but think how much better women manage these things than men. There is one Priest, whose acquaintance we made, who is also Prior; and twenty-three brethren. At night we came on to Marburg, a dull little town, still in Styria; at seven this morning to the Churches, and at eight started by railway again. But I can give you no idea of the extraordinary beauty of this railway. It principally follows the valley of the Save; and the ridges of Julian and Noric Alps,—on which I now look off from my paper,—covered with perpetual snow, are too glorious. Then again we dash through a narrow pass: pines and limes and oak and may, clothing the mountains to the top. I marvel that this is not the ordinary tour of Englishmen. However, my great delight now is to look forward to hearing from you to-night. . . . We were so anxious to spend a quiet Sunday at Trieste, and to get the letters, that we shall now push by Adelsberg, and return to it perhaps on Monday. You may judge how this line turns. I began this note by the right side window of the carriage; the sun shone fiercely in, and drove me to the left: now it shines in on the left, and I go back. . . .

Styria
beautiful
scenery.

An hour or so after I had written what went before, after traversing very slowly that fearfully bleak limestone rock, the Karst, all of a sudden, through a deep cutting, we came out as by magic on the blue, calm Adriatic. To the right,—glorious in the sunset, the low lines of Aquileia and Venice; to the left, jutting boldly out into the sea, the Istrian hills, and Trieste, on its tongue of land running out into the sea: one of the most striking sights I ever saw—only it made me feel so fearfully far from home. . . .

The
Adriatic.

TO HIS WIFE.

May 24th. Steamer *Bosforo*, between Sebenico and Zara.

Prince
Daniel.

A council
of war.

So, you see, our faces are fairly turned homewards, and thank GOD for it. On Sunday, at nine, we went to the Slavonic Church: then to coffee: then our party formed outside the town. Our own three horses, the sumpter-horse, and four men. The first hour, a series of zig-zags, like Madeira country roads, up the mountains: then it got too bad to ride with these horses, and we had to scramble, and that in a tremendous rain. In the wildest gorge, the Prince's adjutant met us. By degrees we had such a wild tail, with their rifles, daggers, enormous pipes, and quaint slashed bright dresses. It was seven hours to Cettigne: rain most of the way. The town stands in a little plain, surrounded on all sides with mountains. Here, the first thing we saw was a crowd of people, surrounding a man, alone covered, addressing them. This was the Prince: it was a council of war. At the end, the oldest peasant said, "O Vladika, let it be as thou wilt!" and they then moved to another place. We sent our introduction to the Prince, and followed it at a little distance. Presently came the High Marshal, in a most gorgeous red and green dress, to bring us to the Prince. He was with the senators (yeomen) and the heads of his army, about to overlook the games. He speaks French fluently,—wears bagging green trousers, like a Dutchman: a waistcoat, crimson, and passmented with silver, a jacket, green, lined with crimson and slashed, and a green cap, set with jewels. He spoke very politely, asked me to honour them by seeing the games, and set me by him.

Oldknow was by the High Marshal. There were various athletic exercises, principally leaping, till dusk. He then said that a room was ready for us, and that we should see him next day. We went to the house, and had there a present of white bread, a lamb ragoût and potatoes; and ices. At night, the High Marshal paid us a visit. After we were in bed, came on the most awful storm of thunder and lightning, and hail, that I ever saw. Next

day, to the Church, where we saw the shrine of S. Peter, the last Vladika but one; he died in 1830, and was immediately canonized. Then the arsenal, with weapons taken from the Turks. Then the state rooms of the palace. After this we called on an English lady, lady-in-waiting to the Princess. She spoke most enthusiastically of them. She is admirably up in the history of the place. . . . We returned to Cattaro in seven hours. The steamer had come in; we secured places, and at dusk on Monday went on board. From Ragusa, on Tuesday, I went into Turkey, actually, and saw a mosque at a place called Bertano. . . . We hope to be in Zara at 5.30 this evening, and to find letters. There we stay till twelve to-morrow, and then straight for Trieste. We have resolved to be back, all well, for Trinity Sunday. I am so very rejoiced.

To B. W.

June 5th, 1860. S. C.

I returned on Saturday. This was our tour—its sleeping places, I mean: Paris, Toul, Metz, Strasburg, Kehl, Stuttgart, Esslingen, Ulm, Donauwörth, Ratisbon, Passau, Vilshofen, Linz, Lambach, Ischl, Rottenmann in Styria, Grätz, Marburg, Trieste, Trieste, Aquileia, Trieste, Tirano in Istria, Parenzo, Pola, Trieste, Trieste, Cherso in Cherso, Veglia in Veglia, Bescavecchia in Veglia, Lussingrande in Ossero, Lussinpiccolo in Ossero, Zara, Curzola in Curzola, Sebenico, Spalato, Ragusa, Cattaro, Tsettinge in Montenegro, Cattaro, Bertano in Albania, Lessina in Lessina, Milna in Braza, Abenco, Zara, Trieste, Venice, Milan, Turin, Susa, Macon, home *viâ* Calais: forty-seven days out. I saw one hundred and seventy-five Churches. The Basilica of Parenzo is the best; next, Pola, Zara, Curzola, Cattaro, Lessina, Cathedrals. Veglia is hardly ever visited, even from Trieste: the Consul was once there, shooting. You know, or may not know, that in every parish in the island the rite is Glagolita (except the Cathedral). The Bishop of Sebenico gave me some valuable Glagolita books: the Greek Bishop of Zara some valuable Sebenico ones. The oddest thing was the Council of War in Montenegro, at which I was present—

Glagolita-rite.

in the open air—and then the games—quite Homeric. I stood by the Prince, who gave the prizes. Montenegro was quite a new world. It is so curious to see an intensely Catholic population yet spitting at the Latin and having, as the usual name from Roman Catholics, *men of the dog's faith*. I am used enough to mountains, but the difficulties of these, spite of our guard, were almost incredible.

In "Notes on Dalmatia," he says, "I little thought, as I listened to him, Prince Daniel, then, so full of life and strength, discussing with the brightest anticipations the future fortunes of his little State, that in a few months he would be lying in a bloody grave; and in a few more, hostilities on a more threatening scale than ever would have burst out between his people and their perpetual oppressors." He was shot by an assassin at Cattaro in August, 1860.

To B. W.

Oct. 20th, 1860. S. C.

G. H.
Palmer.

Works at
Syriac
with his
daughter.

. . . Palmer, our old friend the printer, has a son with, what they say, is a very remarkable musical turn, and is my wife's godson, and he was anxious to get him into the College. I fear he is too old to be received. My wife interested herself in the matter. Yes, Vincent is going on very well, thank GOD, and happier than he has ever been before. May and I work hard at Syriac daily. It would have amused you to have seen, at breakfast this morning, her eagerness and joy at the arrival of Bernstein's new lexicon—which I have for some time promised her. She is only twelve, you know. The second volume of the Psalms is begun printing. Parker dawdles sadly about the Dalmatian book—it ought to be out—and I have not had a proof. I had asked G. Williams to get for me the Russian Liturgy of the Staro-Viertze, which retained, you know, all the *mumpsimuses*¹ that course of years had introduced. After vainly trying elsewhere, he asked Philaret of Moscow

¹ *Mumpsimuses*. This word, which may puzzle some readers, as it did myself, is explained as "a humorous term signifying a stupid or ignorant blunder."

where he could procure one. His Holiness sent into his library, gave him one for me, wrote my name in it,—and this: "GOD'S blessing and help to them who investigate the truth in the ancient books and traditions of the Church for the peace and ultimate Union of the Churches of GOD. Phil. M. Moscow. July 13th, 1860." It is a very handsome book indeed.

Present
from
Patriarch
of Moscow.

For his writings on the Psalms and Liturgies, my father had need of various Oriental languages, and thinking to make his two eldest daughters of use in reading to him, he gave one of us a Georgian, the other a Syriac, alphabet to learn. Unlike Milton, however, when he found how pleased we were with this task, he allowed us to study the languages with him.

CHAPTER XX

1860-61

REMOVAL OF INHIBITION—TOUR IN FRANCE— CATECHIZING

England of Saints ! the peace will dawn,—but not without the fight ;
So, come the contest when it may,—and GOD defend the right !

THE Bishop of Chichester in this year formally withdrew his inhibition ; virtually he had done so three years before. In a letter to his old friend and tutor, the Rev. W. Russell, J. M. Neale writes, “So, I hope, ends a battle of more than sixteen years, I having neither withdrawn a single word, nor altered a single practice (except in a few instances by way of going further).”

To B. W.

Nov. 2nd, 1860. S. C.

Inhibition
withdrawn.

Thank you for your letter ; I will answer it directly. But first let me tell you that our Bishop has withdrawn my suspension. So, after nearly fourteen years' battle, he gives way. You can't think how odd this feels. It came to pass thus: a servant of ours was about to marry, and set her mind on my performing the service. Rather against my will, but to please her, I wrote to the Bishop, asking for leave for that, and adding, that I could not ask for that, and not mention the inhibition, without seeming to be careless about the latter ; that now I asked him for the last time ; that it must some day be at an end, either by my or his death. To-day I had a most gracious answer.

Next as to Bell. I happened to mention to him lately my plan about the *Panliturgicon*, and how impossible it

was that it ever could be carried out, unless by a subscription, and indeed almost royal patronage. He thought it might be done, and I should not wonder if it were. The money is not for me, but for the books, and for the various editions. I only want not to be at expense. You know the idea—every Liturgy of the Church, or of Apostolical though heretical Communion, in the original, with Latin translation. Living Liturgies to have all the ritual of the ecclesiastical year. I to be the general editor. The languages thus—

Armenian	_____
Georgian	<i>Brossal.</i>
Slavonian	Popoff.
Syrian	Badger.
Coptic	<i>Wycliffe Goodwin.</i>
Greek	Neale.
Latin { Roman }	<i>Forbes.</i>
{ Gallican }	
Mozarabic	Neale.

Now, granting there were decent pay, would you take the Latin? Of course, Gregorian, Gelasian, modern Latin, etc. Those italicized are only thought of; the others promised. I am sure of the Tsar. We must also get Austria, Napoleon, and Spain. You know this would be a *κτῆμα ἐς ἀεὶ*, and very honourable for the English Church. I hope—I *earnestly* hope—I do not overrate my own powers; but yet I think I could be the general editor, and I know no one—I know of no one but yourself—who could; *e.g.* I know how infinitely inferior I am to you in all ritual matters connected with Art; but then, you would be quite at sea in Armenian and Georgian Liturgies, etc. I think I have a general knowledge which would be useful in such a work. I will send you a prospectus as soon as I get one. Only understand I am paid no more than anyone else who works; we share as the work will allow.

Thank you about Gladstone. I will send him my book, "Voices from the East."

Let me hear about Panliturgicon.

"Voices from the East."
Masters.

To B. W.

March 2nd, 1861. S. C.

The *Saturday Review*
on "Essays
and
Reviews."

Our long friendship—now, I think, reaching to two and twenty years—would be a name and a shame, if we might not tell our thoughts plainly to each other. Mine I am about to tell you plainly; yours I will always, please GOD, if as plainly spoken, receive as kindly as they are meant. Often before I have grieved that you would be connected with a periodical like the *Saturday Review*. Many and many a time to me to agree with what it has said would be to give up all faith. But I have made every possible excuse; I have looked at the strongly objective mind; I have sheltered myself under you for greater meta-physical powers; and so-and-so. Well; but the crisis has come. To my mind, whoever wrote that article on "Essays and Reviews" was not a Christian in any sense of the word that I can follow.¹ You know what I mean. You know I do not therefore give him over at once to eternal damnation; but to salvation on any Gospel scheme, he really has no claim. And with these men you are working. For co-operation with heretics or infidels much may be said. But, do you remember that you told me I ought not to avail myself of W. Goodwin's great Coptic knowledge in the *Pan Liturgicon* because of this very book? It had not struck me before, but I know that you were right. And yet he, a layman, a man who has suffered for principle. *Saturday Review* professes to be a Church Review. Priests are known to write in it; with their co-operation this appears. Now I have said my say. If you think it right to go on co-operating with those who cast in their lots with them, and laugh at the (I confess) poor and weak efforts made to check them, GOD forbid I should condemn you; but there is a gulf between us, indeed! Suppose that the Bishop's condemnation had been as clever as it was well meant, would not the writer of the *Review* have hated it full more? He hated the attempt, not the weakness. The joy it would be to me to hear that you had felt it right to give up your connection

¹ See *Christian Remembrancer*, xli. 439-489.

with that *Review*, GOD only knows. Do not fear another letter of this sort from me ; if you can tell me you forgive me, I shall be truly rejoiced.

To B. W.

April 9th, 1861. S. C.

Thank you much for not being offended with me ; that was the only feeling I could have had, the fear that you might think me impertinent. I cannot alter my opinion ; but who am I that I should judge another ?

This Holy Week and Easter were particularly busy ; so many people made a retreat, and that gives me more to do at S. Margaret's.

As to "Dalmatia," I have been in a little perplexity. You know, I asked to dedicate it to the Committee. Well, when it was all but finished, I was told that the Emperor of Austria (who heard of it through Count Apponyi) would not be displeased to have it dedicated to him. Count Apponyi said, however, that I must send the printed book before published to their *Chancellerie*, in case there should be anything which would render it not fitting. I did not well see how I could refuse, sympathizing as I do with Austria ; so if I have the permission or command to dedicate it to Francis Joseph, I suppose I must. I hope that you and Hope will not think this mean in me, but I really was puzzled. If, after all, they find that "better not," I shall be all right.

Book of
Tour in
Dalmatia
dedicated
to Emperor
of Austria.

I had a very pleasant communication from the undergraduates of the University of Charkow the other day. They had heard of my thanks from Kazan, and were resolved not to be behindhand.

My review of Stanley's "Eastern Church"¹ is to appear simultaneously in the *Christian Remembrancer* here, and in the *Moscow Quarterly*, which equals the *Christian Remembrancer*. In the meantime I am working hard at Georgian, which Agnes² is learning with me. This spring, or rather summer, I propose, all well, to take Agnes and Vincent into Champagne, Burgundy, and Alsace, for shewing off

¹ See *Christian Remembrancer*, xlii. 224-250.

² His eldest daughter.

the French Cathedrals and Minsters there, *e.g.* S. Quentin, Troyes, Rheims, Noyon, Laon, Colmar, Schlestadt, etc. It is odd that I should never have seen Rheims.

Will you ask your wife to accept the third edition of my "Bernard of Cluny," which is rather improved?

To B. W.

July 21st, 1861. Chur. Grisons.

Use of
lychno-
scopes
(p. 98).

I don't know that I should have written to you from here, had it not been that I have now absolutely *proved* what is the use of lychnoscopes. I was at Zug on Tuesday; S. Oswald there is a very interesting Church, with a Flamboyant nave of five bays. In the first, second, and fifth of them, on the South side, is a lychnoscope, trefoiled, but pointing to the West deeply splayed. I asked the Kusterine what they were for. "They have not been used," she said, "for 200 years, but they were for Confession. People used to kneel outside without telling their names; now that is not done." Happening to find one of the Priests after, I asked the same question, and had the same answer. Now, observe, I had suggested nothing in the matter, and this fact, coming on the head of a probable belief, ought really to settle the question. I have seen no other lychnoscope in Switzerland; but then, as you know, old Churches are rare. Our route has been this: Abbeville, Creil, Noyon, Laon, Rheims, Châlons-sur-Marne, Strasburg (Obernay, Schlestadt, Colmar, Gebweiler, Thann), all in Alsace; Basle, Lucerne, Flüelen, back to Weggis, the Righi, back to Weggis, Trumensee, Zug, Horgen, Rapperswyl, rail to Chur. Thence to the frontier of the Splügen pass, and the Schneehorn Glacier, and so back here. This Cathedral is richer in plate and crosses (Mediaeval) than any I have seen. Reliquaries and shrines, and crosses in the Trésor; but each Altar also has its original Cross. You remember Street's view in the *Ecclesiologist*; it is like enough, except that the crypt (as I remember the drawing) is made by him higher than it is. I have done very little in the way of Sequences; but could I have stopped another night at Basle (as I would, had I had the money), I could have done a good stroke. I have seen the old Chur Breviary here in the Bishop's Library;

he had a Missal, but it is lost. To-morrow we fairly start for home, all well, *viâ* Schaffhausen, Freiburg-in-Breisgau, Mannheim, Treves, to the Moselle and Coblenz. Rheims, which I never saw before, is henceforth the *beau idéal* of a Cathedral; Le Mans, the Cathedral and other Churches of Châlons, have the finest developed Middle-Pointed I ever saw in France.¹ In this place Romansch is spoken a good deal; but the sermons, both Catholic and Protestant, are in German. In the villages round, however, and especially in the Engadine, sermons and confessions are universally in it. Public notices are in Italian, German, and Romansch. Here the Protestants are to the Catholics as three to two, and the Priests do not seem active; indeed, I have seen very little religious work in Eastern France. Noyon, Beauvais, and Senlis being under one Bishop is a bad thing for the united Diocese, and the same of Laon Soissons. The scandal of the Abbé Bourdaud and Adele Chevalier is making a great sensation. Most unhappy it is, to be sure, for the French Church just now, unless it should help to bring La Sallette into discredit. You can't think what an odd Sunday evening that was at Noyon, when we were so close to the comet. So hot, and so dark, and such a lurid glare all round the horizon. We thought it—at Laon, and again at Rheims—surpasses the comet of 1858.

To J. H.

Aug. 4th, 1861.

MY DEAR HASKOLL,

Thank you much for so kind a letter. We returned on August 1st, having been thirty-five days out going, thus: Abbeville, Noyon,* Laon,* Rheims,* Châlons-sur-Marne, Strasburg, Oberrheim, Obernay,* Colmar, Gebweiler, Basle,* Lucerne,* The Righi, Zug, Coire,* Splügen, Coire,* Schaffhausen, Zurich, Freiburg in Breisgau, Spire, Treves,* down the Moselle to Coblenz,* Cologne. At all these places we slept; at those marked with an asterisk two nights. I think we all enjoyed it very much, though from the children's rather desiring mountains, it was not so good for Churches as to number. However, I saw ninety,

Total
number of
churches
seen by
him.

¹ "French Ecclesiology," *Christian Remembrancer*, xlv. 420-446.

making me altogether 2745. I have been pretty well at work on the Psalms since I came back. At S. Margaret's we shall on Monday (all well) receive another Sister—Sister Zillah. That makes us twelve.

To B. W.

Aug. 21st, 1861. S. C.

The meaning of A.E.I.O.U. on cover of book.

... The letters on my book are explained in the account of the triptich at Aussee. They mean A(ustriæ) E(st) I(mperare) O(rbi) U(niverso); or Aus Erdreich Ist Oesterreich Unterthan; or, if you like, Austria Empire Is Our Universe.

About the Doctor, I find it is thought uncivil to the College *not* to be called so, and it is so dinned in my ears by the townspeople, who think themselves honoured in me, that it will soon cease to sound strange.

Translation of his books.

You don't say how you like "Dalmatia." The Glagolita chapter has already been translated into Russ. Did I tell you—but I think not—about the Bishop of Bruges? He has applied to me, to know if I would allow him to have a selection from my stories for children translated into Flemish and French, and published under his sanction. It is curious that these stories should have, in a reprint, been largely circulated in America, translated into German for Lutherans, into Russ for the Eastern Communion, and now for Roman Catholics.

Nursing at Lingfield.

You remember Lingfield, where the brasses are. The typhus is raging there, and spreading. At present we have only one Sister there, several of the others being out elsewhere; but I see that we shall have hard work with it. There is an evangelical minister there, one Fry. He never came near the cottage till after our Sister was there, then his first words were, "Of course Davey had a perfect right to get any help he could, but I wish he had gone anywhere else rather." However, he was pleased to be more condescending afterwards. When he came in, she was scouring the floor, the house being horribly filthy; so, pointing to her arms, which were in soapsuds above the elbow, he said, "Mind, I don't say that's wrong in itself, if you do it from a good motive." The very same

day there appeared in the county paper, *apropos* of a school feast, a great laudation of this man as a most vigilant pastor of a most happy parish.

I have a troublesome article for next *Christian Remembrancer*, "The Continental Church since 1815."¹ I did not know what a laborious affair it would turn out.

I don't think I have anything worth saying in the *Ecclesiologist*. Laon and Noyon would only be Violet-le-duc and water. If you like a page or two on the Churches of Zug, that I could do.

To B. W.

Sept. 14th, 1861. S. C.

The week after next I shall, all well, be at Shepperton, and when there have to go over to Clewer. I think you have never seen it. Will you go with me? . . . What I have to do, which is only to settle one or two matters with the Assistant Superior, will not take me ten minutes, so we shall see a good deal of each other.

I don't think I was ever more busy in my life than I have been these last ten days; and I have a poor dying girl at S. Margaret's who takes up a good deal of time. She had been one of our orphans, was sent out to a place, fell into a galloping consumption, and at her own earnest request came home to die here. I have not often seen anyone suffer so much; however, I hope that the disease will truly in her case make good its Portuguese name, "the death of the predestinate."

We had last Sunday that Countess Patapoff, of whom I think I told you, at S. Margaret's. Her Confessor, one Apollinarius, a monk in the Troitzkoi-Sergievsky Monastery, had told her to come, and to write him a particular account of it. She speaks English very sufficiently well. But the quantity of invitations she brought me from Russia—both at S. Petersburg, Moscow, and Novgorod—is marvellous, and from Prince Gouriel, in Georgia. I do hope some day to go.

Do you know, S. Margaret's will cost very nearly £3000 this year. We are looking out for an additional house—the 6th.

¹ *Christian Remembrancer*, xlii. 408-440.

In 1861 Messrs. Saunders and Otley approached him with a proposal that he should write a large History of the Church on his own terms and time. With the immense amount of work he had on hand he felt forced to decline. The publishers, however, tried again to persuade him, as the next letter relates, and in 1862 a large volume of his "Essays on Liturgiology and Church History," collected principally from the *Christian Remembrancer*, was published by them.

To B. W.

Nov. 20th, 1861. S. C.

Proposed
History
of the
Church.

. . . Well, Saunders and Otley returned vigorously to the charge. So I began to consider that it would only put off the Greek History—if I live—four or five years, and that I might give a fair share to the "Eastern Church" (which no one yet has ever done) in a General History. Therefore I wrote and offered them four octavo volumes of 600 pages—for £500 the first edition, paid volume by volume, with the option of making it five, *that* one to be £100, and all the books I want. They so jumped at this, that I am now sorry I did not ask half as much again. It will not in the least interfere with the Psalms, which I work at in the late afternoon, and in the evenings when I have no confessions.

I have to be in London on the 28th, when I preach at S. Paul's, Knightsbridge; and on the 11th, when I preach at S. Matthias'. Shall you be in town on either of those days?

"Hymns Ancient and Modern" are going out as fast as they came in, I hear. They don't work well.

I will tell Masters to send you a rather curious book of my editing—"The History of the Council of Florence," translated by Basil Popoff—our Popoff's son—from the Russ, and with things hitherto unknown, from MSS. at Moscow.

Sister-
hoods and
Convo-
cation.

Did I tell you how I was working about the proposed motion in Convocation of Seymour about recognizing Sisterhoods? I have got these to agree to stand together in refusing any recognition that will not allow these three

things—the name, a distinctive dress, and vows, whether for a term of years or for life.

Clewer	with 26 Sisters
S. Margaret's	„ 15 „
S. George's	„ 12 „
Margaret Street	„ 11 „
S. Thomas', Oxford.	„ 8 „
S. Mary's, Brighton	„ 10 „
Horbury	„ 4 „

—
86

A good total, is it not? I have failed with Wantage, which however has only seven. Ditchingham I have not yet had, and Miss Sellon one hardly can make common cause with. There is an incipient Sisterhood at Tenterden, in Kent, on which we have laid our paw.

To B. W.

Dec. 6th, 1861. S. C.

. . . Do you know—if you won't be vexed at my saying ^{A protest.} it—I can't conceive how any—I will not now say Priest, but even gentleman—can be connected with a paper that allows itself such unbridled license of language as the *Saturday Review* about Jowett. Of course, it has a right to its own view of the matter, though I think it is a shallow one; but it is the furiousness of the language of what I am speaking. Why, Manhattan is polite in comparison. I think I know what you would say to me were our positions reversed. However, you must forgive me for all this. I will tell you of a *σχῆμα παρ' ἐπὶ νόμιαν*, which I think will make you laugh. On Sunday at Vespers ^{Cate-} (at S. Margaret's) I always catechize the small mites—say ^{chizing.} from four to ten (I hear the older girls every morning). We were talking about Noah.

Q. How many clean beasts did Noah take of each sort?

A. Seven.

Q. And he took two of each sort—of what?

A. Of *dirty* beasts.

I heard a gentle rustling of dresses on each side of the Oratory that shewed me the Sisters were taxing their

"Hymns
of the
Eastern
Church,"
1862.
Hayes.

powers of gravity to the very uttermost. But no one, luckily, broke out. After all, what is that particular thing which makes that answer incline one to laugh? This morning I have the last proof of my Greek Hymns I do hope they will be liked. Yesterday I corrected "Bernard" for a fourth edition. We have dreadfully hard work at S. Margaret's just now. Five of the Sisters are out nursing—three of them in dreadful places, one of them so bad that, though the Sister there has—if any woman ever had—the heart of a lion, it is as much as ever I can do to keep her steady to it. You will easily conceive that a good deal of the "keeping steady" has to be done at this desk.

My father was a skilled catechist. Besides his power of expressing himself in simple language, and giving clear explanations, he had a remarkable and encouraging way of making a faulty answer, or even a wrong one, serve his purpose in bringing out the lesson, so that the children had no fear in attempting to answer him. He riveted their attention, too, by means of frequent stories; his own children used sometimes to ask him beforehand if there would be one in the evening sermon in the College Chapel, and there generally was. But, above all, it was his intense sympathy with children, their difficulties, troubles, and pleasures, which gave him his power over them.

Love of
children.

He could not bear a child to be in trouble, and *apropos* of this tenderheartedness of his, his youngest daughter well remembers her somewhat unique punishment for having been very passionate. She had been put to bed, but her father, hearing of it, sent for "Babes" (as he called her), and when she came with some trepidation, knowing she well deserved a scolding, his only remark was, "Get your hat, and come out into the town with me." As they went, the child was constantly expecting the reprimand, which, however, never came—until the toy-shop was reached, and seven dolls of various sizes were bought for her. With her "punishment" in her arms, she went home, and if her father's object was to make her thoroughly ashamed of her temper, he succeeded, for, as she says, she "hated the sight of those dolls ever after!"

Children's
pleasures.

His love of children shewed itself in the keenness with which he entered into their pleasures. Until his Sundays

became too fully occupied, a walk in the woods with him was our regular Sunday afternoon treat ; and many a picnic to Ashurst Wood, or Luxford Rocks, or Brambletye, or Great-upon-Little were his suggestion, and his delight as well as ours. Again, at fair-times, or when there was a menagerie or circus visiting the town, he used to take us, and later on the orphans, to see it. In the case of a circus, he would call on the proprietor first, to satisfy himself that there should be nothing in the afternoon entertainment which was unfit for children to hear. Once the proprietor, not being able honestly to guarantee this, offered to send up his performing elephants gratis to the College ; and there in the quadrangle, to the equal delight of its inmates and the orphanage, the animals went through their unwieldy performance on tubs, the large porch door, only as a rule open for funerals, being swung open for their entrance.

From this year (1861) onward it will be noticed there are very few letters. The increasing work of the Sisterhood with the "keeping steady" (as he called it) the Sisters,—sermons, confessions, and classes for them,—the establishment of new branches of the Sisterhood, with preaching and lecturing tours to provide for its maintenance, did not seem to check his literary output, but crowded out his correspondence to friends. The letters he wrote are, with few exceptions, either the briefest record of work accomplished, or directions and details regarding fresh schemes for the Sisterhood, or letters of counsel adapted to the needs of the recipient only. With all his energy something must give way to his ever-increasing work, and the full and familiar correspondence, which all his life (p. 6) had been a favourite recreation, almost ceased.

CHAPTER XXI

1862-65

WORK OF THE SISTERS—LETTERS OF COUNSEL

Who has not felt in hour of need or woe,
Illapses more than earthly? This be sure ;
That when we solve—GOD grant we solve it well !—
That last and greatest riddle, when our eyes
Begin to open on the spirit-land,
Then we shall learn how mixed and intertwined
Thro' all our course hath been that land with this.

THE Rev. Joseph Haskoll, to whom some of the earlier and most of the later letters in this volume were written, was a very dear and intimate friend. It was he who first suggested that the Warden of Sackville College should leave the petty troubles and opposition there, and come to the aid of the Scottish Church, and who urged him to accept the Deanery of Perth. During my father's last illness he often came to see him, and was with him at his death. Left literary executor, he edited only a few volumes of sermons, for he died in 1868, less than two years after his friend.

To the Rev. J. HASKOLL.

Dec. 8th, 1862.

MY DEAR HASKOLL,

It seems very long since I have written, and yet I have plenty to say. I think I wrote last just after dear Sister E.'s death.

" Essays
on Litur-
giology."

First, in the book line. My Essays ought to be out this week ; they will be a handsome octavo of about 530 pages. I put in that article you wished, "Europe from 1815 to 1860." The second edition of Greek Hymns

ought to be out now. I have a great many applications for them for Hymnals. And the second (edition) of my "Mediaeval Hymns" is nearly printed. I have improved and fattened it; it will be half as long again as the first. I am, all well, to have two articles in next *Christian Remembrancer*; ¹ one on the Scotch Liturgy, the other on Adam of S. Victor, which will be rather an elaborate one.

Now about S. Margaret's. Our chief work lately has been the House of Refuge at Ash. I have been there twice, and begin to know the Camp. The Vicar of Ash is very friendly; so are the brigade chaplains. It requires two good Sisters there. . . . They have one poor girl there dying of consumption. I heard her first, and I suppose her last, Confession when I was over there. We have good accounts of our girls in Columbia. The Mother has not yet come back (from a begging tour in Lancashire). The cotton famine has, of course, been in her way; however, she has netted £200, with promises of perhaps £50 more. Ash, I should tell you, is no expense to us. S. Agnes', our Middle School, goes on flourishing. We have five new pupils coming, all well, this Christmas; it now takes up two adjacent houses. We send a Sister to Aberdeen to-night, to work for some time in Comper's parish. It is a great pleasure to me to see how, with one or two exceptions, the Sisters are getting on in themselves. But I often think if M. knew the incessant care and keeping up to the mark they need, he would see that a Sisterhood is not to be "enterprised and taken in hand unadvisedly, lightly, or wantonly."

Well, I think I must have tried your patience; so, with my love to your wife, believe me,

Ever yours affectionately,

J. M. NEALE.

To the same.

March 4th, 1863.

We are now occupied in two rather important things. The one, the laying the foundations of an independent

¹ Scotch Liturgy, *Christian Remembrancer*, xliv. 200-240; xlv. 208-224; Hymns, xlvi. 105-144.

daughter Sisterhood at Aberdeen: of the *Order* of S. Margaret's, you understand, and unable to change any fundamental rules without the consent of both Houses. The first Superior to be appointed by us; and she, and the first Sisters, to be received by me, there at Aberdeen; and a veto on any future Superior to lie with our Mother, Assistant Superior, and myself; she to spend a month here on her election. As this is the first attempt in the English Church to establish such a connection, we must expect difficulties; but Comper is a pleasant man to work with.

Hawaii.

The other affair is the establishment of a Sisterhood in Hawaii, which the Bishop has left in my hands; the national parliament to vote the annual sum. . . . I have written to Kamehameha IV. on the matter, and asked £300 a year.¹

In the *Polynesian*, which was sent me thence, there is a most interesting account of the King and Queen's Confirmation and First Communion, which I hope will be in the *Guardian* to-morrow.

Sisters'
Retreat
and work.

We are to have our first Retreat next week. . . . We have never before had Sisters enough to make it possible. Chambers gives it; you must think of them then. From Epiphany to Lent they were so incessantly worked that they need this very much.

At Ash, thank GOD, we are getting on very well. There are about nine girls there: and as many have been got into penitentiaries. Did I tell you of one who, though only twenty-four, had been in prison twenty-three times; had not slept under a roof for six weeks; and all that time had worn, without taking off, the same clothes? Add to which, she had what they fear will be cancer in the eye. She is really now looking quite respectable.

Now I think I have told you all, except that our Middle School is rapidly increasing, and those who come are rising in station, etc. The "Psalms" go on very fairly. This Lent, one's time for work is divided thus: 9.15-12, Article *Christian Remembrancer* or preparation for Psalms;

¹ The mission was finally undertaken by Miss Sellon's Community.

12.30 till dinner, letters; 3.30-5, Confessions; 7.30-9, writing Psalms [the Commentary].

Whitsun Monday, 1863.

. . . I forget whether I told you that I was going out on a preaching tour for S. Margaret's. However, I have been, and came back last Friday. I went by Harlow, Boyne Hill, Bristol, Leeds, Houghton-le-Spring, Berwick, Aberdeen, Perth. These are the places where I preached. I also gave a lecture, on Sisterhoods generally, in the Town Hall of Durham, and it answered very well indeed.

I heard Monro catechize on Sunday afternoon, and it was simply the most wonderful thing I ever did hear.

I spent four days with Comper, settling about our child-Sisterhood.

I hope to have another tour in the Autumn.

June 27th, 1863.

We have now started the new house at Aberdeen. If the communion between the two is kept up, it will be an epoch in English Sisterhoods. The Mother goes down there, all well, on Wednesday.

Nov. 9th, 1863.

We are now hard at work on the Tunbridge Wells line of railway. The part just round here will be the only hard bit. . . . As soon as the works were fairly begun, we sent a Sister on the line between twelve and one to read to the men at dinner. She soon got up the rudiments of a night school, and now we have them in the Refectory at S. Margaret's, on Sundays for one hour, and on three week-nights for two. We have twenty on the books, but the night gangs prevent their all coming at once.

To the Rev. J. HASKOLL.

Aug. 19th, 1864.

. . . You know that we have bought the ground for our new house. You remember the London road. Well, if you go down that about three-quarters of a mile, it will

then lie a third of a mile to your right. The view to the north is very lovely, over the Surrey hills. The field is ten acres. We have also bought a quarry about three hundred yards off; so we shall have no expense in cartage. That stone will do for the walls: plain mullions we can get from a quarry at Ashurst Wood: it is not a pretty coloured sandstone—tawny red—but good. Our quarry is white, with a few iron stains. The plans are in Street's hands.

S. Agnes'
School.

S. Agnes' has marvellously prospered. A large new house we now have, not ugly, on the common. We have thirty-three girls, and are continually having fresh applications.

The new vicar, Peat, and I get on very well. He allows us to put up crosses to our Sisters and children. We have three wooden ones up already, and one stone; a second is in hand.

To the same.

Nov. 14th, 1864.

MY DEAR HASKOLL,

It was a great pleasure to me to have your letter. I could write you a volume if I had only time.

Re-union.

First, as to Re-union. You don't know how hopeful matters are. The American Church has had a semi-official request from the Holy Governing Synod, through Philaret of Moscow, for information on five points: 1. Our Succession; 2. Tradition; 3. The Articles; 4. *Filioque*; 5. The Seven Sacraments.

In the Eastern Association, we have divided these among ourselves, for a short plain treatise.¹ I have the *Filioque*. S. Oxon. sent for me the other day to Lavington, where a number met. There was an *attaché* to our Legation at Brussels, who had lately seen Prince Orloff, the Emperor's great favourite, who promised to do all he could: and the Empress, who prays for Re-union *every day*. I have to draw up a series of propositions about the insertion of the clause (not the doctrine) *Filioque*, which Archdeacon Randall is to get through Committee, if he

The
Filioque
clause.

¹ See *Christian Remembrancer*, xlvii. 455-470, "Intercommunion with E.C."

can, and then through the Lower House, and S. O. will fight it through the Upper. It ends with our deep sorrow for the insertion. Is not this like business?

You probably have not heard of our brilliant successes in Hertfordshire. Caistor was nothing to it. We had one Sister at Hitchin with fifty-six scarlet fever patients, another at Baldock with a hundred and forty, all at the same time. At Baldock, see a Sister's help. Sister M. went there in the third week: the deaths, which in the two previous weeks had been twenty and eighteen, sank when she came, in the third to eight, then to four, two, two, two, and three. (The last rise, from a teetotaller, who would not let his children have wine.)

Work of
Sisterhood.

People give freely food, beef tea, etc., when anyone can distribute it, they not daring themselves to do so. . . . I spent some hours at Baldock: it was like a City of the Plague.

I am, all well, to take the Clewer Retreat. It begins on the evening of Tuesday the 22nd, and ends on Friday night. My subject will be the going of the Three Maries to the Tomb, taken as the type of the Religious Life.

Retreat at
Clewer.

We said in the Oratory the Penitential Psalms at eight for Müller.¹ I never knew anything more solemn. It seemed as if a death were going on in the room.

The following was written to a lady who had to undergo an operation.

Feb. 10th, 1863.

MY DEAR CHILD,

. . . Our Mother gave me your dear husband's letter—so that is the old story once more repeated: suffering to be well borne for our dear Lord's sake.

But now I am going to speak to you just as I might to one of my own children in Confession.

What else was it that the Martyrs and Confessors had to bear besides pain for their (and our) Lord's sake? It was humiliation, was it not? We are too much apt to

The trial
of humilia-
tion.

¹ A murderer whose crime had made a great sensation, and who was executed at that precise time.

forget how great a part of their bitter cup, especially in the case of women, that formed.

I once wrote a little story of a Virgin Martyr, intended to bring that part of her agony especially out. I have asked them to send it to you.

Now, in your own case, my child, there is to a certain extent the same trial: is there not also the same support? Nay, is not the double trial only the more like His Passion whom we all love best? Do you remember how, when one—who, if he were not a saint, at all events trod in the paths of the saints—was nearing his end, Louis XVI., of France, he was not afraid of the guillotine, but he shrank from having his hands tied? And how his Confessor told him that this was but following his Lord more closely.

So—if you will let me say it—(and I have said it many and many a time before now), try to take comfort in this. In pain, you think of the Crown of Thorns, and the Nails and the Cross, do you not? Well, and in what seems to you humiliation, will you not equally be thinking of the Scourging, and of our dear Lord's being despoiled of His robes before His Crucifixion?

Meanwhile, I earnestly pray that God will help and support and comfort you in whatever He calls you to undergo.

Believe me yours most truly,

J. M. NEALE.

To the same lady.

Aug. 20th.

MY DEAR CHILD,

I was so glad to hear that Sister Alice had called on you, in spite of the little time. From her I heard the kind of trouble you have. Now listen to this.

God gives you the greatest, the very greatest, of all gifts—an immortal soul and body to take care of for Him.

It would be—I scarcely know how to call it—an absurd and wicked lie, if I pretended to judge of what it must cost a mother to give up her baby to be nursed by a stranger. But there are two ways of looking at your present sorrow.

The one, the hard one, "you ought." When the physician once says "you must," your duty is clear.

But something else. Our Lord *does* know what it costs you. Did you ever think of this? Why did He, when comforting His disciples about His absence, take the example that He did? "A woman when she is," etc. S. John xvi. 21. They say, and no doubt truly, for this reason, to prove how utterly He felt for the sorrows of all, as of all ages, so of all sexes, and *that* more perfectly, more entirely than we can do.

I was so glad to hear of you, and my pet Minnie; is she ever going to write to me?

My love to all. I have said long ago how thankful I am about York.

Now one thing: hard as the trial is, in the first place, while it is necessary, your baby will get no harm from her nurse. In the second, you are bound to try and feel kindly to her, and if it may be so, to help her to be good. Duty to a foster-mother.

With kindest regards to your husband, and love to that idle Minnie, and to the others,

Believe me, yours affectionately,

J. M. NEALE.

To Mrs. HASKOLL.

February 4th, 1865.

MY DEAR MRS. HASKOLL,

I am ashamed of myself for not writing before. In truth, I had a very curious journey, both physically and theologically.

If I did not thank you for all your care of me, it is only because I know you would rather not be thanked: but, like the parrot, I think of it all the more.

About twenty miles from London we began to get into a fog: and in London it was, I suppose, the worst fog ever known. Not yellow—*that* is bad enough—but white, which refracted the lamps at right angles to themselves, and was bewildering beyond all measure. Cabs were not allowed in the station; but an outside porter led me to a hansom. With a linkboy it took an hour and a half to get from King's Cross to the beginning of London Bridge, and A London fog.

then the boy refused to proceed. I never saw (or rather was in) such a curious scene. I could not see my hand. At last, by shouting, we got two linkboys, and got over the bridge. People on the pavement were shouting, "Is this Holborn Hill?" "Am I in Hyde Park, or where?" At last the horse staggered, and seemed to be butting against something, which we took to be a waggon stopping. The driver shouted to them to move on, but nothing moved; and at last a policeman (I imagine, for I could not see) asked him what he was bellowing for. "For the waggon to get on!" "Waggon? do you know where you are?" We had crossed the bridge, turned a little to the left, and the horse was on the pavement, pushing his head against the railings of S. Bartholomew's. So, led by the policeman, attended by the two linkboys, and driven by the driver, the horse and I, as in a procession, got to the Station at eight. I was afraid the train was gone, and asked in a hurry. "Gone? why, we haven't got the 6.15 (the Croydon one) off yet." So seeing that I could not get further than Three Bridges that night, I slept at the Terminus Hotel, and came down next morning.

The theological part of my journey I must write to your husband.

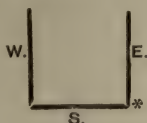
That letter is missing, but its substance appeared in the *Church Times* of Jan. 21st, 1865, as follows:—

SIR,

Re East-
ward
position.

As an illustration of Dr. Littledale's admirable pamphlet, "The North Side of the Altar," let me relate an occurrence which happened to myself. In a certain diocese in the Midland Counties, a dignitary of the Church was kind enough to favour me with his sentiments on the subject of the position of the Priest at the Altar, and the eminent (and slightly prosy) divine wound up his discourse by declaring that neither "popular language nor common sense" ever did, or ever could, mean anything by the north side but the north end. *Ἀντὶς ἔφα.* In two hours from that time I was on my way to London, and

duly arrived at the terminus, the geographical position of which was this (or nearly this)—



E. is of course the eastern, W. the western platform, S. the short platform connecting the other two. On alighting on the up platform, E., my attention was attracted by the following notice: "All luggage intended for the — train must be deposited at the south side of the platform." "Now," said I to myself, "let us see 'how popular language and common sense' understand 'south side.'" Was it where Puritans, and the eminent man I had lately left, would have put it—on S.? No, it was at *: a clear proof that, but for a false tradition, popular common sense would have understood the Altar rubric correctly and ritually.

I remain,

Yours faithfully,

J. M. N.

To one of his daughters before her Confirmation.

April 4th, 1865.

I need not tell you how much I shall think of you to-morrow. Confirma-
tion.

If you knew, as well as I know, how many of those who have not been till then, trying to serve GOD at all, have, from their Confirmation tried to become His true servants (that is, to use the word which is none the less true because it has been so sadly mistaken, been converted), I think you would feel that those who have been so trying—as you, my pet, *have*—are all the more bound to try better. See: suppose that a poor soldier, sorely wounded and scarcely recovered, was armed, and sent out to battle again: and that another, a little wounded, was so armed and so sent; to which would the armour be the greater help? We all know. To the less wounded. Well, darling, and

that is your case. You have been trying. I daresay—I know—very often failing—but what then? My pet: now you are going to put on armour: and if you find that Satan (who whatever he may *not* be, *is* clever enough) tempts you in any way more afterwards—why should he not, if he likes? It may not so be: generally it is. But to us, Christians, that matters very little. It seems to me that GOD seems to put a special honour on this lesser Sacrament. I cannot tell you how much I have read in books, how much I know of my own knowledge, that by it those who were not trying before have been made to try, how much those who were trying before have been led to try more. I should not like my darling to be the exception, in the last case, that proves the rule. Does she think I should?

GOD bless you always, pet: especially to-morrow. I will say a special prayer for you (please GOD), when I celebrate.

Ever your own loving father,

J. M. NEALE.

To the same.

April, 1865.

University
Boat Race.

You will have heard that we were beaten. You may not have heard why.

It was because the long, slow, steady sweep of the Oxford oars, though it threw them behind at first, in the long run gave them an easy victory over the short, snatchy strokes of our men.

“Which things,” as S. Paul says, are also “an allegory.” If you cannot find it out for yourself, I will tell you when you come home.

GOD bless you always.

To J. HASKOLL.

S. John Port-Latin (May 6th), 1865.

A death.

Last Friday we had so beautiful a death: a child of ours, afterwards at Crown Street, then a servant at S. Agnes', where she broke a blood-vessel, and came up to

die at S. Margaret's. She was over twenty. She received her Viaticum an hour and thirty-five minutes before her death. The conclusion was: "It is nearly over, is it not?" "Very nearly over indeed." (This was *four* minutes before the last.) "Then," in the calmest voice possible, "it is time for me to bid you each Good-bye." She held out her arm to the Sister nearest her, then to each in order, and said "Good-bye" to each, in as matter-of-fact a way as anyone going a journey,—had a message or two for those on the other side,—and when, last of all, I kissed her, she said "Good-bye; I shall always remember *you*." Then she turned herself on her side; laid her head on the pillow; settled it there, like a tired child; drew two sighs, and it was over. It was a very nice funeral; a very pretty procession of seventy; the Psalms chanted for the first time in East Grinstead, and "Jerusalem the Golden" sung at the grave. The churchyard was very full; every one behaved well.

To one of his daughters.

June 12th, 1865.

Yours is not a very easy question to answer in a few words. But it has always been thought that when it says that GOD created man in His Own Image it meant this, among other things: that, as in the One GOD there are three Persons, so in the one man there are three parts—body, soul, and spirit. The body, of course, beasts have in common with us: so they have the soul, that thing by which they love, or hate, or obey: that power by which a dog, if his master *must* have gone one of three ways, will smell at two, and then, if that was in vain, will run down the third without smelling. This in beasts may, or may not, be immortal; in us we know it must be, because of the immortality of the body. And then there is the spirit, which we have and beasts have not, and which is naturally immortal.

You know how often in the Bible the three things are mentioned together. "I pray GOD that your whole body and soul and spirit may be preserved blameless."

And that verse in S. James means the same thing : about the wisdom that is "earthly, sensual, devilish." *Sensual* in the Greek is only "soulish." And in S. John, the lust of the flesh has to do with the body ; the lust of the eyes with the soul ; the pride of life with the spirit. When Eve gave way to all at once, a beast, as well as she, might have seen that the fruit was good for food ; so he might that it was pleasant to the eyes (for we know how beasts are attracted by, or enraged at, bright colours) ; but a beast never could have fancied that it was a tree to make one wise, because that was the temptation of the *spirit*.

Poor Miss S. is to be buried this afternoon. We shall chant the Psalms and sing "Jerusalem the Golden" at the grave.

The following was written to a daughter, after a musical party at school, at which both he and her mother were present.

Nov. 15th, 1865.

A chatty
letter.

I was so pleased to have your letter. Yes, we were all late enough : that I know : for I got back to Wakeling's as the clock was striking one.

I have not often seen a prettier sight than that evening ; and everything, to my mind, went off so very nicely. In the musical way what I liked best was that quartette—the beginning, in which you were one ; and the chorus at the end of the first part ; and one other—not quartette—but piece in parts, in which Monsieur D. was *not*.

It was as pleasant an evening as—not having to work—I have often spent. *Apropos* of the dresses you wore, I was asking at supper just now what was the difference between granadine (is that the right spelling ?) and muslin. Also, between book-muslin (or mousseline) and common muslin. Whereupon I was informed that all muslin had some special name—like a Christian and a sur-name. So, I am afraid, I am not much wiser than I was.

To speak of things here. Agnes, you know, has gone to May C. Mama was yesterday at the re-opening of

Horsham Church, which seems to have been a grand sight. To-day our May and Alice C. went to Horsham for the Confirmation, and Alice has at last what she so much wished for (and, as I think, did something more than only wish for, and so no wonder that she has had what she wanted).

To-day, you know, is Grandmama's Birthday in the highest sense of the word: so I went down to Hayward's Heath to Aunties'. I never saw the Downs looking so lovely. And the trees here, though not now quite in their full autumn beauty, are not far short of it.

The anniversary of his mother's death, Nov. 15, 1860.

Do you remember a chocolate-coloured dog called Rover (some call him Ben) that used to come up with the S. Agnes' girls? A dog that belongs to nobody? This beast has lately taken to me, and haunts the study, or any other room that he can get to. I have no doubt you will make his acquaintance; for he is so very good-tempered, and so peacefully obstinate, that you can't turn him out. Anyhow, *I* can't.

On Monday night I read "Hamlet" to the girls at S. Agnes'. I think I did not read quite so much as Mr. Crawford did; but it took me 3 hours 5 minutes, though we never stopped, except for a second to put coals on. He was only 2½ hours.

I wonder who the four gentlemen were that stayed with you, when respectable persons like myself had taken themselves off!

I enclose a Sequence of mine—one for you, and one if you would like to give it to any one.

GOD bless you always, my pet.

Ever your own dear father,

J. M. NEALE.

The mention of this dog reminds us of his great fondness for animals. So great was his love for his dog, Pombal, his constant companion in Madeira, that after its death he never kept another; and for upwards of eight years, in his journal, he never failed to mark the number of days since Pombal's death. The last number he set down was 2956.

CHAPTER XXII

1865

LAYING FIRST STONE OF S. MARGARET'S CONVENT —LECTURES

Thus, when the evening of calm, succeeding the day of the tempest,
Pours through the rifts of the clouds the marvellous glory of sunset,
Gilding each hard dark ledge, and melting the mist into silver ;
Then earth sends to the sky her great oblation of incense ;
Sparkles the tree and the flower, the birds chant gladly their
Vespers ;

Greener the green mead glows, more azure the blue of the aether :
Thus is the calm fair end of a life so chequered with chances.

THE first stone of S. Margaret's Convent was laid on S. Margaret's Day, July 20th, 1865. To its founder it was a day of great thanksgiving and rejoicing, though mingled with anxiety.

He wrote as follows to his friend :—

June 12th, 1865.

MY DEAR HASKOLL,

The nearer we come to the great day the more I see how many preparations must be made for it that the Sisters cannot possibly make. What I want to know is if you (and of course your wife) will come here a week before, and if you would be my right-hand man that day. It will be a great kindness if you will. The Mother Ann is going, all well, to-morrow to Chichester, to ask the Bishop if he will lay the stone. If he will, we shall be pretty sure of Oxford also. The service we set about at once, in order that the Choirs may have good time to practise it. We purpose

having S. Mary's, Crown Street, Stoke Newington, Chapel Royal, and perhaps Christ Church, Clapham. Of course we shall have a special train.

Mr. Haskoll, however, was not able to leave his parish for so long, but wrote that he would come for the day.

To J. H.

July 8th, 1865.

I am very glad that you, at least, will be able to come. If the weather be fine, *quod faciat Deus!* it will be a great gathering. The tradesmen here are wonderfully interested : the town gentry rather hold back. The safe clergy in the country come forward. Interest taken by the town.

I suppose no one can tell the amount of work this involves. I will send you a printed programme as soon as it is struck off.

This is very gratifying. We had intended to go through the fields, but the townspeople were so *horribly* disappointed that we have engaged (unless the County Election should be that day) to go through the town. It shews how completely we can trust them, that I have not the least anxiety in letting some thirty girls and the Sisters (the latter only in veils) do this. It may tell in our coming fight for Ritual.

Amongst other preparations the following address to the workmen employed on the building was written by the Founder in the name of the Sisterhood :—

TO THE WORKMEN OF S. MARGARET'S CONVENT.

If a Frenchman were to land in England, for the first time, on the 20th of June, and were to hear, as he would do, the bells ringing out their very merriest peal, he would not be satisfied, I think, till he had found out what all this gladness was about. And the first boy that he asked in the street would of course tell him, "Because it's the Queen's Accession Day." Address to the workmen.

On Thursday afternoon, if any visitor were to go down to our new House, in the hope of seeing the work getting

on, and the masons, the carpenters, and bricklayers, and labourers, and tram-men, and quarry-men, all busy about their several employments, and trying to win a fair day's wage for a fair day's work ; and if, instead of this, he were to find some of you at cricket, some at this game, some at that ; three or four of the Sisters here and there looking on at your games, while the men whose business it is were setting out your supper ; this visitor would be, I should say, a very stupid sort of fellow, unless he were to put the question—"What's all this about ?" And he would get his answer easily, "Because it is S. Margaret's Day ; and this is S. Margaret's House."

Saint
Margaret.

Very true indeed : but let us just hear who S. Margaret was, and what she did to make us hold her name in honour, and keep her day.

You know, almost all of you, that in the first three or four hundred years after our LORD went up into heaven, the greater part of the whole world was governed by the Emperor of Rome. He, and all his people, worshipped idols of different kinds. The Christians, who were but few in number then, could worship none but the one Living and True GOD. It sometimes happened that some particular Emperor, because he was either fiercer or more wicked than the others, stirred up a persecution against the poor Christians, just as we read in the Acts of the Apostles that Herod did, when he cut off the head of S. James the Apostle. They were then put to death by hundreds and by thousands ; and, generally speaking, in the most cruel and dreadful ways. Those of them who thus died rather than deny CHRIST were called Martyrs ; that is, *witnesses* : for truly, no one can give better witness that he really believes in GOD, and in our LORD JESUS CHRIST, than by thus dying for Him. Of these Martyrs S. Margaret was one. She was a girl of about eighteen ; beautiful, rich, of noble family, and well known in Antioch, where she lived ; that same Antioch of which you read in the Acts that the disciples were called Christians first of all there. Her name became afterwards very famous ; several English churches are called after her : some of you may remember, for

instance, S. Margaret's, at Brighton, and at Isfield. She suffered martyrdom on the 20th of July, 1216 years ago. This, then, is sufficient to tell you of her, except that her name means, in some languages, *pearl*; in others, *daisy*. Meaning of the name. I will just add, that in the windows of our churches, and in other old pictures, she is painted with a dragon at her feet; and so, all well, you will some day see her carved over the great western entrance of our new House. The reason why she is thus drawn is this: because she conquered, and especially in her martyrdom, the temptations of the devil, who, you know, is sometimes in the Bible likened to a dragon, as being so fierce and so poisonous.

I said that, if a visitor asked what Thursday's holiday was all about, he would be told, Because it is S. Margaret's Day; and this is S. Margaret's House. But I should not much wonder if, instead of S. Margaret's *House*, you were to say, "And this is S. Margaret's *Convent*."

Now what does this word "Convent" mean? It only means "a coming together": it may be for any purpose under the sun. You know pretty well why the Sisters here have "come together": partly for the purpose of being sent out to nurse the poor, in their own cottages; partly for the sake of teaching. Those of you who read the newspapers—and I should think that comes to saying much the same thing as "all of you,"—must see the dreadful, the frightful discoveries that people are beginning to make about the way in which paupers are utterly neglected, and sometimes most cruelly treated, in workhouses, especially in London workhouses. Tories and Whigs, men that stick up for Gladstone, and men that follow Disraeli—let them be what they may in their politics, all are agreed about this. The *Daily Telegraph* and the *Standard* have no difference here. "The poor," they say, "especially the sick poor, are entrusted to us by GOD; and woe be to us if we torture them while they are alive, and fling them, like dogs, into the ground when they are dead." To help in a good work like this (only in the country, and not in town) is another reason why this Convent—this place where many Sisters "come together" to live in—is building. There are other and higher reasons too, but these are enough for now. Convent: a "coming together."

And now, there is something that we wish to say to all of you in common.

Influence
of the
workmen.

Most people know, and Clergymen know it best of all, that it is impossible for a set of thirty or forty men to be put down in the middle of a country town or village, without becoming either its curse or its blessing. Think of the way in which they mix with the families where they lodge; remember how easy it is to turn an innocent and happy household into everything that is bad, everything that respectable people will avoid. Just imagine how much harm oaths, and drinking, and filthy conversation, and loose talk, will and must do to those among whom the navvy, or mason, or carpenter, or bricklayer lodges:—with them, on the other hand, these same men, by their honesty, straightforwardness, obligingness, may do much good; much more of good even than the money they spend in their lodgings for cooking, washing, and the like, though that also is a great thing for the poor man.

Therefore, it cannot but make us thankful to GOD and grateful to you, that, from all that we hear everywhere, the more reason we have to hope that your having come here will, even years hence, be looked upon as having been a real blessing to East Grinstead.

“Build-
ing” in the
parables.

One thing more, and we have done. There is a reason, which perhaps you may not have thought of, why men, engaged on a building (and more especially, of course, if like this, it is to be a religious building) should try to be better than others. It is because our LORD JESUS CHRIST, in His parables and sayings, refers so often to them. Remember the parable of the man that built his house upon a rock, and of him that built it on sand; of that other man who began to build and was not able to finish: and you may find plenty more examples for yourselves. One reason, no doubt, is this: that our LORD Himself was, as you know, a carpenter; that houses in that country, where there is very little stone, are, as often as not, made of wood altogether; and that therefore a good carpenter was also a good builder.

And now we will only congratulate you that GOD has

spared us, without a single serious accident, for a year since we took this building in hand. And we pray for you, as well as for ourselves, that He would still keep us from harm while it is going on; and that in this and in all our works, begun, continued, and ended in Him, you and we may glorify His holy Name, and finally, by His mercy obtain everlasting life.

We remain, with every good wish for you all, your very true friends,

THE SUPERIOR AND SISTERS OF S. MARGARET'S.

S. Margaret's, *July 16th*, 1865.

After the ceremony he wrote as follows to his old tutor, the Rev. W. Russell (cp. pp. 1, 65, 142, 276):—

S. James' Day (July 25th), 1865.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

I know you will rejoice with us in our joys. It was the most brilliant and uninterrupted success on Thurs- ^{A "calm fair end."} day. You will read of it in the *Church Review*, which you ought to get with this.

The procession was nearly a quarter of a mile long, and so very beautiful. I send you the bird's-eye view, with the principal rooms marked.

We sat down 360 to luncheon. The collection then, or immediately after, amounted to £713.

With love to all,

Ever yours affectionately,

J. M. NEALE.

Thank you so much for your letter and for its enclosure.

"O fortunatae, quarum jam moenia surgunt!"

—let us hope in the highest spiritual sense also.'

The following lines were written to his wife for the 23rd anniversary of their wedding-day—July 27th, 1865. He frequently (as his father before him used to do) commemorated birthdays and other family events in this way; and these are the last of many verses he wrote for her:—

When summer-time is nearly past
 The brightest days are oft the last ;
 Oft when Autumn cometh on
 No single loveliness is gone :
 GOD grant that this a type may be
 Touching the future as for thee.

Sermons and lectures on behalf of the Sisterhood followed each other in too rapid succession in the autumn.

To the Rev. J. HASKOLL.

Sept. 19th, 1865.

Lectures
 on Sister-
 hoods and
 ritual.

On Saturday, all well, I go to Manchester again, to preach at the re-opening of Huntington's Church ; on Monday, I have a lecture on Sisterhoods at Liverpool ; on Tuesday, a lecture on the ritual question at Manchester ; on Wednesday, a lecture on Sisterhoods at Stafford. I hope to come up by the night express, and spend Michaelmas Eve and the greater part of Michaelmas Day here ; and at the second Vespers I have to preach to S. Michael's Guild at S. Mary's, Soho, which is rather in my line, and I like it. On October 12th, I have promised, all well, to preach at Bradley Abbot's Harvest Home at Clapham. So you have my engagements. . . .

The new Convent gets on gloriously. The scaffolding is setting up. To-day the "crabs" begin to work. In fact, *Fervet opus*.

Old Oxford asked me for my autumn visit for last Monday, but with this before me I could not go. Whereof I am sorry, for I want to impress on him the importance of the Ritual storm.

Very good news from Belgrade.

The "very good news" refers to an English priest being admitted to communicate in the Greek Church at Belgrade—this happy incident, a foregleam of reunion, he commemorated in the lines entitled, "Good News from Servia" ("Hymns and Sequences," p. 123).

"O, sweet Rainbow, yearn'd for long and dearly,
 That some day one Onely Church shall span,
 Dim and broken, and incipient merely,
 Yet not less God's covenant with man.

.

"We shall never see thy perfect beauty ;
 We shall never trace thy sevenfold form ;
 Others' be the triumph, ours the duty ;
 Others' be the sunshine, ours the storm.

"Shew us, Lord, Thy work ; our sons Thy glory.
 Yet of us, though that be all we ask,
 May be said, perchance, in future's story,
 'These were men that then did Union's task.'"

TO HIS WIFE.

Sept. 26th, 1865. Manchester.

. . . The lecture at Liverpool was all very well ; that last night here was (everyone says) a brilliant success.

Last night, when Colin Lindsay, the Chairman, and I, and some eighteen or twenty Priests, went on the platform, the Town Hall, which holds a thousand, was crammed ; so that, even then, some had to stand. When I saw that huge number, I knew I should do well enough.

My voice was rather weak (from the former lecture) at first ; but as soon as I got warm in the subject, it got stronger and stronger. I was not the least tired afterwards.

There were a great number of artisans, who made that tremendous noise in cheering, every now and then, that I wonder I have not the headache to-day.

Benson was there from Horbury ; the Lowries from York, and the like ; so, you see, I was put on my mettle ; and the more I saw I took them with me, the better I know I did. "And," to quote Bernard of Cluny, "I say this in no wise arrogantly, but with all humility, and therefore boldly."

CHAPTER XXIII

1866

LAST DAYS—ILLNESS—DEATH

O Good Pilot ! leave Thy pillow,
Calm the tempest, lay the billow !
Grant me conqueringly to wrestle,
To the safe port bring my vessel.

To the Rev. J. HASKOLL.

S. Hilary (Jan. 13th), 1866.

WE have had a most dreadful snow-storm, ushered in by thunder and lightning, and a tempest the whole day. More snow fell that day here than on any one day within the memory of man. The whole of the north side of our scaffold poles, though double braced, were torn out of the ground ; and the east poles were so distressed that they will have to be taken down. This disaster will cost us £20. Providentially it happened at night. The best trees in our garden are destroyed by the weight of snow.

Lectures
and ser-
mons for
the Sister-
hood.

Next week will, all well, be a busy one. On *Monday* I am to go to Liverpool, dining with your friend Zwilchenbart, who has a party to meet me. At eight, lecture on Hymnology. My expenses are paid, and I have £5 for S. Margaret's. *Tuesday* a sermon to the Sisters of S. Martin's : to Wigan to see our Sister's House ; back to Liverpool, preach at S. James the Less for S. Margaret's. *Wednesday* to Tarporley, in Cheshire, where Cooper, a good Brighton friend of ours just come to the living, is restoring his church. *Thursday* to Manchester, to put a little backbone into Huntington, and keep up Sedgewick.

Friday to Leicester, to see six Priests and two Doctors, who want a branch there. I shall, all well, be at Dr. Frere's, the leading medical man. And *Saturday* home. You must say, "Et opera manuum nostrarum dirige super nos : et opus manuum nostrarum dirige."

This programme of strenuous increasing work was almost in every detail carried out. Little wonder that a chill taken in that bitter weather took violent hold of his already overtaxed body. But the mind was as keen and untired as ever, and plans for fresh work were formed, work which was never carried out.

First Thursday in Lent (Feb. 15th), 1866.

MY DEAR HASKOLL,

I have been meaning to write, but nine days ago I had one of my attacks, the worst I have had yet, and, what's more, I don't seem able to get over it. Sister E. sat up with me one night.

Beginning
of last
illness.

I was very pleased to find your letter at Zwilchenbart's. They were very kind. That night, a very prosperous lecture on hymnology. Next day, Tuesday, I spoke to the two sets of Liverpool Sisters, collected in one, at S. Martin's: in the afternoon, went over to Wigan, to make final arrangements with Bridgeman about our Sisters; came back and preached for S. Margaret's at S. James the Less; afterwards, in walking home with Cecil Wray, we got mobbed. "Who murdered Miss Scobell?" etc., etc. The police acted very speedily and vigorously. Wednesday. I was lionized over the Docks, and at night came to Chester. Thursday, I went on to Tarporley, where Cooper, once Curate at S. Paul's [Brighton], and a very good man, has just got the Rectory. Here I was in the midst of the very worst district of cattle plague: the dead and sick creatures were a most pitiful sight. At night, on to Manchester, where I stayed one day, "confirming the brethren." And on Saturday, home.

Next came our Retreat. Randall of Lavington gave it. I knew he would do well: but some of the Meditations

were the most eloquent things I ever heard. Now we have, all well, before us our Children's Retreat, the first ever given in the English Church. They are not more than fifteen years old in Rome, and are said to have done wonders. On Tuesday, March 6th, begins, all well, our Associates' Retreat, which I hope to have.

Our Sisters are nearly settled in "All Saints' Mission," Wigan.

The late storms have done us sad harm. Some three weeks ago, the eastern cross of our chapel was snapped off and smashed: next, undermined by the rain, part of our garden fell into the road, and had to be built up: and last Sunday afternoon, in that tremendous storm, at seven minutes past four, our largest elm, the glory of all the country side, was snapped and torn off, about four feet from the ground. "It fell: and great was the fall of it."

I think, about the Ritual Question, there is now no great danger. The tone of Stanley's leading article in the *Times* is the best for us. He dined, I am told, not long ago, with London (Tait) (I presume the colour of the Church he had been to was green). "Ah!" he said, "if you try to turn those green fellows out of the Church, you will bring it down about your ears." All this is no reason why we are not to be ready to fight (or *to* fight): but every reason for encouragement. You saw my article in the *Church Times* about the numbers of the Ritualists.

After this visit to his friend Mr. Cooper at Tarporley the terrible sight of the sick and dying cattle drew from him the hymn for time of Cattle Plague, which was published as a leaflet by the S.P.C.K., and was in one of the editions of Hymns Ancient and Modern. A tune was composed for it by the Rev. Thomas Helmore, his co-adjutor in the "Carols" and the "Hymnal Noted." The hymn became very popular at once, but is now hardly known, because mercifully for so many years it has not been needed. It is here inserted.

All Creation groans and travails: Thou, O GOD, shalt hear its groan;
For of man and all creation Thou alike art LORD alone.

Pity then Thy guiltless creatures, who, not less, man's suffering share :

For our sins it is they perish : let them profit by our prayer.

Cast Thine eye of love and mercy on the misery of the land :

Say to the destroying Angel, "'Tis enough : stay now Thine hand."

In our homesteads, in our valleys, through our pasture lands give peace ;

Through the Goshen of Thine Israel bid the grievous murrain cease.

But with deeper, tenderer pity, call to mind, O SON of GOD,

Those in Thine own Image fashion'd : ransom'd with Thy precious Blood.

Hear and grant the supplications, like a cloud of incense, borne

Up toward Thy Seat of Mercy, from Thy people's hearts forlorn :

For the widow, for the orphan, for the helpless, hopeless poor :

Helpless, hopeless, if Thou spare not of their basket and their store.

So, while these her earnest accents day by day Thy Church repeats,

"That our sheep may bring forth thousands and ten thousands in our streets :

"That our oxen, strong to labour, may not know nor fear decay :

That there be no more complaining, and the plague have passed away."

And at last, to all Thy servants, when earth's troubles shall be o'er,

Threefold Godhead, give a portion with Thyself for evermore.

Amen.

The attack mentioned by him on Feb. 15th was the "beginning of the end," for alarming symptoms appeared on March 1st, and although at times a temporary amendment gave ground for hope, it became gradually evident that there would never be a complete restoration to health. In the end of June he went to Brighton for a time, where he could have the advantage of his homoeopathic doctor close at hand. The change seemed to bring a slight improvement, but it was not of long duration, and he returned to Sackville College in July to die in his own home.

A few days after being taken with his last illness, one of the last letters written with his own hand was to a daughter at school.

March 6th, 1866.

MY DEAREST PET,

One line in my very shaky hand in answer to your note to Mama.

Yes, Pet ; I know that I am dangerously ill, but you don't know how urgently GOD's good people are praying for me day and night, or you would take great comfort ; and especially how many Celebrations are being offered for me.

But, thank GOD, I am going on as well as can be expected—so seldom in great pain. If I get worse—you shall hear at once.

GOD bless you always,

Ever your own loving Father,

J. M. NEALE.

His
opinion on
Fasting
Com-
munion.

Here it will be well to give his opinion on the much-vexed question of Fasting Communion, because it was during his last illness that he was approached on the subject "with the object of ascertaining his ripened view," and leave to publish it was given. It is taken from Bishop Kingdon's book on "Fasting Communion," p. 349.

"One of his oldest friends visited him shortly before his death, and among other questions of the day discussed with him the matter of obligatory Fasting Communion, a subject which was then attracting notice. After some conversation, he expressed his full agreement with his friend, that it was NOT binding on persons living in the world within our communion, and that it would be harmful to try to enforce it ; but at the same time, he thought it should be held to bind those who had specially devoted themselves to a more devout life, sisters of mercy, and others who followed a religious profession ; that is, that it should be made a rule of special devotion. He had specially present to his mind the danger of attempting to enforce a rule which in England had been proved to make Communion less frequent than the early Church desired. With this deliberate decision of a master in Israel most (it is hoped) will agree." It will be noted that it is in harmony with the teaching of another "master in Israel"—Dr. Pusey.¹

¹ See a letter of Dr. Pusey's in "Life of Bishop Durnford," p. 219.

Though reluctant to speak from her personal experience, the editor feels it right to add that she never heard her father teach or suggest fasting before reception, that his elder children were accustomed to communicate at the parish Church, where the celebration was late, and that had he considered fasting obligatory they would, no doubt, have communicated habitually,—as they did occasionally,—at S. Margaret's, at an hour when fasting was practicable.

After an operation, which gave slight relief for a time, Dr. Neale wrote the following letter to the Sisters of S. Margaret's:—

MY OWN DEAR SISTERS,

I have no words to express how thankful I felt to GOD, and how grateful to you, when I heard what you intended to do for me last night. Often I thought of you, for I could not sleep. You know that I have nothing to offer you in return but my poor prayers: and scarcely even those to-day, when I feel so very weak. You know not how often I think of that verse, Ps. xlii. 4 ("Now when I think thereupon, I pour out my heart by myself; for I went with the multitude, and brought them forth into the house of GOD"). I knew well that after the operation yesterday, for which I cannot be thankful enough, to-day must be one of utter depression. Will you say one prayer that I may be comforted in this?

GOD bless you always, my own dear Sisters, and give you a happy Festival.

Ever your very loving Father,

J. M. N.

His mind was active to the last, and some of his most beautiful poems were dictated from his sick-bed. Amongst these are "Prostrate fell the Lord of all things," "The Seven Sleepers of Ephesus," "No Nightingales," all published in "Sequences and Hymns," which was in the press at the time of his death: it also contains an elegy on John Keble, who predeceased him by about four months. His last book.

In the preface to this little book, the very last thing written or dictated by him, he says—

"It had been long my wish, especially when I have had occasion to notice the great favour which God has bestowed on my translations from Mediaeval Hymnology, to collect some of my own Hymns and Sequences as a poor little offering to the Great Treasury.

"Laid aside, in Spring last, from all active work by a severe and dangerous illness, the wish was more strongly impressed on my mind, and I felt that no kind of composition could be more suitable for one who might soon be called to have done with earthly composition for ever."

It is dated "In the Octave of S. James"—a touching sign that he still felt as he had often said—"S. James'-tide, you know, has always been a fortunate time for me," and it was but ten days later, before dawn on the Feast of the Transfiguration, that he entered into rest.

During the last few days those of us who were gathered round his death-bed (how few of us are left now!) remember the one word repeated again and again by him as he sank into unconsciousness—Come—Come. One of his children, who has long ago joined her Father, repeated from time to time a verse, a comforting "Come," so as perhaps to suggest the thought he was trying to express: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, Come ye to the waters . . . yea, Come"; "Come unto Me, all ye that labour, . . . and I will give you rest." And as the Come—Come—was still repeated with strange persistency and energy, we thought of many of his own sermons; "And it was now dark, and Jesus was not yet Come."—"Lord, if it be Thou, bid me to Come."—"He said Come."—And of the "Comes" in the Revelation—and then we felt and knew that it was with the Spirit and the Bride and the Apostle that he was saying—Come:—*and about the fourth watch of the night, He cometh—*

Even so, Come, Lord Jesus.

*The vessel past the foam ;
The weary soldier's sleep ;
The traveller now gone home ;
Who would not shame to weep ?*

*Who rest, this world's sea past ;
Who sleep, life's battle borne ;
Who see their GOD at last ;
Who would not shame to mourn ?*

APPENDIX

*Two Appreciations of John Mason Neale, written after
his death, August 6th, 1866*

I.

“HE died worn out with incessant work at the early age of forty-eight, leaving behind him the reputation of being one of the most learned theologians, one of the most erudite scholars, one of the best linguists, one of the sweetest hymnodists, and perhaps the foremost liturgicist of his time. The versatility of his powers was astonishing ; and it may be doubted if his capacity and his fondness for hard intellectual labour was ever exceeded. Gifted with an extraordinarily retentive memory, an indefatigable student, and trained from early childhood in the habit of fluent and graceful composition, he became one of the most voluminous as well as accomplished writers of his generation. Indeed, there is scarcely any branch of literature in which he did not distinguish himself, while in some he has left behind him no rival and no successor.”—*Ecclesiologist*, xxviii. p. 265.

II.

“It has been said, and with great truth, and in a quarter in which there is but small sympathy for our principles and labours, that Mr. Neale was one of the most remarkable men the Church of England has produced. His mind was rather of the East than of the West. It was redundant, flowing, large, subtle, and if deficient in any province, it was in that of logic. His was not a political mind ; he failed in those qualities in which has been the especial success of the West . . . an idealist never knows when he is beaten, and therefore never is beaten. . . . After all, there are certain points on which Mr. Neale concentrated his

powers, and in which he has succeeded. In conjunction with others he was the first to attempt a revival of Church architecture ; he was personally and singly the first to attempt a revival of English Hymnody ; he was the first of the present generation to call attention to the Eastern Church ; he was the first to revive the notion of Sisterhoods. Now it is past doubt, even by the confession of foes, that these are four points absolutely won and incorporated into the current policy of the Church of England ; not all equally, but all substantially. . . . We ought to place on record his slowness to take offence, his patience of contradiction, his easy generosity of mind. He was a man personally of large sympathies and few passions."—Editor of *Christian Remembrancer*, lii. pp. 510-512.

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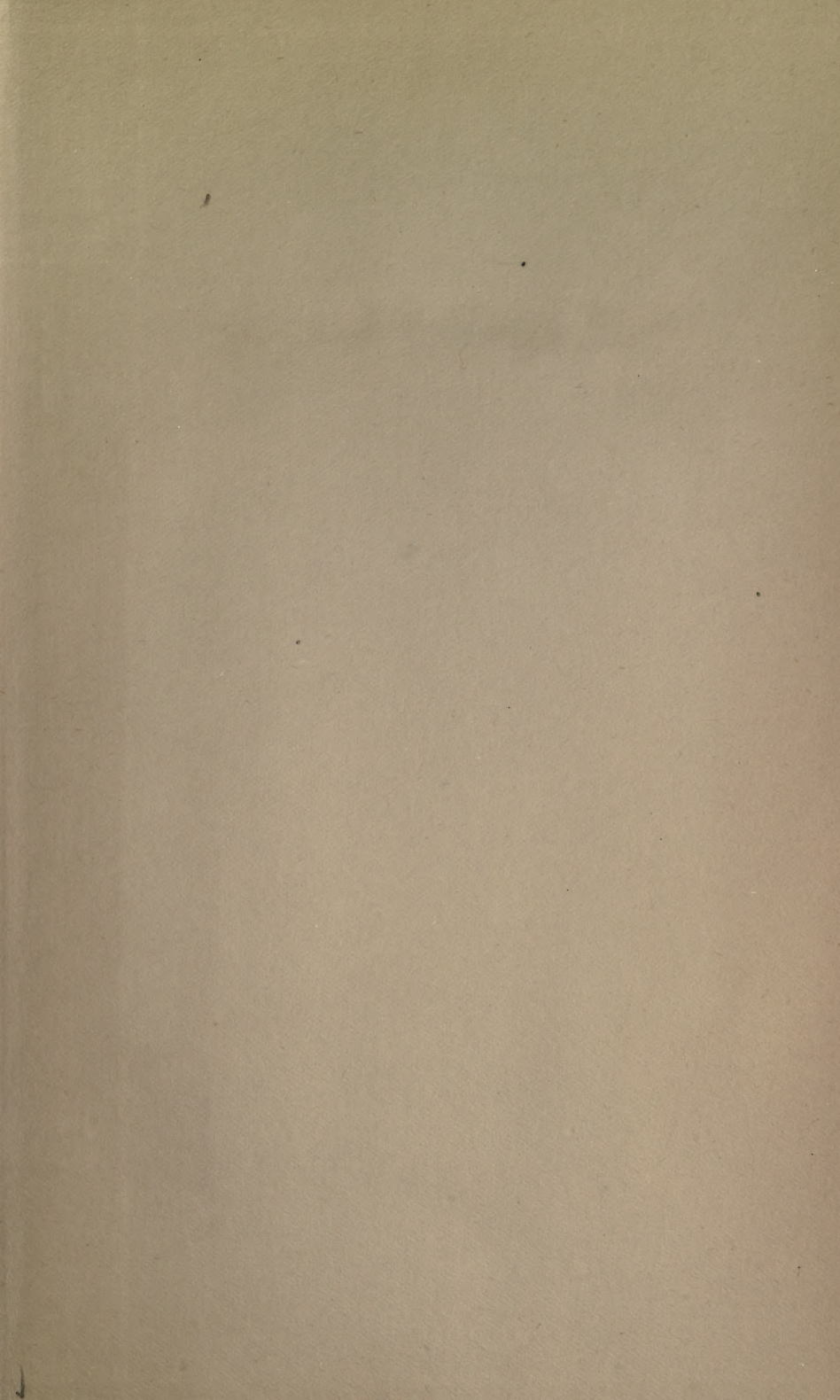
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